THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illus[illegible]Weekly
Founded A[illegible]j. Franklin

JANUARY 30, 1915

5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
Z. P. NIKOLAKI

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The greater scope and efficiency of Firestone Service Stations tell the story of the greater mileage in

Firestone
Non-Skid Tires

And this successful dominance of Firestone means more to you than convenience and economy; it is invaluable for its demonstration of Firestone Quality.

Wise and cautious car owners have demanded Firestone mileage and the Firestone Non-Skid protection. They want the enduring, resilient Firestone rubber; they want the Firestone fabric with its greatest possible tensile strength; they want Firestone building—specialized, expert, and successful for fifteen years without a break.

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A prose poem on power by ELBERT HUBBARD

I AM the tireless servant of man.

¶ To the intelligent merchant or manufacturer—the man who prizes economy, efficiency, sanity, sanitation and safety—I am a necessity.

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¶ Congested highways cried aloud for me, that the channels of commerce might be cleared, delays to distribution destroyed—and the quicker enjoyment of life's luxuries might be yours.

¶ Then Inventive Genii waved a wand, and I CAME!

I—WHO am more powerful than fifty horses—swifter than flesh and blood—tireless and sleepless;

¶ I—who eat little and drink seldom—who feel not the lash of the driver and fear neither heat nor cold;

¶ I—who ask no mercy—expect no kindness—to whom day and night are as one;

¶ —born full-grown and full strength, as Minerva leaped from the brain of Jove, full-armed; I—whom age does not weaken nor illness harm;

I LENGTHEN the reach of the merchant's arms a thousandfold, and daily help him win the battles of life;—bring from the fields and marts of plenty the overplus that feeds the rest of the world;

¶ —to the factories the food from the field—to the stores the cloth from the looms—from the press the news of the world;

¶ —to your home what you wear, eat or drink—the music you play, the books you read;

¶ —to the trains the passengers who ride and the goods whose shipment is the commercial life of a community;

¶ —to you the wealth that comes from bridging space come I, compressing time, saving money, eliminating uncertainty.

VARIOUS imitators have I, but no competitors.

¶ The brains of a thousand inventors have seethed, dreamed, contrived, thought, so as to bring me up to my present form.

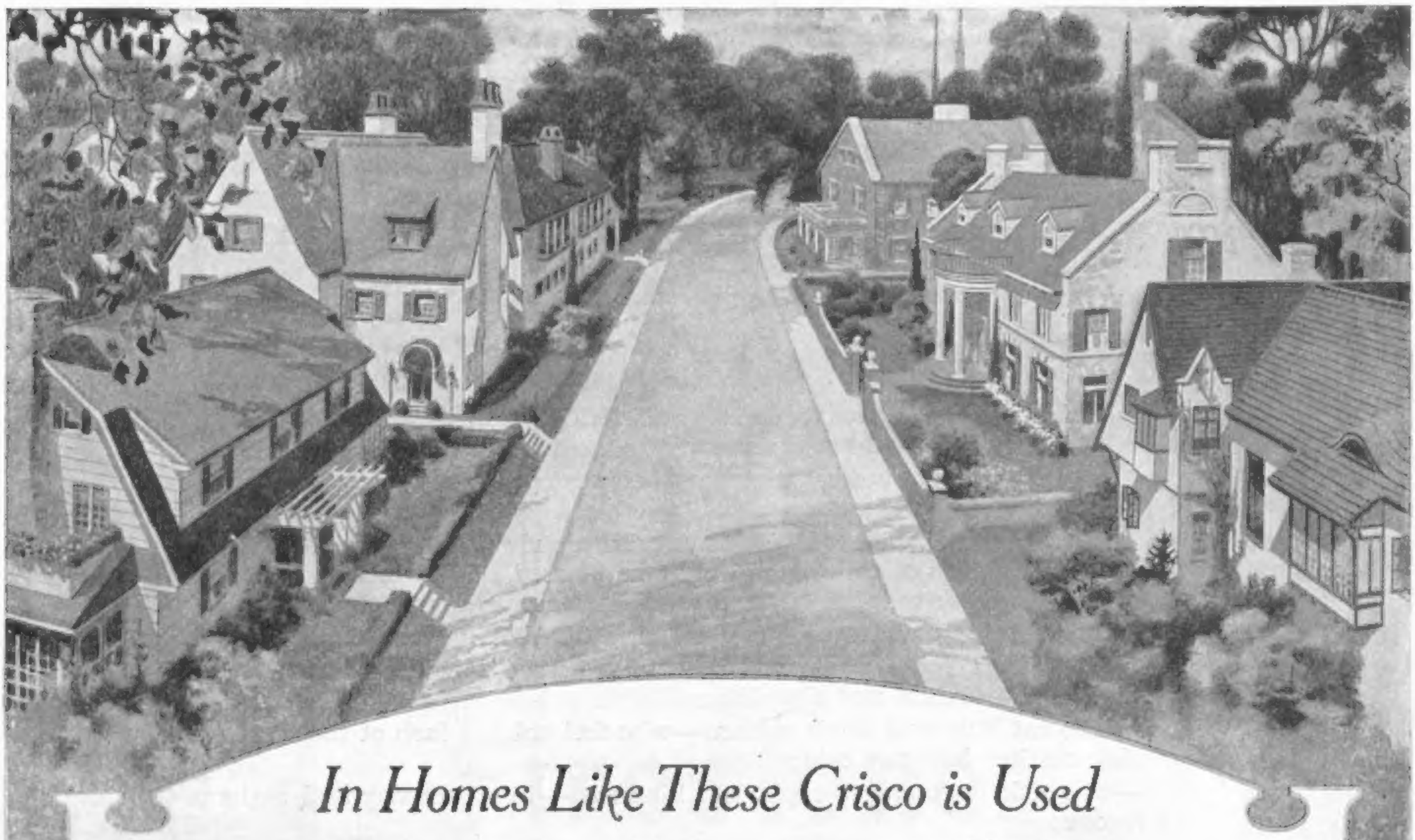
¶ I render useless the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals;

¶ I represent a maximum of carrying power with a minimum of cost—

¶ I symbol safety, surety, sanity, sanitation;

¶ I carry the White Man's Burden!

I am the White Truck



In Homes Like These Crisco is Used

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Wherever a family insists on food that is wholesome and appetizing—
Wherever a wish for "the best" goes hand in hand with regard for economy—
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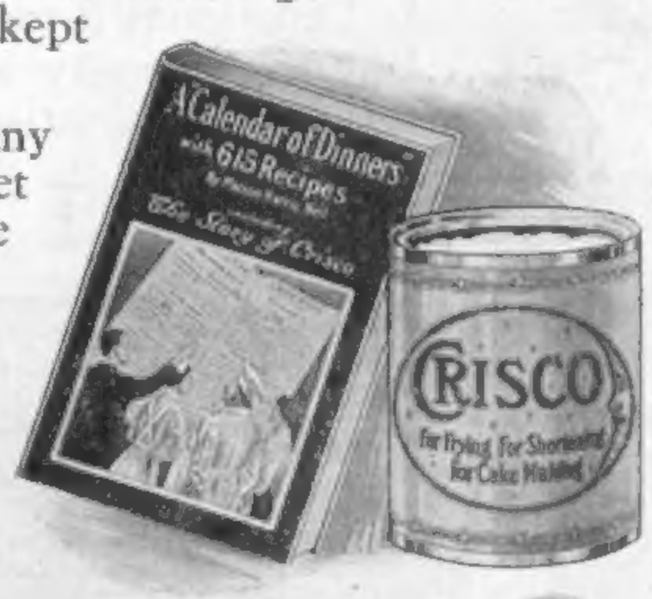

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The Portsmouth Conference

By MELVILLE E. STONE

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Baron Komura, Taken July 26, 1905

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Count Witte and the Captain of a German Steamer

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Baron Rosen of the Russian Commission

IN HIS Autobiography—page 586—Colonel Roosevelt, speaking of the Peace Conference at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, thus refers to the Emperor of Germany:

During the course of the negotiations I tried to enlist the aid of the government of one nation, which was friendly to Russia, and of another nation, which was friendly to Japan, in helping to bring about peace. I got no aid from either. I did, however, receive aid from the Emperor of Germany.

Behind this lies a singularly dramatic story: The conference for the settlement of the Russo-Japanese War assembled early in August, 1905. Something like a fortnight before the opening Mr. Martin Egan, of the Tokio bureau of the Associated Press, had sent me a memorandum of the Japanese claims. It contained fifteen clauses.

The Japanese Government was represented by Baron Jutaro Komura, as chief commissioner, a Harvard graduate of the class of 1878, who had served his country as Minister at Washington in 1898 and had then gone to St. Petersburg as Minister in 1900. His associate commissioner was Baron Kogoro Takahira, who had represented Japan in the United States in several capacities—first, as Secretary of Legation at Washington in 1881; next as Consul General at New York in 1891, and finally as Minister to Washington in 1900, which post he still held at the opening of the Portsmouth Conference.

Besides these gentlemen there was an unofficial commissioner for Japan who had been in the United States throughout the war as personal representative of Prince Ito. This was Baron Kentaro Kaneko, who had taken his degree from the Harvard Law School.

The Russian Government was represented by Count Sergius Witte, who at the moment was unquestionably the most distinguished statesman of his country, a man of remarkable capacity, who had risen from a humble origin to a post of commanding influence in the Czar's government. Associated with him was Baron Roman Rosen, who had been Russian Minister at Washington for a number of years, and had then been transferred to Tokio, where he was serving as Minister at the opening of the Russo-Japanese contest.

All of these commissioners were personal friends of mine, and after their arrival in this country I had frequent interviews with them. The conditions imposed by the Japanese were fairly well understood by both sides and were naturally the subject of consideration between us.

At the outset, or within a day or two after his arrival in New York, Witte told me in a most emphatic way that he had no sympathy whatsoever with President Roosevelt's efforts to secure peace. At the moment he believed the time to be most inopportune. He was convinced that the Japanese had passed the high-water mark and had reached a point where they had neither the men nor the money with which to continue the conflict.

He firmly believed that if the Emperor of Russia had refused to accept the Roosevelt invitation, and had gone on fighting, the tide would have turned and Russia would have won. As to any proposition for the payment of an indemnity, Russia would never pay a penny. It was well understood that the Japanese proposed to claim eight hundred million dollars; but Witte said that if such a demand were made a condition of peace there would be no peace.

"Why should we pay an indemnity?" he asked. "The Japanese have never invaded Russia. No Japanese has ever set foot on Russian soil. The contest has been fought out on Chinese soil and no claim for indemnity has ever been recognized, nor can one ever be recognized unless the victorious party to a war has actually invaded the enemy's territory."

The conference went into session almost at once, and most of the points at issue were met, discussed and settled in due course; but finally the commissioners came to a deadlock on the question of indemnity.

On Friday, August twenty-fifth, an *impasse* having been reached, Witte and Rosen received peremptory orders from their sovereign to quit the conference on the following Tuesday. Whereupon they packed up their belongings and made ready to leave at a moment's notice.

At that time I was living at the Lotos Club, on Fifth Avenue, in the city of New York; and at an early hour on the following Sunday morning I received a telephone message from Baron Kaneko, who asked whether he might see me on an important matter—he thought, perhaps, that I was able to influence the Russian commissioners, and so on. He was living at the Leonori, an apartment house on the corner of Madison Avenue and Sixty-third Street.

As the Lotos Club was a rather public place for a conference I told him I would go to his apartment; and I went there shortly before noon. We entered at once on a consideration of the critical situation at Portsmouth. He asked me whether I thought the Russian Government would pay any indemnity. He was impressed with the idea that Witte and Rosen were bluffing, and that Russia would pay something if by doing so she could save her face.

He had a number of suggestions along this line, and asked whether I thought the Russians would give compensation under some other guise, or whether there was not some form that could be adopted to satisfy the Russian *amour-propre*.

"For example," he said, "Russia might pay for the care of Russian prisoners in Japan or for the return of some part of the South Manchurian Railroad line."

I told him I was positive the Russian refusal to pay money was final and that Russia could not be moved from its determination in this regard. He suggested that Witte had already said he was willing to pay something—for example, a sum equal to the amount paid by the United States for Alaska.

To this I replied that the amount paid for Alaska was something like seven million dollars, and that the payment of such a sum on a claim of eight hundred million was so ridiculously small that Japan could not afford to take it.

"Moreover," I added, "you have settled every question except that of money, and it now becomes important for Japan to consider whether she can afford to go on fighting over a mere matter of indemnity."

Baron Kaneko was quick to say that Japan recognized that point, and added: "We shall never be placed in the attitude of fighting for mere money. But the situation is very serious; the conference is at a standstill, and day after to-morrow the Russian commissioners will break up the conference. I fully recognize the force of what you say; but now, if we take the ground that we will not go on with the war merely to enforce the payment of indemnity there is really no alternative except to waive all claim on Russia for our tremendous losses.

"But suppose we waive this point," he went on; "our immediate necessity is to hold the conference together. Witte and Rosen are about to quit. I take it they have no sympathy with the conference anyhow, and are quite ready and glad to seize on the authority given them to end our negotiations."

"There is one man who can intervene and save the situation," I replied.

"Whom do you mean?" Kaneko asked.

"The German Emperor."

"But," said he, "you know he is not our friend. You cannot have forgotten the cartoon of the Yellow Peril which he drew."

"That is all very true," I replied; "but he is more anxious for peace at this hour than to emphasize any sentimental views he may have concerning the yellow peril. He is a close friend of the Russian Emperor, and I have no doubt he would be glad, if he were appealed to and if he were advised that Japan was prepared to abandon her claim for indemnity, to intercede with the Czar to prolong the conference and reach a settlement."

By this time we had gone to luncheon and Baron Kaneko asked how the German Emperor could be reached. I replied that it was not a difficult matter and that I should be glad to arrange it. He asked me to do so.

Baron Speck von Sternberg, the German Ambassador, was not in America at the time, and in his absence Baron von dem Bussche-Haddenhausen, Counselor and First Secretary of the Embassy, was acting as Chargé. The latter was spending the summer at Lenox and I proceeded at once to get in touch with him. Leaving the luncheon table at the Leonori I stepped to the telephone and asked Long Distance to connect me with Baron von Bussche.

There was some delay about the connection, however, and as I had another engagement I left word to have the call transferred to me at the Lotos Club. I then took my leave, Baron Kaneko agreeing that he would remain at his apartment and await word from me. A little later, at the Lotos Club, I received word that Baron von Bussche was at the other end of the telephone wire. I told him I wanted to talk to him about a very important diplomatic matter and asked how soon he could come to New York.

He replied that he could reach the city by five o'clock that afternoon; he realized that it must be a matter of considerable importance and asked no questions, but agreed to come to the Lotos Club at the earliest possible moment. I suggested that he bring with him his diplomatic code book.

I then telephoned Baron Kaneko and asked him to come to the club, which he did. I told him of Von Bussche's coming and said I had now gone as far as I could without notifying President Roosevelt about what we had in mind. He acquiesced, and I called up Oyster Bay and asked the President whether I might go out at once and talk with him about a very important matter connected with the Portsmouth Conference. He replied that he would be very glad to have me come, and soon after I was at the President's house on Sagamore Hill.

I told Mr. Roosevelt all that had happened, and he expressed himself as highly gratified at the course matters had taken. I then suggested that he write a message to the Kaiser, and he started to prepare one. At first he dictated and I wrote, but when I questioned the form of his message he suggested that he do the writing and I the dictating. The following was the message that resulted:

August 27, 1905.

MR. BUSSCHE: Please cable His Majesty the Emperor from me as follows:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Your Majesty: Peace can be obtained on the following terms: Russia to pay no indemnity whatever, and to receive back the north half of Sakhalin, for which it is to pay Japan whatever amount a mixed commission may determine. This is my proposition, to which the Japanese have assented reluctantly and only under strong pressure from me. The plan is for each of the contending parties to name an equal number of members of the commission, and for they themselves to name the odd member. The Japanese assert that Witte has in principle agreed that Russia should pay something to get back the north half of Sakhalin; and, indeed, he intimated to me that they might buy it back at a reasonable figure, something on the scale of that for which Alaska was sold to the United States.

These terms, which strike me as extremely moderate, I have not presented in this form to the Russian Emperor. I feel that you have more influence with him than I or anyone else can have. As the situation is exceedingly strained and the relations between the plenipotentiaries critical to a degree, immediate action is necessary. Can you not take the initiative by presenting these terms at once to him? Your success in the matter will make the entire civilized world your debtor. This proposition virtually relegates all the unsettled issues of the war to the arbitration of a mixed commission as outlined above; and I am unable to see how Russia can refuse your request if in your wisdom you see fit to make it. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The second sentence of the letter was inserted, after deliberation, as a diplomatic phrase to avoid saying that the offer came from the Japanese.

At the President's suggestion I took this message, which was in his own handwriting, to one of his secretaries, Mr. Barnes, who was on duty at a hotel in Oyster Bay, and Mr. Barnes made copies of it for the President's file and for me. I then hurried back to New York, and about five o'clock was joined by Kaneko and Bussche at the Lotos Club.

It then occurred to me that there was one feature of the subject which had not been provided for: Baron Kaneko was, as I have said, an unofficial commissioner, and it dawned on me that I must assure myself of his authority before, by any act of mine, I committed either the President of the United States or the German Emperor to his assurance that the Japanese Government would waive its claim for indemnity.

The Uncertain Status of Baron Kaneko

I FRANKLY told him of my dilemma and said that I could not go further without definite evidence of his authority. He recognized the propriety of my suggestion and asked me to telephone Baron Komura, at Portsmouth, and receive his personal assurance on the subject. I felt that though this was but a matter of form it was essential; and I accordingly put in a long-distance call for Baron Komura.

To save time Baron Bussche had gone into another room at the club and was converting as rapidly as he could the Roosevelt message into code. For a time we had no response to our call for Portsmouth; and while we were waiting I called up President Roosevelt to tell him of what I had done. He expressed his hearty approval of the precaution. Hour after hour passed without a word from Komura. Bussche at length finished coding the message and was impatient to transmit it to Berlin. He finally decided to cable it, with an explanation of the circumstances.

Late that night, despairing of reaching Komura by telephone, I telegraphed one of our correspondents at Portsmouth and in a guarded message asked him to wire me concerning Baron Kaneko's authority. The reply came at length; and to say the least it gave me pause, for it was to the effect that Baron Takahira had informed the correspondent that Kaneko was in no way authorized to speak for the commission. Naturally I was dumfounded at this turn of affairs; and though I could not believe that Baron Kaneko had deliberately tricked us I made haste to report the news to President Roosevelt.

My news was as much of a surprise to the President as it had been to me. It was difficult for us to reconcile matters. For days we had both been receiving Baron Kaneko as though he were fully empowered to speak for his government, and we were loath to believe that such was not the case; but in the face of the message from Takahira what were we to believe? Finally it was decided that the President should send a frank statement of what we had done to Baron Komura and see whether he could not shed some light on the matter. This message was the following:

OYSTER BAY, N. Y.

My dear Baron Komura: I have had, as you know, a number of interviews with Baron Kaneko since your arrival in this country. These have always been held at his request and in the assumption that he was acting for you, this having been my understanding of what you said in our conversation when you were out here at my house, and when the matter of keeping me informed of what was being done at Portsmouth arose.

Moreover, he has frequently transmitted to me copies of your telegrams, evidently written to be shown to me—for instance, such telegrams of yours were inclosed in his notes sent to me yesterday and the day before yesterday, August twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh. I have, therefore, assumed that I could safely accept whatever he told me as being warranted by his understanding with you. To my astonishment a telegram was received by the Associated Press from Portsmouth last night, purporting to contain statements from Minister Takahira to the effect that Baron Kaneko was not authorized to see me, and containing, at least by implication, an expression of surprise that I should have treated him as having any such authorization.

The manager of the Associated Press refused to allow this dispatch to go out, and I take it for granted that it was false and that Mr. Takahira had given utterance to no such expression. But in view of its receipt I retraced a cable I had prepared to send His Majesty the German Emperor if Baron Kaneko approved, this cable having been prepared by me after consultation with Mr. Stone, who had himself seen Baron Kaneko as well as Baron Bussche, of the German Embassy, and who understood it was along the line you desired. [Here was inserted the cablegram as given above.]

At the end Baron Bussche stated to the Kaiser that if the Czar could be persuaded to come to these terms I should at once publicly give him the credit for what had been accomplished, and try in every way to show that whatever of credit might attach to bringing the negotiation to a successful conclusion should come to him in the most public and emphatic manner. This was added at my suggestion, for I need not tell you, my dear Baron, that my sole purpose has been to try to bring about peace, and I am absolutely indifferent as to anything that is said about me in connection with the matter.

But of course under these circumstances I shall not send the cable unless I am definitely assured by you that this cable has your approval. Moreover, in view of the statement credited to Minister Takahira, I do not feel that Baron Kaneko should communicate with me any longer unless I am assured by you that it is your desire that he should do so and that he speaks with authorization from you. Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Monday was a day of great activity and great anxiety in many places and in many ways. In Tokio the Elder Statesmen, against great obstacles, but with high courage and infinite wisdom, were moving straight on in their effort to secure an honorable peace. They were fully advised of the situation at Portsmouth. They knew that, on the preceding Wednesday, Komura had made his last despairing effort to enforce the demand for indemnity. He had reduced the claim from eight hundred million to six hundred million dollars, but had made no impression; and, instead, had noted that the Russian commissioners were ready and anxious to seize on any demand for tribute as an excuse to end the whole business and go on with the conflict.

At home they were confronted with a populace burning with patriotism, glorying in their unexampled triumph, and fully convinced of the ability of their nation to cope with any measure of resistance on the part of their enemy. At the moment, Marquis Ito proved to be the controlling force and touched the highest level of his extraordinary career. Under his commanding influence Japan refused to make monetary compensation a *sine qua non* in her negotiations. She braved the danger of a revolting war spirit, accepted the burden of her immense war debt, and instructed her plenipotentiaries in America to sign a treaty of peace on the terms already agreed to.

In Russia the situation was no less complicated. There, too, was a war party confident and insistent. After the series of disasters that culminated at Mukden, Kuropatkin had been relieved

(Concluded on Page 48)

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Baron Kogaro Takahira (in the Middle) and Two of His Suite

A Mile, a Muddy Track and Ninety Pounds

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I Got Up and Bowed. I Felt Like a Fool and I'll Bet I Looked the Part

THE other night I was reading a story in a magazine. It was after the rush hour and only one other elevator was running. The starter had gone; so there wasn't anybody to kick about my reading on duty. A lawyer, with an office on the ninth floor, came along and caught me at it.

"Well, Red," says he, "is it a good story?"

"Pretty good," says I; "but I've lived a better one."

I didn't blame him for laughing; it must have seemed funny to him. I've been running an elevator in the Everest Building for so many years that the tenants think I've never done anything else. I can hardly realize that once I had another job. Sometimes I ride up and down and up and down until it seems that I've been working a lever and calling floors all my life; but when I go to my room at night there's Jimmy's picture, taken the day he rode the winner of the Farallone Handicap—and then I know it's not a dream.

I look at Jockey Carroll, smiling out of the floral horseshoe, dressed in the silks that I've brushed and the boots that I've shined, and the old days come back to me so strong that nothing else seems real; and I can't make myself believe that the tracks where Jimmy rode are closed now, the horses gone and the big grandstands empty and falling to pieces.

Yes; I was valet to the best one-hundred-pound jock that ever put a leg over a favorite, and I was his pal too; but that was a long time ago, and now I'm running an elevator for ten dollars a week. I was thinking about the things that happened in between when I said that I'd lived a better story than the one in the magazine; and my story is true. That's the tough part of it. Life can be as queer and tangled up as a moving-picture play, with the difference that there's usually a laugh at the end of a film.

When I was a little shaver I used to gallop horses for Colonel Joe Davis. He said he'd make a rider out of me; and, giving him all the credit that's coming, he tried, but the stuff wasn't there. A real jock has to be born. I didn't have the seat or the hands, and I never could tell within three seconds of how fast a horse was working.

Then, to make it a cinch, one morning, when we were schooling two-year-olds at the barrier, the crazy filly I was riding crossed her legs and the whole bunch piled up on top of us. That spill killed my last chance of ever becoming a jockey, because I lost my nerve—couldn't even gallop horses any more. It gave me a cold chill to hear anything coming up close behind me.

Then Jimmy joined us and Colonel Joe couldn't see any use in wasting any more time with me. I had my chance and I didn't make good; it wasn't the colonel's fault that I had to take to leading race horses instead of riding 'em.

Jimmy Carroll was sixteen then—thin and dark and quiet; tall, but most all legs. He was a born race rider, Jimmy was. He knew a lot about horses; he used to say that they were as different as folks. He must have known what he was talking about, for he could handle 'em all; the mean ones and the sulkers and the quitters would run for him when they wouldn't run for anybody else. He had a way of talking to his mounts and coaxing 'em along; but if he had to do it he could swing a bat with the strongest punishers in the business. He hated to whip a horse though. Often I've seen him wait until the last few jumps before going to the bat, and when he used the whip it was a pretty good sign that the horse under him was beat.

Colonel Joe saw right away that he had a comer, and in no time at all Jimmy was an apprentice jock. Some boys swell up when they get to wearing silk; Jimmy didn't. He won his second time out on Mary Dean, an old mare that the colonel kept out of sentiment, I guess. She wasn't much good and usually quit in the stretch, but Jimmy brought her from nowhere and had her running over better horses in the last eighth. Colonel Joe was so tickled that he gave Jimmy a twenty-dollar note and a new suit of clothes; and the colonel hadn't bet a cent on the mare either. Jimmy bought me the first overcoat I ever owned with part of that money.

For three years we traveled round the country—never getting as far east as New York—and giving the small tracks a strong play. Jimmy did the riding and I was the general handy man and stable roustabout. Then Colonel Joe retired from the turf. He was old and tracksore, and his rheumatism bothered him a lot. I believe Colonel Joe was the whitest man that ever owned race horses. He had Jimmy sewed up with a contract and he could have made money out of the boy, because plenty of owners wanted first call on Carroll; but when the colonel decided to sell his string and get out of the business he tore up the contract and Jimmy signed with Smiley Lawson for one year—twenty-five hundred for first call on his services and outside mounts extra.

I'll never forget that last night in Colonel Joe's tack room. The stalls were empty—all the horses had been sold at auction that noon in the paddock—and even the tack room was pretty well cleaned out. The old man had sold everything but the cots that Jimmy and I slept on. The next day Lawson was going to ship east to Sheepshead Bay and Jimmy was going with him. Colonel Joe was packing up to start for Tennessee and I was out of a job.

"What are you going to do now, Red?" says Jimmy to me.

I said that I'd get along somehow; and I said it kind of rough, because I didn't want him to know how bad I felt. We'd been better friends than brothers for three years, and had gone through good times and hard times without a fuss of any sort. Take it all round, Jimmy Carroll was the only real friend I had and it hurt to lose him.

"Don't you fret about me," I says. "I'll get a job with some of those burglars out on the Western Circuit, and if the freight trains keep running I'll see you again some day, Jockey Carroll. I suppose you won't speak to a common stable swipe when you get into the big money East."

I wanted him to say that nothing would ever make him any different, but he didn't say a word. He sat there on the edge of his cot, looking clear through me to Sheepshead Bay.

"It's coming to you, Jimmy," I says. "You can ride rings round those silk-stocking jocks in the East. Go back there and tear into the big money! The more you get the better I'll be pleased."

"The big money!" says Jimmy to himself, listening to the sound of the words. "The big money, Red? You remember I always said I was goin' to get into it some day? Well, this is my chance, and if I don't pick up weight too fast I'll show those dude riders a few things about throwing a horse under the wire!"

"You bet you will, Jimmy!" I says.

"I'm just aching to hook up with 'em," says he; "and when things begin to come soft I'll have me a diamond ring as big as a doorknob, and a horseshoe pin, and a——"

I cut in on him.

"Aw, why don't you say it all and be done with it? I suppose you'll be like Spencer and Crossett, and the rest of 'em, and hire you a valet to shine your boots and brush your clothes!"

Jimmy stopped and looked at me with his mouth open.

"The very thing, Red!" says he. "And I never thought of it! You can bet your life I'll have a valet—one that I can trust. You can begin now. Get down on your knees and unlace my shoes. I'm tired."

I couldn't hardly speak at first.

"Jimmy, do you really mean it?" I says. "Honest?"

"You'll think I mean it if you don't do as I tell you," says he. "What am I paying you for, eh? Get down there and unlace my shoes!"

And that was how I came to go East with Jockey Jimmy Carroll. Folks thought I was only his valet; but I was his pal too, and so long as I was with him I never got those jobs mixed.

II

EVERYBODY knows what Jimmy did to the smart Eastern jocks that summer. In those days he could ride at ninety-five pounds without hurting himself any. Spencer, Gannon, Dugan and Crossett were supposed to be the cream of the country; but, to my notion, Butterfly Spencer was far and away the best of the lot. He was a little bit of a kid, about the size of a Jersey mosquito, but he had arms and hands like a middleweight champion—and tough?

I guess the Butterfly was the toughest, meanest kid in America; but he was game all through. He wouldn't pull out from the rail if a runaway freight train was behind him, and you couldn't make him take the overland route so long as there was a knothole for him to drive through. Any horse that Spencer rode was sure of a play in the betting ring—and sure of a ride too; for the Butterfly was always out to win. He thought more of a bracket than he did of a hundred-dollar note.

The first time Jimmy got into a race with Spencer the Butterfly had the mount on the favorite and Jimmy was on a ten-to-one shot. They hooked up together in the stretch and came on side by side, fighting it out nod and nod from the paddock gate to the wire. Talk about your killing finishes—that was one of 'em!

Three jumps from the post everybody thought the favorite would win, but Jimmy had saved something in the old beetle he was riding. He went out on that long shot's neck, gathered him up in his arms and simply heaved him home by a nose. Tod Sloan couldn't have done it any better, and the crowd nearly tore the grandstand down when Jimmy rode back into the ring and saluted the judges. Spencer's long suit was shaking 'em up in the stretch and he was so sore about being outfinished on the best horse that he nearly cried.

"You big long-legged bush rider!" he says to Jimmy. "You didn't beat me and don't you think it! It was that twenty pounds of lead I was carryin'. The weight did it—not you!"

"All right, little boy," says Jimmy, patting Spencer on the head and blocking a right swing for the jaw at the same time. "All right, you half portion of nothing; but the judges—they thought I beat you; they hung my number over yours. The folks in the grandstand thought I beat you; they cheered when I came back into the ring. The bookmakers don't make many mistakes; they're paying off on the one I rode. And that ain't all. To-morrow morning the papers will say that Spencer, on a horse that was tons the best in the race, was outrode and outfinished by Jockey J. Carroll on a poor, miserable ten-to-one shot. But don't you care, kid! I'm going to do it so often this summer that you'll get used to it."

Spencer cursed and threw his boots at Jimmy; but we only laughed at him. In the first place we could afford to laugh, because Jimmy had hung it all over him on the track; and, in the second place, the Butterfly was too small to pick on. Maybe that was where the rest of the jocks got the idea that Jimmy had a yellow streak.

A few days afterward Gannon, who was older than Jimmy, but about the same size, came hunting for trouble and found it. Jimmy waited until after the last race and then they went out behind a barn. All the other jocks wanted to bet on Gannon. I took the other end so long as the money lasted, because what Jimmy didn't know about boxing you could write on your thumb-nail.

It wasn't much of a battle. Jimmy started out by splitting Gannon's nose and blacking his eyes; and after seven knockdowns the thing got sort of monotonous. Gannon wasn't counted out; he quit when he had enough.

"Anybody else got anything to say about my yellow streak!" asks Jimmy, looking round. "No? Then I guess we'll knock off work and call it a day. Come on, Red!"

Gannon was the best fighter they had, and licking him made Jimmy cock of the walk in the jocks' room; but there was never anything of the bully about him.

I look back on that first summer in the East as the happiest time of my life. Things were coming soft as velvet. I had plenty of money, all the good clothes I could wear, nothing to worry about, and a shore dinner every night. Jimmy was rated as one of the topnotch riders of the country, but prosperity didn't swell him. He could have chummed with big gamblers and rich young bloods, and been treated like a prince. The choice was up to him, but he steered clear of that sort of thing.

"They don't want to buy me dinners because they like me," he used to say. "They only want to know what to bet on next day. Let 'em get their information from people who sell it. I'm no cheap tout, giving a winner for a meal. We can pay for our own grub—eh, Red?"

So we traveled together, and what was good enough for him wasn't too good for me. He had a world of outside engagements; and I used to write 'em down in a book so he wouldn't get mixed up. I collected his fees too.

"Look here, Red," he says to me one day, "it's getting so that these owners do all their business with you instead of me. You oughtn't to be shining boots any longer. You be my manager—make my dates and collect my dough, and I'll get some one else to valet me."

"As a favor to me," says I, "don't pick out too big a fellow."

"Why not?" says he.

"Because," says I, "nobody will ever get this job away from me without a battle; so when you're looking round for that new man don't outmatch me too far—that's all. Give me a chance to win."

"Why, you darned fool!" says Jimmy. "It's niggers' work—blacking boots and brushing clothes!"

"It would be," says I, "if I was doing it for anybody else or for money; but I ain't. You know, Jockey Carroll, that I wouldn't do it for anybody but you—no, not even the President of the United States. He could pull off his own boots or sleep in 'em, so far's I'm concerned. Now shut up about it, will you?"

Jimmy treated it as a big joke; but maybe he understood me better than he let on. He never was much of a hand to slop over and get mushy; but a day or so afterward he gave me a watch, solid gold case, split-second, and the works all jeweled up like a pawnbroker's bride. It never cost him a cent less than three hundred. On the inside of the case was this line:

"To Red, from his pal, Jimmy."

That winter we went to New Orleans, which is a grand town to eat in if you know the places; and they're easy to find. Some towns you will remember the same as you remember a friend—towns that are different, somehow, and not just streets and houses. I've found four of 'em, and I pick 'em to run in the order named—San Francisco, before the fire; New Orleans; Carson City, and New York.

The winter meet was a good one, though it rained every few days. Plenty of Eastern jocks were on hand, but Carroll was the star. He could have had three or four mounts in every race, because he was as popular with the owners as he was with the general public—and that's saying a lot. I had my hands full making engagements weeks ahead; and when it came to the stake races Jimmy could pretty near write his own ticket—and pick his mount too.

It certainly was a fat winter for us; and Jimmy could have planted a bundle of money if he'd wanted to, but there didn't seem to be any need of it with everything coming our way. The trouble about prosperity is that you get drunk with the notion it's never going to end.

When the New Orleans meet was over we took a last feed of Creole gumbo and broiled pompano, and headed back for the big town. Jimmy didn't renew his contract with Lawson; there was more money in being a free lance.

The second summer round New York started out to be like the first—all smiles and sunny skies; but there was a cloud gathering for both of us. Jimmy was beginning to put on weight.

I wonder whether you know what that means to a rider? A champion loses his punch; a politician loses his pull; a matinée idol loses his hair; a tenor loses his voice—but a jockey gains weight, and it means all those things and more. One season he's a star; next season he's too heavy to ride, and he drops out of sight entirely. Nobody remembers him or cares what becomes of him. He's a has-been.

Jimmy was turning from boy to man. It was just as though there was a giant inside of him, fighting his way up and out, broadening his shoulders and lengthening his legs. Jimmy went above one hundred in no time at all. The growth that he should have had since he was fifteen was coming on him all at once.

"See here, Jockey Carroll," says I; "it's you and me on the road to-morrow morning, all the same as prize fighters in training. Your wind is all right, but you're getting too beefy for your own good."

"I can sweat that off in a couple of mornings," says Jimmy.

Well, we went on the road; and we walked and we ran until we were both wringing wet. The sweating helped some, but it couldn't hold him. He was due for a legitimate increase in weight and it came in spite of the road work. You may think you can cheat Nature; but in the end she'll call you every time, and you'll find that she's had an ace in the hole from the start.

"There ain't enough fat on me," says Jimmy, "to grease a gnat's elbow, and still I'm heavier than I ought to be. There's only one place where they know how to turn bone and muscle into water. Are you with me?"

He meant the Turkish baths, of course. I never saw one of those joints that wasn't a first-class, A-number-one madhouse after midnight when the drunks begin to roll in—and the smell of a hot room makes me sick; but if Jimmy had to play the Bathhouse Circuit I didn't want it to be a single act. I went with him.

She Never Failed to Meet Me at the Door With Her Hand Out, and I Bought In for a Ten or a Twenty

That dry heat melts the weight all right enough, but it melts the strength too; and well I know it. It was a pretty good joke on me, because I didn't need to take off any weight. I needed to put it on. I've always been six pounds lighter than a straw hat; but playing the baths with Jimmy trained me down so fine that I had to put my legs together and stand nine times to cast a shadow. You talk about a woman being a test of friendship between pals! A woman isn't a circumstance to spending part of every other night in a hot room where you can fry an egg on the arm of your chair!

The baths did the business for Jimmy though. He got back to one hundred pounds and held himself there for a while; but he had that half-starved, hollow-eyed look, and when it came to shaking up a sulker, or handling a big, heavy-headed horse, there was a difference. He'd paid for his weight with strength that he'd taken off next to the bone; and it showed in the way he rode a finish.

Two or three times I sort of hinted that it might be a pretty wise idea to sink a piece of money somewhere so that he'd have a soft spot to fall into when he got too heavy to ride any more; but Jimmy couldn't hear that sort of talk at all.

"Time enough for that by and by," says he. "Why, I'm only just getting into my stride!"

III

ONE afternoon, in the jocks' room at the Bay, Jimmy dropped me a hint of what was coming. If he had only made it plainer he would have saved me from a big mistake; but it was like him to say the least about the things that were nearest to him.

The last race was over and he was dressing. I was standing by to hand him his rings and his stickpin. He was fussing with his tie, trying the knot one way and then another.

"We'll have dinner to-night at Brighton Beach," says he—"Webber's place, I guess. You go on over ahead and order it for eight o'clock sharp.

"Suits me," says I.

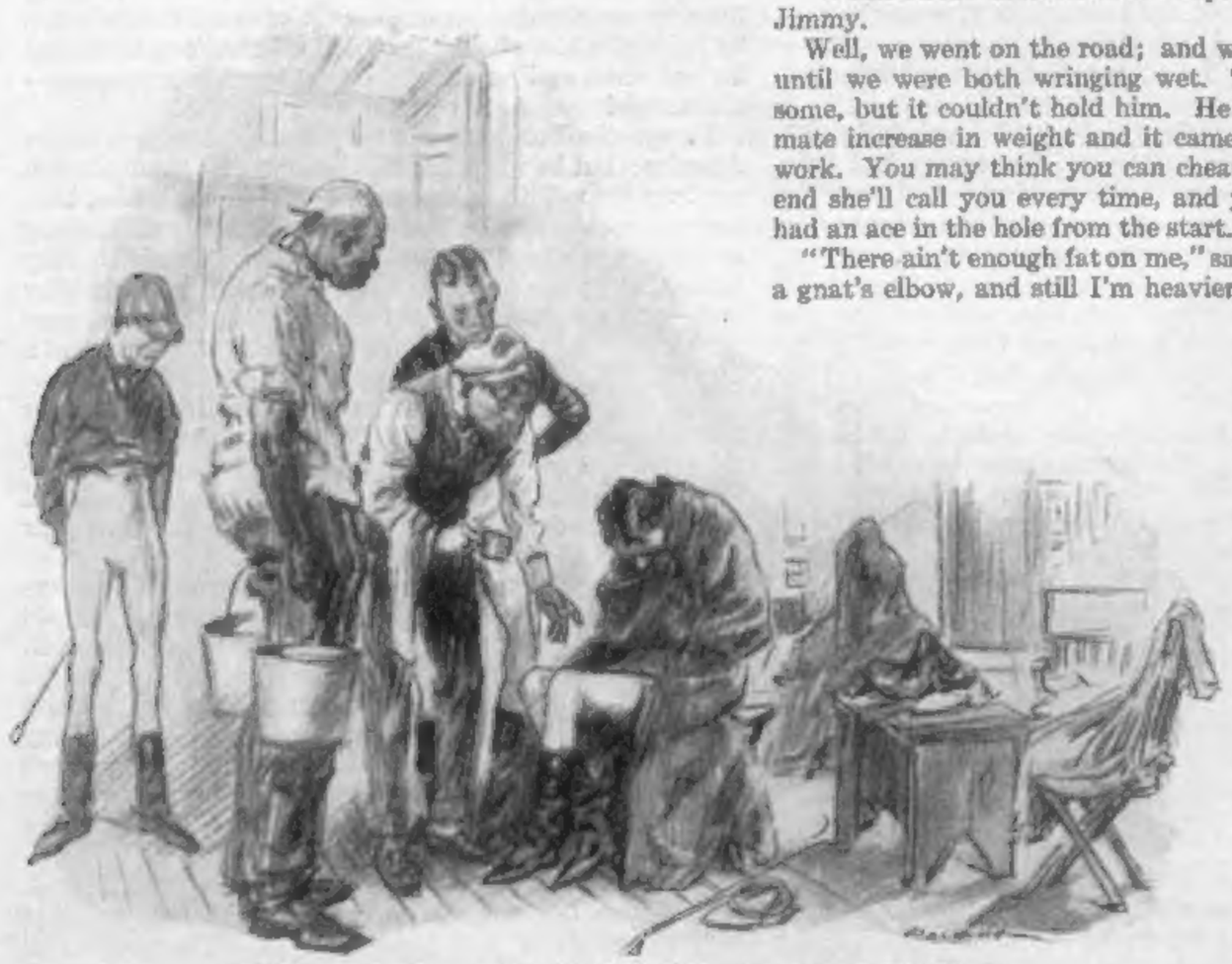
"And, Red, order for three, will you?"

"Three!" says I. "Who's the other one?"

"Oh, a friend," says he. Then he poked me in the ribs and made a break for the door.

I must have been thick in the head that afternoon, because I didn't suspect anything. I went on over and ordered the dinner, and then sat round and smoked cigarettes and waited until fifteen minutes after eight. That was another hint that went over my head. Leave him alone and Jimmy was always on the dot, like a time-table.

Just as I was making up my mind that he had taken the wrong car or something Jimmy came sailing in, grinning like a kid, and hanging on to his arm was a faded, washed-out blonde—the kind that always makes you think of a stranded musical-comedy show.



He Had an Engagement in the Sixth Race, But I Took Him Home

She was jabbering a blue streak, but watching on both sides to see how much attention she was attracting. She might have known that people would only look at her because she was with Jimmy. I didn't like her from the very first peek I got at her; she didn't seem real to me somehow.

"Miss Le Claire," says Jimmy, "this is Red—er—Mr. McCafferty!"

I got up and bowed. I felt like a fool and I'll bet I looked the part.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm shaw," says Miss Le Claire.

"Red is my manager," says Jimmy. "He handles all my business for me—makes my engagements, you know."

"All your engagements?" says Miss Le Claire, rolling her eyes at him.

"Oh, maybe not all," says I; and Jimmy laughed and slapped me on the back.

"Red broke into the game with me," says he. "He's my pal."

He was trying to make it easy for me, but he was wasting time. I knew I wasn't going to like her and she knew she wasn't going to like me. That part of it was settled the first time we looked at each other.

I sat there like a dummy and let them do most of the talking. She was full of stage chatter and cheap stuff like that; but she didn't know one horse from another—ignorant was no name for it. By and by she got to looking at Jimmy's jewelry. He took out his pocketbook and showed her his stickpins. He had the best collection of horses' heads in the country, but they didn't interest her.

"That's a nice ring you're wearing," says she.

"Think so?" says Jimmy, taking the solitaire off his little finger and handing it to her. She tried it on and began to gush all over the place.

"It's beautiful!" says she, mooning her eyes at him. "Simply beautiful, Mr. Carroll; but—don't you think it's a little large—for a man to wear?"

"Well, maybe," says Jimmy, squirming in his chair, because I was kicking him on the shins. "Do you like it?"

"I love it!" says she. "I adore it!"

Well, I guess she did, at that. She was wearing a couple of cheap rings, worth about four dollars apiece, and a string of beads made out of glass. Why shouldn't she adore a ring worth four hundred? I thought it was up to me to do something.

"Lemme look at that rock a minute," says I; and when I got it I passed it back to Jimmy, along with a kick on the shin that almost lifted him out of his chair. "That's the way he got it—borrowing it to look at," says I to her.

Right there she declared war on me. I saw it in her eye. But it was part of my job to take care of his valuables and that was what I was thinking about.

After the dinner we got into one of those sway-backed open carriages and drove over to Coney. I was in the little seat in front, facing 'em; and the way she flirted with Jimmy was a fright. It got so raw that I couldn't stand it. I climbed out of the rig and went into a beer garden to get over my grouch. She wasn't a bit sorry to see me go and Jimmy didn't even ask me to stick. I should have felt easier about him if he had turned his rings and pins over to me for safe-keeping.

I was awake when he got home that night. He fooled round for half an hour getting undressed and ready for bed. I knew he wanted to say something and finally he came out with it.

"How do you like her, Red?" says he.

"Not any," says I; "and you keep an eye on her, or the first thing you know she'll have your big rock. She made a play for it to-night, but I crabbed it."

As I said that I took a look at Jimmy's left hand—and the solitaire was gone.

"Well, you poor chump!" says I. "You fell for it, did you?"

Jimmy sat down on the edge of the bed.

"You're wrong about her, Red," says he. "You've got the wrong slant. You don't know what a good kid she is."

"Kid!" says I. "It's a long time since she was a kid!"

"She's twenty-one," says Jimmy; "but she's been on the stage since she was fifteen."

"And that makes thirty-six," says I. "You believe everything she says, don't you?"

"I'm sorry you don't like her," says Jimmy. "I thought we'd be great little pals, traveling round the country together; and ——"

"Good Lord!" says I, sitting up in bed. "You ain't—you don't mean—it ain't serious, is it?"

"She's going to marry me, Red," says Jimmy, half under his breath, as though it was too wonderful to be talked about out loud. "On the level, I don't know what she sees in me, do you?"

Well, I knew all right enough; but if he was going to hitch up with her that stopped all argument.

"Wait a minute, Jim," says I. "Can I have twenty minutes for a new book? I didn't know you was stuck on her or I never would have said what I did."

"We'll call all bets off," says Jimmy, "and start fresh. You had her wrong, Red."

"I must have," says I. "If you think she's all right that makes her all right with me. You know I wouldn't hurt your feelings for a million!"

We shook hands on that hard. I hadn't changed my mind about the girl, but I knew that if he wanted her nothing that I could say or do would make any difference.

"You won't quit me?" asks Jimmy.

"And They're G-Going to Keep My Trunk! All My Clothes and Everything! What Shall I Do? What Shall I Do?"

"What would I quit you for?" says I. "If you had as many wives as Brigham Young you'd still need a pal. Don't worry about me. I'll stick."

"You'll like her and she'll like you," says Jimmy. "She—she likes you now, Red; honest she does. She thinks you're great!"

I knew how well she liked me, but I didn't let on. What I didn't know and never would have believed was that Jimmy would be fool enough to run and tell her everything I said—the bad along with the good. It goes to show what a change a woman makes in a man. Like as not she coaxed it out of him, though, for that was her style.

Anyway, she knew before they were married. I went to the wedding breakfast. It was one of the hottest days of the summer, but every time the bride looked at me I felt as though I needed a fur overcoat.

IV

OF COURSE nothing was quite the same after Jimmy and Daisy hitched up. They went to a hotel to live. Jimmy was crazy to keep house, like any fellow who'd never had a home. She couldn't see that domestic stuff at all; said she wasn't strong enough to take the responsibility, when what she really meant was that she was too lazy to scramble an egg for him in the mornings. I stayed on where I was.

"Now remember, Red," says Jimmy, "my home is your home. Come over and see us often, won't you?"

I went twice, but I was just about as comfortable as a steeplechase jock at a prayer meeting. Daisy didn't want me there; but she needn't have marched into the bedroom and slammed the door behind her. I could have taken a hint. It was unpleasant for Jimmy; but what could he do? She was his wife and I was only his pal. He'd never promised any preacher that he'd stick to me. The law and everything else was on her side.

There were some places, though, where she couldn't butt in—the jocks' room at the track and the bathhouses, for instance. Jimmy didn't dare let up on the hot rooms, and it was my job to sit with a sheet round me while he raved about what a wonderful little woman he had for a wife. I nearly lost my voice saying "Yes; that's so!" and "Sure, Jimmy! Sure she is!"

At first I think he really believed everything he said about her. Later on I wasn't so sure. His boosting got so strong that I suspicioned he was talking loud to drown out the noise of a few family jars. Look out for a fellow who's always blowing about what a lovely disposition his wife has got!

There was one thing Daisy could do to the queen's taste—she could spend money. She wanted to dress like a millionaire's daughter and cut a dash in the grandstand—and she did it. She even took all Jimmy's jewelry away from him and had it made over into brooches and things for her to wear.

I'll bet it hurt him to let go of that collection of stickpins; but if it did he kept quiet about it. Maybe he remembered what I told him that first night—that she was only after his stuff.

The next winter we could have gone back to New Orleans and done well; but no—Daisy had her heart set on the Coast. Jimmy didn't want to ride in San Francisco. There's an awful cold wind off that Pacific Ocean and he had a cough which had been sticking to him for a couple of months. He wanted to winter as far south as he could; but Daisy wouldn't have it that way. She said New Orleans was unhealthy.

The real reason she wanted to go West was that somebody had told her San Francisco fog was good for the complexion. That settled it. She wasn't the kind to care much whether fog was good for a cough or not.

"Why not lay off this winter, Jimmy?" says I. "Go down to Florida and get rid of that cold. You'll feel better for it."

"I wish I could, Red," says he; "but—we've got to eat, haven't we?"

"Is it as bad as that?" says I; and he nodded.

I knew that he had a nice little bank roll when he was married, and he'd made a bunch of money since; so it was news to me that he had to ride to eat.

"Daisy needs a lot of clothes and things," says he. "The poor kid ain't hardly got a stitch that's fit to wear. I've got enough to land us out West, and then we're going to take a cottage near the track and keep house."

"Now you're talking!" says I.

"I haven't said anything about it to Daisy yet," says he; "but I know it will be all right with her. She's the best little fellow in the world, Red."

"She is that," says I, but I meant it with reverse English. I was wishing that I could take her over my knee and give her a good spanking. It was what she needed.

They didn't rent the cottage near the track; they went to a hotel instead. Jimmy explained it by telling me that Daisy wasn't well after the trip—she was awfully nervous, he said—but, just the same, she was at the track every afternoon, and I never saw a sick woman look half so healthy as she did.

Jimmy's cough got worse and worse! The talk went round the track that there was something the matter with his lungs, and after that I had to hustle for engagements. The horsemen didn't come to me any more and it wasn't a case of pick and choose; it was a case of grab what we

(Continued on Page 32)

CLERGYMAN'S KNEE

Three Hundred Thousand Horses Go From These Shores to Certain Destruction! War Spares Nothing! Ten Days is the Average Life of a Cavalry Mount at the Front

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATION BY HERBERT JOHNSON

A HORSE with clergyman's knee is a mighty lucky animal these days.

"R-r-reject!" said Captain Moulinet.

"Why, Cap, what the Sam Hill's the matter with that horse? Look at him! He's ——"

"R-r-reject!" barked the captain again with a twirl of his fierce red mustache. Then he turned his back resolutely and kicked at a clump of dirt, thus avoiding argument. The decision was final—for that day.

"All right," Rominger acquiesced. "Take him away, Jack. They'll be glad to get him six weeks from now."

A tall, high-headed bay was led back to the barns, and the dealer cracked his whip and yelled to bring out another.

"What was the matter with that one?" I queried.

"Clergyman's knee," answered Rominger briefly; and in a tone of acute regret he remarked to one of his helpers: "Dog-gone it! That's the third time they've turned him down." For my benefit he added: "You notice the way his legs are sort of sprung at the knees? Well, they figure that a clergyman gets down to pray so much that he's apt to be that way."

A French commission was buying horses for the war in a Fort Worth market—Captain Moulinet, who breeds fine horses, and Doctor Pouget, a veterinary. An interpreter accompanied them and acted as clerk.

French Horse Buyers at Work

THE next to be led out was a sorrel. The boy ran him up and down the lane. Being very recently from a cotton patch, the sorrel evinced scant interest in life and failed to show much action; so a couple of helpers cracked their whips and lashed at him.

"No wheep! No wheep!" cried Doctor Pouget.

The stable hand halted the horse in front of the inspectors, and the veterinary ran his hand carefully down his forelegs. He nodded to the captain.

"Measure," he said.

Thereupon they took his height and Doctor Pouget peered into his eyes through a glass such as oculists employ. Everything being satisfactory the sorrel was accepted; and a man branded his number in the artillery on the hoof of his right fore foot and then the number of the commission that purchased him. Also, on his left hip they smeared S+, which signified that he belonged among the big ones: S standing for the class that is fifteen hands one and a half inches in height, and the + denoting that the animal is well over that standard. The larger, heavier horses are for use in the artillery; the others go to the cavalry.

A mare followed.

"R-r-reject!" said the captain decisively the instant he glimpsed her. As she moved down the lane the mare flung her feet wide, and they will not take horses with such peculiarities of stride, because of their awkwardness and liability to injury when maneuvering in close formation.

"Get him out of that hole, Jack!" exclaimed Rominger prayerfully as a boy showed off an undersized brown horse. "That's all right for a big horse; but—there—no; move him higher yet. Now we can see him."

The veterinary fingered the animal's left foreleg and quit there. Another rejection!

"Great Scott, Doc! What's the matter now?" protested Rominger. "That's nothing but a wire scratch. I'll bet an even hundred ——"

Doctor Pouget smiled deprecatingly and stamped his feet to get them warm. He entertained the notion that he knew sidebone when he saw it, which it was—a ridgelike growth near the fetlock. The contention is that it is peculiarly susceptible to injury and consequent laming.

So it went. Another was turned down because it "interfered." Eleven were rejected in half an hour, which rather flattened out the gossip that foreign buyers are getting every sort and condition of condemned animals foisted on them. Doubtless some of them have unwittingly taken on outlaws and plugs; but, where men like Moulinet and Pouget inspect, the French Government gets what it contracts for.

Captain Moulinet cuts with a ruthless hand. Out of a bunch of three hundred and forty offered at one horse market in the first week of December he rejected two hundred and ninety-three. Another firm succeeded in getting past only thirty-nine out of two hundred horses. Whenever the captain thinks they are trying to give him the worst of it—"smear it on him," as the cowboys say—he walks round in a circle, kicking at the dirt and talking to himself. He speaks little English and most of that in grunts; and in his khaki trousers, old overcoat and black felt hat he might easily pass for a Swede farmer from the Panhandle.

Doctor Pouget is of an entirely different type—pink-cheeked, slight, with gentle eyes and a deftly curled mustache; but the mildness of his bearing is in inverse ratio to his stubborn appraisement of the value of a horse. He knows his business and sticks to it gently against all outcry.

However, the dealers are not cast down by the cutting. They figure that this war has only begun and that before long these condemned horses will look like thoroughbreds to the buyers. The time approaches, they think, when Europe will be glad to get any old skate.

Just how many will the belligerents take? That is what dealers and farmers, from Peace River Valley to the Rio Grande, are trying to guess; for that will determine prices. It is almost impossible to estimate this with accuracy, because secrecy is maintained about much of the buying, but the total will not fall short of three hundred thousand head in the first eight months of the war.

More than sixty thousand American horses have already been bought by the British Government; French buyers must have signed up for three times that number. And now Germany has thrown its hat into the horse ring: at least it is generally assumed that the award of contracts in Texas for many thousand head of horses by Italian agents, to be shipped direct to Genoa, represents purchases by the Kaiser's Government. To the United States all this is a business proposition pure and simple—a matter of dollars and cents. Being a neutral nation it makes the best bargain it can with any one of them. What does it amount to, then, in money?

The countries buying these horses will pay out at least ninety-one million dollars. The farmers and breeders and the dealers and railroad companies of America will benefit to the tune of eighty million dollars of this. The balance will go to transatlantic companies.

That is not all, however. They are feeding mules to War's maw, too, and the foreign buying of American hybrids is large. It will add approximately forty-five million dollars to the bill before next autumn.

The Supply and Demand for Horseflesh

WE ALL know what a black eye the European struggle gave to the cotton farmer. Here is where he makes some of it up, for his losses on cotton will be partly offset by the enormous foreign buying of horses and mules. Indeed, this market is the salvation of small farmers in the Cotton Belt. Their working-stock receipts will enable them to hold their cotton against a fair price, or, at any rate, tide them over until spring.

"Listen!" said Rominger. "Listen good! You hear people making a roar about shipping these horses abroad. Why shouldn't we? This trade will help out the cotton farmer just when he needs it. You know as well as I do that a lot of them have been on the verge of starvation. Why, I myself shall spend over a million dollars cash this winter in Texas and Oklahoma, and I'm only one of a bunch.

"Think what that means to men who haven't been able to realize on their cotton and whose families have been staring the wolf in the eye! Besides all that, they get rid of horses they can't afford to feed through the idle months."

All of which is as true as Gospel. Nevertheless, there is danger in the situation from the farmer's standpoint. Under pressure of immediate necessity a great number of them will part with horses at prices that seem high just now. And later they will be unable to buy back what they require for farm purposes, because horse flesh is bound to go up.

A lot of them are going to be in the position of the Fannin County family that hocked the stove in July to go to the circus, and could not redeem it in November.

Another regrettable feature of this wholesale export is that well over ten per cent of the animals are mares. Dealers will tell you that they are barren mares and consequently no loss to the breeding industry. Some are, but from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand mares will go to the front for gunfodder that can hardly be spared in this country.

It costs Great Britain and France about three hundred dollars a head to deliver an American horse at the front. The expense is apportioned like this: Two hundred dollars for purchase; transportation, from eighty-five to ninety dollars; insurance, ten dollars; feed, three dollars. And he has from four to ten days' service in the battle line to pay for himself. After that he pays with death.

Three hundred thousand horses go from these shores to certain destruction! War spares nothing! Ten days is the average life of a cavalry mount at the front. Artillery horses do not attain such longevity. Their span of life in this war averages four days. Edward Gage, an agent of the British Government, is authority for these figures; but I heard a French officer place the life of a war horse at one month—thirty days. Letting it go at thirty days, or sixty, the loss remains appalling. And horses constitute but a small item in the bill for international butchery.

Local humane societies have censured some of the exporters. "To think of sending all those dumb creatures to certain slaughter!" they cry. It is unthinkable! True, but we did it in the Spanish-American War; we did it in the Boer War. We line the piers, cheer and wave flags, the bands play and the girls throw kisses when a hundred thousand of our young men start for the front. Are they not going to slaughter too?

On top of the demand for horses come orders for mules. The first foreign efforts were directed toward Missouri and Kansas, which grow a big, heavy mule admirably adapted to army purposes; and French buyers have been busy for months in those markets.

Now Italy takes a hand in the game, with orders through Texas dealers for many thousand head—rather a large need for a neutral nation!

Mules of the type designated cannot be bought in any large number in Texas, but the contractors bid on the order in expectation of filling it from Louisiana and Alabama. A well-grown, sound mule is worth easily sixty per cent more than a horse, which means that this one order will release three million eight hundred and forty thousand dollars to mule owners in that territory.

Who will get these Italian shipments ultimately? It is the consensus of opinion that they are bought for Germany. What Great Britain will do under these circumstances remains to be seen—it's a long, long way to Tipperary, but longer from Galveston to Genoa.

The cost to Germany a head is estimated to be double that to France and England, because of indirect buying, hazards of transportation, high insurance rates and distance. A dealer interested in the Italian contract figured that each horse ordered would represent over six hundred and fifty dollars by the time he reached Germany.

Most dealers will passionately assure you that they receive from one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and forty dollars an animal from foreign buyers; and, therefore, the fancy prices demanded by the farmers and breeders are unreasonable, unjust and prohibitive. Perhaps that is what they get. If so, they are being stung, because many others receive from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and twenty-five dollars for the same classes of horses. A Bonham man closed at two hundred and twenty-five dollars a head, but his contract calls for delivery abroad. He has chartered two steamships to carry his stuff. The majority deliver at some convenient shipping point near home, and there their responsibility ends.

One dealer told me that he and his partner got a flat rate of two hundred dollars a head, and he knew that other dealers in the Southwest approximated that figure.

"Of course," said Ben, "they've got to say they get less or the farmers would hold 'em up. And don't get the notion, son, that the difference between what we get and what we pay is all velvet. We have to meet all expenses of shipping to points of delivery, of feed for a month or more, and loss on rejected ones. Consequently, if a dealer pays a farmer one hundred and fifteen dollars for a horse and get two hundred dollars for him, his real profit is a heap less than eighty-five dollars on that animal."

So there you are! I believe Ben's figure to be about the average. One would do well to fast and pray before going into a horse trade with him; but in every other respect he is a highly dependable, solid citizen.

A considerable number of the horses that will draw French and British guns, and carry their cavalrymen on scouting expeditions and into action, are afflicted with heaves. At the first stiff work they get they blow like bellows. Some dealers will rise up on their hind legs to deny this, but the statement stands.

One man who has a contract found himself with about eight hundred head of likely looking horses, but ninety-two had the heaves. Did he meekly resign himself to his loss and turn them out for later private sale individually? He did not. He was a practical man, and what he did was to wet their feed for several days before inspection. Then, on the morning when the commission would pass on them, each was given a smart run of a mile or more, a good rubdown, and a dose of pine tar or coal oil. A horse so treated does not show a symptom of the trouble, and eighty-five of those animals got by.

In selling horses there are two tricks to every one in any other trade. This makes an accomplished horsetrader a joy forever. He must unite in his person the subtle guile of a Mazarin, the impassivity of a cigar-store Indian, the bluffing abilities of a Mississippi card sharper, and the stern regard for truth that runs like a thread of gold through the narratives of Baron Munchhausen.

I went through a horse and mule yard recently where a thousand head were gathered. A fair percentage were good horses; but a lot of them gave every indication of having considerable on their minds and not enough in their stomachs. They looked thoughtful, sluggish and dejected. What was my dumb amazement later to see those identical quadrupeds prance out for inspection like blue-ribbon winners in Madison Square Garden! They fretted and pulled on the ropes, came into the lane with a rush, and stepped high and fast when they went by the helper at the turn. It was very puzzling.

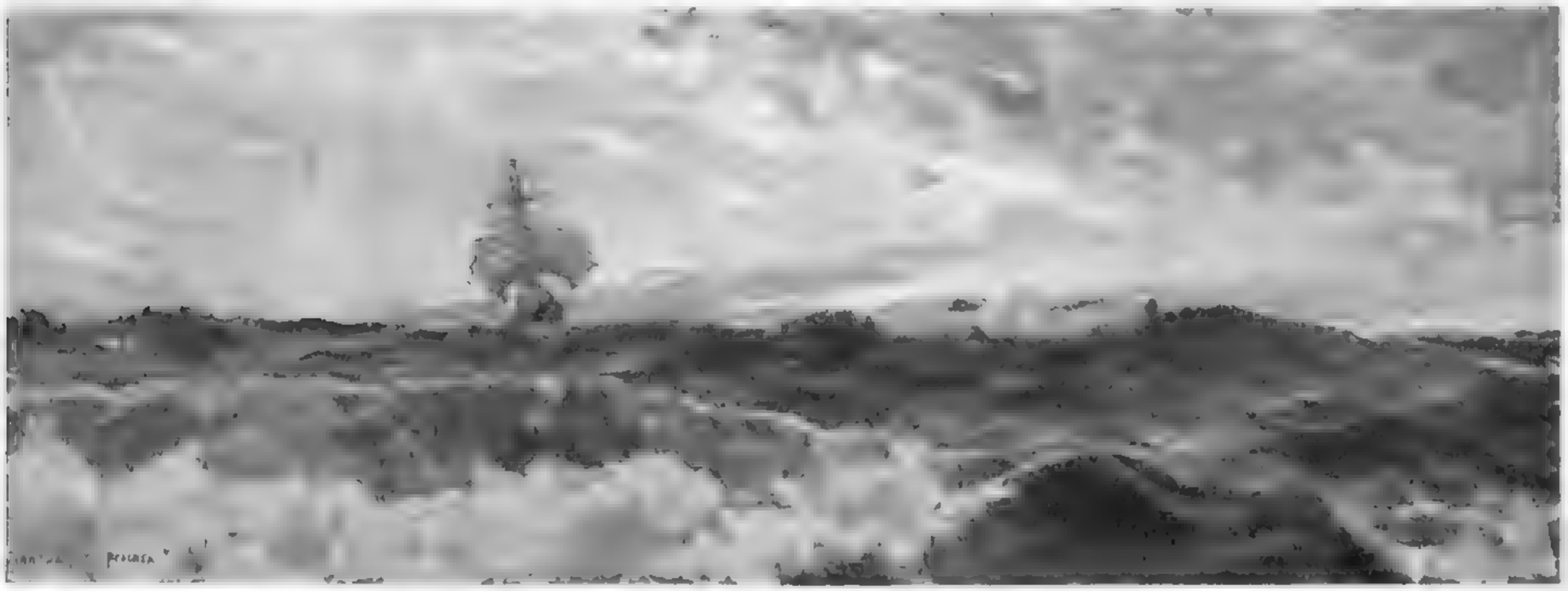
Happening to visit the same yard again next morning I became aware of a commotion in a small pen and proceeded to investigate. In it were a couple of gentlemen in wide felt hats and high boots, industriously cracking

(Concluded on Page 36)

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



Poor Henry Rasmussen! Shanghaied, Sold, and Robbed Again, and Bound for the Very Port From Which He Had Fled for His Life!

THAT there is a commendable element of truth in the aphorism that the wicked flee when no man pursueth was never better exemplified than in the case of Henry Rasmussen, a product of the good old days when a clipper ship was the finest thing afloat.

In the pride of his youth Henry had been a Liverpool crimp. He had the morals of a crocodile and the heart of a hyena—the result, possibly, of mixed breeding, which often embodies the worst characteristics of both strains. His father had been a perfectly worthless Swedish skipper, in command of a scow on the Thames, and his mother a Whitechapel belle, no better than she ought to have been.

Henry had grown up in the slums of London. At fourteen his mother had disappeared, though whether she went to jail or the potter's field Henry never discovered; in point of fact he was not even mildly interested in her whereabouts, for his father took him to Sweden shortly thereafter and Henry had other things to occupy his mind. The succeeding five years he spent with the fishing fleet in the North Sea, where he picked up a very good working knowledge of most of the languages of Northern Europe.

At twenty the lure of adventure claimed him and drew him to Liverpool, where he fell foul of a crimp who, realizing the excellent raw "running" material he was, promptly employed him in that capacity. This in itself was a high tribute to Henry's latent ability, for the runner is but the crimp in embryo; and to be a successful crimp one must be an artist in his line.

Young Rasmussen was an apt pupil, and quick to see the profits accruing to the business provided one put his conscience behind him. Inasmuch as Henry had no conscience to speak of, the natural inference is that he made money—which he did. A ship in the Mersey has to wait just as long for a crimp to round up a crew for her as she would in almost any other port; and the bonus or blood money for each man, charged by the crimps for procuring sailors for a deep-sea cruise, seldom falls below five pounds, and generally averages six.

Henry Rasmussen's job as a crimp's runner was the direct outgrowth of the inevitable tendency of Jack ashore to make a fool of himself; and, as everybody knows, a fool and his money are soon parted. In addition salt water fools are friendless—hence they have no credit. It was Henry's business to hunt such fellows up and bring them to the crimp for exploitation. While waiting to exploit them the crimp always extended credit for board and lodging and grog, in return for which they signed away to him the two months' wages usually advanced.

The British Board of Trade makes more than a mere pretense of safeguarding the rights of British seamen, and Henry Rasmussen knew this; in consequence of which he had a profound respect for the Board. Early in his apprenticeship as a crimp's runner, however, he discovered that there was no particular risk to be run in practicing the gentle art of shanghai, provided he was careful not to shanghai British seamen and confined his nefarious operations to placing the shanghaied aboard foreign ships.

"Danny, Cawn't Yer Recognise Yer Poor Ol' Marster?"

A poor, hungry devil of a stranded American, Frenchman or Scandinavian, treated to a mug of ale with a few drops of chloral in it, or tapped on the head with a sockful of bird shot, and carried aboard an American ship, was always worth five pounds at the very least. American ships had a hard, hard name in those days; and when the shanghaied one woke at sea he signed on the dotted line and did what he was told to do, or took the consequences.

On arrival at the vessel's loading port such a man was always content to scramble ashore, leaving his wages to the captain. It was not for such flotsam and jetsam to return to Liverpool and argue with Henry Rasmussen the legality of the latter's action as a free-lance shipping commissioner; and Henry, realizing this, waived technical details and sought results. Scandinavians were his principal prey, for he spoke their language; and the stranger in a strange land warms immediately to the man who hails him in his mother tongue.

Before he was twenty-five years old Henry Rasmussen had picked up many a pound of blood money on the side, all of which went into his own pocket; for it was characteristic of Henry, in these private operations, not to take his employer into his confidence. That meant an equal division of the spoils.

During that period he had formed more than a nodding acquaintance with every skipper that sniffed the reek of the Mersey; and, since he was ambitious, it followed that presently he found himself a full-fledged crimp, with a sailor boarding house, or pub, of his own on the Liverpool water front. Here he discovered there was a goodly profit in selling liquor, particularly when he made some of it himself; so he ceased drumming trade personally and employed as runner a disreputable dock rat, by name Danny Dillon.

Danny, a short, squat, powerful young thug, not only took up Henry's work as runner in the advanced stage of commercialism to which Henry had elevated it, but even dared to improve a little on his master's methods. With the passage of time, however, Danny Dillon, too, commenced to yearn for the happy day when he could resign his job as runner and set up in the crimping game for himself.

But Danny was Irish, impulsive and impatient, and, like most of his race, a liberal spender. He could not bring himself to the little sacrifices and self-denials that led ultimately to a bank account and economic independence; hence his plans for being his own man were as ephemeral as a dream of yesteryear, until Henry Rasmussen took up with one Agatha Butterfield.

Aggie was Henry's barmaid. She was a drawing card in the pub and a great hand to make a sailor spend his money; in addition to which she was handsome in a bold, barmaidy sort of way, and, with almost the liberties of a full partner, an ideal mate for a crimp like Henry. Hence, it is not to be wondered at that a rascal like Danny Dillon, despairing of building up a business of his own and coveting his employer's, should also covet Aggie.

Quite justly he regarded her as one of the assets of the business; though, for all that, Danny was not without that streak of romance so inherent in the Irish. Aggie was the stimulus he had needed all along; and, since he was ruthless and imaginative, presently he formulated a scheme for acquiring Agatha and the business coincidently and without giving value received.

Now to Danny Dillon's direct way of thinking there were but two ways of getting rid of a man: One was to kill him and hide the body; the other was to shanghai him. But to shanghai Henry Rasmussen in the ordinary sense was impossible, for, in the first place, Henry would be hard to shanghai; and, in the second place, if shanghaied he would come back; and then Danny would have to kill him or be killed.

Hence it seemed reasonable to kill Henry in the first place, and be done with the matter; but, again, the difficulty of getting rid of the body presented itself, and with a sigh poor Danny decided that he would have to shanghai Henry after all—only he must do it in such a manner as to preclude any normal probability of the latter's return. Danny had his faults; but then he had his good points also, and he hesitated to kill any man until he had exhausted every other means of accomplishing his desires.

So he set himself resolutely at work to plan Henry Rasmussen's elimination by any means short of murder, and in the end he succeeded. Also, in the end he paid the ultimate price; wherefore we have a story.

II

HENRY RASMUSSEN was too keen a business man to steep his great talents in alcohol, though he was not by any means a total abstainer.. Sailors have a habit of inviting mine host to drink with them in kind, and it is poor marine etiquette to decline—not to mention the loss of trade that may result. Hence occasionally it happened that, under the strain of stimulating a buying campaign in his place of business, Henry would unfortunately overestimate his capacity; which, by the way, was nothing abnormal—a trifle subnormal, as a matter of fact. On such occasions he always waxed extremely irritable and culminated his debauch by administering to Aggie a profound beating.

On her part Aggie, whose upbringing had been accomplished in environs where the majority of men beat their women with every change of the moon, regarded these infrequent and distressing episodes as part of the game of life, to be borne with the same degree of sportsmanship one should evidence under such misfortunes as infantile complaints, a cut finger or a headache. She was charitable and reasonably fond of her wolfish mate. Graciously she blamed the drink and not Henry; and as evidence of his natural tenderness of heart she never failed to call attention to the fact that, after sobering up and realizing what he had done, he always left a couple of guineas where she could find them.

Danny Dillon, who boarded with his employer, was well aware of these little domestic jars, the latest of which had given him the inspiration for a most ingenious scheme for the elimination of Henry Rasmussen without any distressing aftermath. After perfecting his scheme to the minutest detail, therefore, quite deliberately he set about planning another beating for Aggie.

In justice to Danny it must be said that he hated to do this; but, since it was necessary for the happiness of both, he was not the man to be swayed by mawkish sentiment—particularly since, until Henry should beat Aggie again, Danny's hands would be tied absolutely. He knew the extent of his own art, did Danny; and it galled him to waste it for the paltry stipend of a mere runner.

His first move was to engage a pretty little pink-and-white English apprentice youth from the bark Sussex Maid to come up to Henry Rasmussen's pub every night for a week, buy a few small noggins of beer, and, while sipping the same with exasperating deliberation, pay marked attention to Aggie. For this service he gave the youth one pound sterling; and, as it is a well-known fact that apprentice boys never have any spending money, Danny Dillon took advantage of this condition to plant the seed of jealousy in Henry Rasmussen's heart. A great lad was Danny for working with the tools closest at hand.

When his judgment told him the seed was planted and sprouting he distributed largess to half a dozen thirsty dock laborers, who, under his instructions, repaired to Henry Rasmussen's pub to inaugurate a spending toot. Here each man ordered an ironworker's cocktail and insisted that Henry should drink one also. Since it was Saturday night and Henry knew the men had their weekly wages in their pockets, he readily consented.

Now for the benefit of the uninitiated, who are hereby warned against it, be it known that an ironworker's cocktail consists of five fingers of whisky, neat, with a tall glass of beer or ale for a chaser. Only men in the pink of physical condition drink ironworkers' cocktails—and then they never drink more than one a day. Such men, returning from a long day of the hardest manual labor, find that one sufficiently invigorating. An ironworker's cocktail is drunk for the kick that lurks in it; hence it is foolishly regarded as a panacea for exhaustion.

Henry Rasmussen knew this—knew the utter fallacy of it; yet he pitted his strength against these hard-working dock laborers and drank one ironworker's cocktail to stimulate the spending bee. He took a few more drinks of less harmful stimulant during the evening; but little by little they joined forces with the ironworker's cocktail, until when the time came to close up for the night Henry Rasmussen was exceedingly drunk.

In this condition he bethought himself of the apprentice boy, last to leave at closing-up time—whereupon the seed of jealousy, so skillfully planted by Danny Dillon, burgeoned immediately. After locking up and without waiting to count the day's receipts he seized Aggie by the throat, called her several things she was not, and proceeded to administer an extra special beating.

While thus engaged a heavy woolen sock, filled with bird shot, descended on Henry Rasmussen's head, rendering him unconscious. A slight tap on Aggie's golden head with the same dependable bludgeon stretched her beside Henry; and Danny Dillon stood surveying both, calm in the knowledge that neither knew who or what had struck them.

Then he gathered Aggie in his arms, carried her upstairs to her bed and locked her in her room. On descending to the bar he calmly rifled the till; then stepped out the side door and whistled for a cab, which was standing across the street. The cabby was a dependable creature who had often helped Danny Dillon remove the bodies of unconscious men from his employer's deadfall to ships that needed them worse than Henry did. When he drew up alongside the curb Danny tossed his employer into the closed vehicle, got in after him, and the cab rattled away. Fifteen minutes later it paused in front of a ramshackle tenement building fronting the Mersey. The street was deserted, and in a jiffy Danny had his employer out of the cab. Up a long flight of dark stairs he carried him to an ill-smelling room, where he laid the unconscious man on an ill-smelling bed, locked the door behind him, returned to the cab, and thus to Henry Rasmussen's pub, where he retired to a much-needed rest.

III

AT SIX o'clock Danny Dillon was aboard the American clipper ship Glory of the Seas, where he held converse with her skipper. At six-thirty he was back at the pub, whence he emerged five minutes later carrying a bundle under his arm. Half a block away he met, as he knew from experience he would meet, a policeman walking his beat. This bobby was a friend of Danny's, and to him the runner related the distressing story of how Henry Rasmussen had again beaten Aggie.

"'E's a no-end good marster," said Danny regretfully—though Liverpool Irish, he was the possessor of an atrocious Cockney accent—"but hit's a bleedin' shyme the w'y 'e beats up 'is woman. Yus, sir! Beats 'er up, an' then goes aw'y with the boys, a-leavin' me to pick Haggie up an' care for 'er. But Hi knows w'ere 'e's to be found. Han' if yer'll stan' by me, matey, Hi'll work a racket on the blessed ol' beggar as'll scare 'im so 'e'll bloody well cut off 'is right 'and sooner'n raise it to Haggie again."

The bobby, mildly interested, desired Danny to elucidate. Danny did so. From the bundle under his arm he took a long streamer of crape, which he handed to the policeman with the request that the latter take it, proceed to the closed door of Henry Rasmussen's pub at precisely seven-thirty o'clock, pin the crape in the middle of the door at a time when he was certain nobody was looking, and then stand there as though on guard.

Meantime Danny would fare forth in search of the recalcitrant Henry, to induce him to return to his place of business; and on their approach the policeman was to say to Henry: "'Ere, you! You're wanted at the station 'ouse!"—at the same time stepping aside in order that Henry might have an unobstructed view of the crape.

Instantly Henry would jump to the conclusion that he had murdered Aggie and would endeavor to escape. The policeman would then make a bluff at pursuit, Danny would hurl himself on the policeman—and Henry would escape. According to Danny he would go into hiding and would be certain to endeavor to flee before the mast on some sailing vessel, where, of course, Danny would find him and restore him to the bosom of his forgiving Aggie.

"A week o' torment an' bleedin' remorse is what the blighter jolly well needs—damn 'is eyes!" declared Danny wrathfully. "Hit'll do the marster more good than a month in choky."

The officer agreed that the plan was not half bad; and, since apparently it involved no risk to his official honor, he permitted himself to be persuaded to join in the enterprise, particularly after Danny Dillon had pressed ten shillings into his not too reluctant palm. After repeating his instructions once more Danny departed on the trail of the scandalous Henry.

At seven o'clock he was bending over the crimp, shaking him into consciousness; and when the latter finally woke and vulgarly demanded an explanation of his unfamiliar surroundings, Danny glanced round guiltily and said:

"Sh-h h!"

"What are yer sh-h-h-in' about!" roared Henry Rasmussen.

"In heving's name, marster, be quiet!" pleaded Danny.

Over his rat face he drew a mask of fear as easily as most men draw a razor. Again he counseled silence; then, in a low, tense voice, he told Henry Rasmussen that last night he, the said Henry, had, in a fit of drunken, murderous

rage, beaten Aggie to death with a bungstarter! He—Danny—had left them both alone in the bar shortly before closing-up time. At about two o'clock in the morning he had heard somebody moaning in the hall outside his room, and on investigation had found Aggie lying there, weltering in her blood. She had lived just long enough to declare to him with her dying breath that Henry had killed her, whereupon Danny had hidden her body in her room, mopped up the bloodstains and descended to the bar, where, to his vast surprise, he had found Henry lying on the floor in a stupor, the fatal bungstarter, all bloody and matted with Aggie's golden hair, still clutched in his hand!

Dickens' description of the murder of Nancy by Bill Sikes was not more dramatic or meticulous in its bloody details than the fiction the runner poured into the ears of the crimp. He described the evidences of a terrific struggle—the overturned cuspidors; the broken chair; the splotches of gore on the walls; how finally, unable to bear the thought of his beloved "marster" being forced to stretch hemp, he had called the cabby who always aided in their shanghai work, and together they had removed Henry to this hiding place.

"Hit was orful, marster," moaned Danny—"somethin' orful! This is wot comes o' drink. Hit's them ironworkers' cocktails as'd make a man fight 'is bloody mother." And he hid his face in his hands and rocked his body from side to side in the extremity of his pseudo-grief.

The crimp's face, from a ruddy red, turned first a dead white and then a delicate green. His eyes popped in terror; he passed a huge hand helplessly over his head—to discover that it ached, both inside and out. He had never felt like this before; he must have been very drunk indeed not to remember anything of his journey in the cab. True, he did have a hazy recollection of a physical combat with Aggie; but he had not meant to kill her.

For it did not occur to the crimp to doubt for a moment the news his runner brought him. Danny's attack had been delivered so suddenly, so adroitly, and withal had been so perfectly staged, that a more astute person than Henry Rasmussen would have given it credence. Henry was really very fond of Aggie, in his way, and the thought that he had gone just a little too far and killed the poor girl rocked his very soul on its foundations.

Suddenly he commenced to shiver and whimper in terror, pleading with Danny Dillon—good old Danny Dillon, who had never failed him yet—to save him from the consequences of his unpremeditated crime.

He did not plead in vain, for it appeared that the thoughtful Danny had already prepared everything for a hasty flight. From the bundle he had brought with him he produced a suit of faded blue dungarees and a black quilted cap such as marine engineers and firemen wear. The crimp hastily donned them, after which Danny rubbed some oil on his face and hands, smeared the oiled surface liberally with coal dust, and bade Henry look in the mirror. Henry looked and was satisfied. His disguise was perfect.

Hurriedly they left the room and descended to the street, where Danny called a closed cab. They entered, and as they rattled along the street Danny explained that, as luck would have it, he had had a call the night before for a sailor for the American clipper ship Glory of the Seas, which sailed at eight o'clock for San Francisco to load wheat and return to Liverpool.

"Hi've told the cabby to drive past the pub," he whispered. "Yer safe, marster; but Hi want to see if the police has been called yet."

Henry Rasmussen quivered like an epileptic; he wanted to scream an objection, but a morbid curiosity to view the scene of his crime overruled the protest that rose to his lips. As the cab rattled past his place of business at exactly seven-thirty-five he leaned forward and glanced through a slit in the curtain. The door of the pub was closed; from the center of it fluttered a streamer of crape—the police were already in charge! One of them was standing on guard in front of the door!

The terror-stricken crimp moaned and subsided into a corner of the carriage, where he commenced to weep with singular violence—for a crimp. However, even a tiger will grieve for its mate.

A few minutes later Henry Rasmussen, simulating the profound drunkenness usual with sailors about to ship for deep water, was half dragged, half carried aboard the Glory of the Seas by Danny Dillon and the second mate, and thrown like a sack of meal into a berth in the forecastle. Danny lingered a moment until the mate had returned to the deck, then he turned swiftly to the berth.

"Good-by, marster," he said brokenly, and held out his hand.

Henry Rasmussen seized and wrung it fervently.

"Gord bless yer, Danny!" he whimpered.

Danny drew his sleeve across his face and his shoulders heaved as he withdrew.

"That swine's been drunk for a week," he declared cheerfully to the first mate a moment later as he emerged from the forecastle and presented, for the signature of that individual, a receipt for one A. B., delivered in good order. "'E'll be a bit shaky for a coupler days, sir; but 'e'll come out all right w'en 'e strikes blue water—never fear, sir. The savage is as strong as a bloomin' bull."

"He'd better be," the mate declared with conviction, and signed the receipt.

A few minutes later, when the tug came alongside and made fast, Danny Dillon went down the gangplank. Standing on the pier he watched the Glory of the Seas as she dropped down the Mersey with the tide; and as he watched he laughed until the tears cascaded down his merry countenance, for he had accomplished his purpose.

Many things can happen in a voyage round the Horn; and as Danny returned, whistling, to the pub he told himself he hoped that big bucko Yankee mate would kill Henry Rasmussen.

IV

THE disappearance of the crimp created sufficient stir to get Henry's name into the newspapers. Nothing came of it however. Danny saw to that. Immediately on his return from the dock he reported to his ally, the policeman, that he had been unable to locate Henry; whereupon that functionary continued to patrol his beat, and Danny, removing the decoration from the front door, opened the pub for business. When Aggie ventured down about noon he inquired solicitously for Henry!

From then on matters developed with rapidity. Aggie awaited Henry's return until suppertime before notifying the police; and when the police came Danny drew the inspector aside and told him he suspected foul play! Without doubt Henry had been done away with by a wretch who, after killing him, had had the effrontery to tack a streamer of crape on his front door, which insignia of woe Danny had found on his return from shipping a man aboard the Glory of the Seas. Here Danny produced the crape; and the inspector solemnly took it and labeled it Exhibit A.

The investigation into the mysterious disappearance of Henry Rasmussen was a desultory one at best, but quite commensurate with the importance of its subject, for Henry's standing with the world in general was not such as to cause anybody but the faithful Aggie extended interest in his welfare, living or dead; and the only two persons in the world who knew anything about that crape kept their own counsel.

Danny had fooled the policeman completely. Also, to a certain extent he had the officer trapped. The latter reasoned that if Henry Rasmussen had really met with foul play, then Danny Dillon knew something about it. Hence, the part the bobby had been induced, in his innocence, to play would not redound to his credit should he confess it. He might even be accused as an accessory before or after the fact, he did not know exactly which; and in all probability he would be dismissed from the service.

Danny, shrewdly diagnosing the officer's thoughts, suggested to him that perhaps their little ruse had worked better than they knew—that Henry had returned to the pub while Danny was seeking him elsewhere, and on seeing the bait had swallowed it, hook, line and sinker, and vanished. If so, it behooved them to keep their tongues in their cheeks, for in the fullness of time Henry might hear of the deception practiced on him; and, should he return, explanations would be decidedly awkward.

However, the truth of the matter is, nobody loves a crimp; and within a week Henry Rasmussen was in a fair way of being forgotten by everybody except Aggie. For the sake of appearances she mourned him fully a month. Meantime Danny sympathized with her, and deplored with such dolorous mien the untimely removal of his beloved "marster" that eventually Aggie, who was a most sensible creature, agreed with him that there could not possibly be anything to gain by throwing away a good, going business; and —

But why continue? Suffice the fact that Danny Dillon succeeded to the business, with all its assets and liabilities; became a full-fledged crimp; engaged a runner to take the place so recently vacated by himself; and settled down to the enjoyment of the fruits of his industry and ingenuity, which in the busy crimping season twenty-five years ago were many and varied.

A few words of explanation here. Prosy and out of place they may seem, but they are necessary; for they have a distinct bearing on the future fortunes of Danny Dillon.

When a man ships for the dark blue it is customary to grant him an advance of two months' wages before sailing; not, however, because the sailor demands this advance or has the slightest hope of being granted liberty ashore to spend it—in which event he would desert, swindle some other skipper out of two months' advance, and so on *ad libitum*—but because the crimp demands it. Because he has always demanded it, this two months' advance has become an institution.

The sailor is always in debt to the crimp—or if he is not he ought to be, which amounts practically to the same thing in the end; at least, thus reason the maritime philosophers who exploit him. The sailor must pay the price for his job; and, in the days when Danny Dillon and his ilk flourished in clover, many a man paid for a job he did not want and had

The Mate Manacled Him, Bent a Rope Round Him, and Had Him Hoisted Back on Board the Iunestkilen

never sought, for even a shanghaied man is granted his two months' advance. Often, too, the crimp collects it, though his victim may be indebted to him for nothing more tangible than outrage and a donkey's breakfast.

Now Danny Dillon knew all that was to be learned in his profession. He was a born crimp and it was instinct in him to exact the last drop of blood, which was perhaps the one flaw in his art; for there is such a thing as going too far. Danny Dillon saw his opportunity, was tempted, and, whether from force of habit or mere human weakness, he yielded. Thereby he destroyed himself.

He had been under some slight expense in the consummation of his coup—room rent, cab hire, hush money, and so on; and his art demanded that he eliminate this expense and emerge with a profit, exclusive of Aggie and the business. So, not content with selling Henry Rasmussen to the skipper of the Glory of the Seas for five pounds in blood money, his greed impelled him to present a forged assignment of two months' wages, which the captain paid and which netted Danny the further sum of six pounds. He had signed the name Niels Swanson to the form of assignment, that being the name, as he informed the mate, to which Henry Rasmussen would answer when able to appear on deck.

Danny experienced not the slightest difficulty in collecting that six-pounds advance, for these reasons: The skipper was in a hurry to get to sea; hence he had no time to ask questions. A two months' advance was natural under the circumstances, and how was he to know that Danny had shanghaied the man? If a skipper cross-questioned every man the crimps furnished him, to ascertain whether or not he had shipped of his own free will, he would never procure a crew. Also, the skipper knew that it would be a waste of breath to question Danny, for Danny was a crimp and would lie like one; and the sailor was in no condition to be consulted before the ship should sail.

And, if that were not sufficient warranty for the payment to Danny, the fact remained that the skipper was law aboard that ship on the high seas, and would see to it that Niels Swanson signed articles for the round trip, which meant a return to Liverpool to be paid off.

It had been the skipper's experience that a crew shipped in Liverpool always deserted in San Francisco; for, between the advances to the crimp and their slop-chest accounts—slop-chest supplies being sold to sailors at treble their value ashore—few men ever had more than a few dollars coming to them, and the abandonment of this paltry sum to the captain was preferable to a return voyage under a mate they hated and feared. So why try to protect this savage on his advance, since, as he would not wait for the final accounting, he would never know anything about it anyhow?

Danny Dillon reasoned as the skipper would have reasoned, had not the latter reasoned such problems out many years before and settled them for all time. On arrival at San Francisco, Danny believed Henry Rasmussen would go overside into the boat of the first crimp's runner to meet the Glory of the Seas as her anchor took bottom. *Ergo*, since Henry would never know the difference, why permit that rascal of a skipper to pouch the two months' advance? Danny could advance no reason for such imbecility; so he pouched it himself.

It requires genius to be a clever crimp, and Danny Dillon was nothing if not an artist in his line. From the moment he had tossed Henry Rasmussen into that berth in the forecastle the latter became, not a crimp, but an animal—an object of barter and trade.

So far as Danny was concerned, Henry Rasmussen had ceased to exist. He had been metamorphosed into a hulking Swedish sailor, by name Niels Swanson; since he dared not speak English without betraying his half-Cockney origin and early environment, he would confine himself to Norse among his fellows and the mate would speak of him as the Dutchman.

Moreover, not a man aboard the Glory of the Seas knew him; for the clipper's crew, having shipped in San Francisco, were being paid the higher scale of wages obtaining on American ships, and desertion in Liverpool meant that they would have to work their way back in a lime-juicer at the meager wage of the British seaman, which was not to their liking.

The Glory of the Seas would be four months on that voyage round the Horn, and Niels Swanson would be wearing a full beard when he deserted in San Francisco; where, thinking himself a murderer and in lifelong fear of being recognized and extradited, he would retain the beard and the alias.

With the exception of one tiny flaw, Danny Dillon's line of reasoning was perfect. He thought it was perfect, because he did not see the flaw, the oversight doubtless arising out of the contempt any crimp feels for the man he has sold. For Danny Dillon forgot that Henry Rasmussen was a crimp and could never, by any possibility, be anything else.

v

WHEN the Glory of the Seas swung in on the quarantine ground in San Francisco Bay the rusty red chain had not ceased paying through the hawse pipe before her crew was laying aloft, making all sail snug and shipshape. Henry Rasmussen, alias Niels Swanson, no longer the flabby, rather corpulent Liverpool crimp, but a sun-tanned, wind-bitten Swedish savage, all bone and hard muscle, sprung up the ratlines as joyously as any of his fellows, for his troubles were now at an end.

A couple of Whitehall boats had met the vessel off the Presidio shoal buoy as she ramped up the bay, full and by, and Henry's practiced eye had readily detected their occupants for what they were—crimps' runners. His heart leaped within him at the sight, for wherever there was crimping going on, there would Henry Rasmussen settle and prosper. It cheered him tremendously to know that San Francisco would not be to him a barren prospect.

When the captain ordered the small boat overside, preparatory to his going ashore to report to his owners and procure money to pay his crew, he was particular to instruct the mate to see to it that the sailor Swanson formed one of her crew; for the captain was not a kill-joy and he desired to give the sailor he had shipped in Liverpool every opportunity to desert before paying him off. His consideration was not lost on Henry Rasmussen, who grinned as he went overside and grinned again as he came back!

He was the last man left standing outside the captain's cabin when the latter, having paid off his crew, stepped out on deck, closing the door behind him. Thereupon Henry Rasmussen addressed him; and for the first time since he had trod the decks of the Glory of the Seas, he spoke English—with a Cockney accent.

"Hif you please, sir, Hi'd like to be paid off and go ashore."

There was a whine in his voice, but a lurking devil in his eyes. The captain turned on him in vast surprise.

"Hello, you—Dutchy! I thought you couldn't speak English. What are you? A Swede or a Cockney?"

"Both. Hi've a matter o' four months' p'y comin' to me, captain."

"Very well. I'll settle with you when the ship returns to Liverpool. You shipped from there, didn't you?"

Patiently Henry Rasmussen explained that he had been shanghaied from there; that he was a British seaman, and that he knew his rights. Also, he said he was displeased with the food and the treatment accorded him by the mate, and desired to go ashore with no ill will toward anybody. Consequently he needed the wages due him, in order that he might not be an object of charity on landing in a foreign country. He informed the captain that he was quite conversant with the usual methods of swindling sailors out of their wages and did not purpose being made a fool of; if the captain insisted on being pig-headed it would only develop a row and the British consul would figure in it.

The skipper delivered the supreme insult of the seas.

"You're a sea lawyer," he charged; to which Henry replied curtly that he—Henry—was a bad man to monkey with. And the captain, realizing that he was no ordinary savage, surrendered as the easiest way out of the difficulty.

"Step inside," he said, unlocking the door of his cabin, "and I'll settle with you." He quickly cast up the account of Niels Swanson and spread twelve silver dollars on his desk.

"Who got the two months' advance on my wages?" Henry Rasmussen demanded.

"Danny Dillon, the crimp that shipped you, of course."

"Voucher?" Henry requested. The captain handed him the forged assignment, bearing an acknowledgment of receipt in Danny's well-known chirography.

"All right, sir," said Henry Rasmussen briefly. "Hit's a forgery; but Hi shawn't dispute it."

He gathered up the twelve dollars, "signed clear," and, without even taking the trouble to gather up in the forecastle the sea boots, oilskins, blankets, and so on, which he had purchased from the ship's slop chest, he went over the rail into the Whitehall boat, where Mart McFadden's runner awaited him.

"Welcome, matey!" said Mr. McFadden's runner, and held out his hand in most friendly fashion.

Henry Rasmussen spat in it.

"You dirty swine!" he said succinctly, and sat down in the stern sheets. "If Hi 'ad a sixpence for each one o' your betters as Hi've shanghaied Hi'd be rollin' in wealth this minute."

His face was so terrible as he glared at the hapless runner that the latter, believing he had an insane man on his hands, thought it the part of good business to humor his prospective victim. He made no reply, therefore, but when the boat touched at Meiggs' Wharf, and Henry Rasmussen climbed up on the dock, he gathered sufficient courage to follow him, saying:

"This way, sailor."

He steered Henry Rasmussen toward a one-horse express wagon, the vehicle in which Martin McFadden, San Francisco's principal crimp in those days, always transported his guests and their baggage from the docks to his sailors' boarding house at the foot of Drumm Street. This hostelry Mr. McFadden, out of polite deference to the overwhelming percentage of Scandinavians he housed, had christened the City of Bergen.

Henry Rasmussen walked to the express wagon, sat down in the end of it, with his legs hanging over the tailboard, and permitted himself to be driven to the City of Bergen, where he was received by Mr. McFadden with the hospitality for which that water-front Boniface was infamous. Henry knew he was welcome, but not how welcome. He did not know that a great fleet of big foreign bottoms, wheat and barley laden, was lying in the stream waiting for crews; that, as a consequence of the glut of vessels and the scarcity of men, blood money was up to eighty dollars a head—sixteen pounds, English money; that under such circumstances a man was a man, with nobody sacred but a policeman; and that only the week before Mr. McFadden had been put to the extremity of shanghaing a man with a wooden leg.

No; Henry Rasmussen did not know these things, and his ability as a crimp, though considered high-class in his native heath, was really very inferior when compared with the art of Martin McFadden, for Henry's training had been along British business principles, which, as everybody knows, are not to be compared with those of the busy, up-to-the-minute American. Back in Liverpool Henry Rasmussen

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In Due Course the Immobilien Towed Up the Mersey

JOHANN SCHMIDT, PRIVATE

Captured French Cannons Guarded by German Soldiers

A Burial of German Soldiers With Military Honors

By IRVIN S. COBB

I WANT, first-off, to try to visualize him as I saw him back yonder, last August, in Belgium. He is a German common soldier—he is the German common soldier; and for purposes of convenience I label him Johann Schmidt, private. I do not mean to glorify him or to idealize him or to disparage him. I mean to try to make a fair and honest likeness of him.

Since mine is a neutral country, I should prefer to draw a composite portrait which would sum up the characteristics of the soldiers of several of the countries at war; but that I concede to be an impossible thing for me to do. My picture would contain so many acutely jarring contradictions it would lose resemblance to anybody. Besides, through sheer chance, I was mainly thrown into contact with the German soldier rather than with the Belgian or the French or the British soldier.

I saw the Belgian in the field for a flash of time only—a flash to be measured by hours rather than days. Afterward I saw him frequently, but as a prisoner; and being a prisoner alters a soldier in all his ordinary perspectives. I saw the Frenchman at a distance, across a battle line; or else I saw him as a prisoner too. I saw the Englishman at drill on the home ground, or in the home hospital, wounded, or in the hands of his enemy, disarmed and downcast. I had no extended opportunity of studying him in camp or in action. I saw the German soldier, however, engaged in every possible employment a soldier is called on to follow in time of war; and, seeing him so, I came to know him pretty well, as I believe.

Peoples Unchanged by War

TRUE, there was a linguistic gap between us to be bridged. He thought and spoke in one tongue and I in another, but by constant association through a term of weeks and months I was able, I think, to learn something of the man inclosed within the shapeless gray uniform, and to know him as a human unit rather than as a colorless cog in a mighty mechanism. Or, at least, I flatter myself that such was the case.

It is strange how the mere fact of a nation's being at war warps the normal conception of the normal noncombatant in another nation regarding the people of the nation that is at war. Many times since I returned from Europe I have heard a person of more than ordinary intelligence say to me in effect: "What sort of people are the Germans?" It was as though the Germans had been a mysterious and peculiar race buried in some remote back corner of the planet, of whom the world at large had never heard until this war thrust them forward out of their aloofness into a conspicuous place before the eyes of their fellow creatures.

It is stated that there are between seven and ten million persons of German birth in this country at present—say there are seven millions. Well, then, those seven million people are of a piece with the seventy millions who remain in Germany. All of them—the seven millions and the seventy—share the same instincts, the same desires, the same impulses. So far as my limited observation goes, war, as a physical circumstance, does not in the least transform a race of people out of themselves into something else. They retain all their inherited and natural and national characteristics; it is merely that those characteristics are welded and tempered to a greater hardness and a greater fineness and a greater firmness in the forges of war. What is best in them becomes better; what is worst in them becomes yet worse.

The German at war—the German in Germany—is in his essentials the same German who reads this weekly, who lives in your town and mine, who is our neighbor or our friend or our kinsman, or ourself. He has become neither a demigod nor a demon. Assuredly he is not all good; certainly he is not all bad. His nature has undergone no chemical change, and his passions are what they have always been, except that for the time being they have, let us say, been pointed and accentuated—that's all. And undoubtedly this is true of the other races that to-day feel directly the same fires which burn in him. In the very essence of things this must be true.

So much briefly for the psychological background. The physical settings of the picture may be sketched in with equal rapidity. There is a street in a Belgian town just over the frontier from Germany—a small, dun-colored, rather unpicturesque Belgian town. Some of its inhabitants, the more timorous ones, have run away. The doors of their abandoned houses gape emptily; and across the nearest threshold, belike, is a litter of paltry belongings caught up in the panic of flight and at the last moment dropped for something else—which, in turn, will probably also be abandoned by the roadside.

Those stouter-hearted souls who dared remain when word came that the *Allemaine* were coming flutter about distractedly in an aimless, useless frenzy, fascinated by the prospect of the sight they are about to witness, yet fearful of the result of the visitation on their village and themselves. They suggest a coopful of distressed and alarmed barnyard fowls. It is a most chickenlike flurry, and a strange manifestation on the part of men and women who, as all the world now knows, possess their share and more than their share of grit and fortitude.

Round the nearest turn in the crooked street rides a single man on horseback, a cavalryman in dusty gray. At sight of him the road clears itself magically. There is a shriek or two, a confused babble of lesser outcries, a clatter of sabots on the flags, a slamming of many doors—and, behold, the man on horseback rides alone! He comes on slowly and steadily, his horse checked down to an amble, his carbine unshipped from its sheath and held at a threatening angle, ready for instant use. His pose bespeaks a certain menacing preparedness for whatever may befall.

He is probably the poorest life-insurance risk in the world, and he knows it. At any moment an enemy he cannot see may pot him from behind a hedge or a shutter. So he is organized, at the bare suggestion of a hostile move, to shoot, and to shoot to kill. Afterward—if he lives until afterward—he may use the torch too; but first he shoots.

For the facilitation of our purposes we choose to assume that in this particular village no daring villager raises an armed hand against this lone horseman. So the scout rides on; other scouts, on horseback, on motorcycles, or on bicycles, follow close behind him, and presently the invading column is pouring through that town, and the natives, half forgetting their fright, are clustering in the doorways to watch a show the like of which they never saw before. What they see is a myriad-legged gray centipede which wriggles its way on past them unendingly. It moves in perfect unison and alignment. Each section of it, each joint in the weaving gray worm, is exactly like each corresponding segment a mile back or a dozen miles back.

The burdened backs of the human atoms that make up this monster earwig bend, all at the same angle. Their legs scissor back and forth in harmony, and at each clip of the living shears cut off exactly so much of the yellow road—no more and no less, but just so much. The blankets might all have been rolled by the same pair of hands—no, by the same machine; the block-tin drinking cups dangle at the same angle; the many-strapped bullhide knapsacks perch at the same slope between the shoulders of their wearers.

A Typical Specimen From the Ranks

THERE is something unearthly and unhuman about the mechanical precision of the whole thing: something cosmic and planetic about its steady onward surge. It is the irresistible force going to meet the immovable body; and as it waits for the crash, and the results of that crash, the world at large, like the smaller world of this Belgian village, gapes wide eyed, open eared, mute with apprehension, quivering with nervous forebodings of the impending shock. That, remember, was early August of 1914.

From the ranks of an infantry company we pick out our sample specimen, to wit: Johann Schmidt, musketeer; in other words, Private John Smith, the average man. Since he had not yet been directly under fire, he is to that extent a new soldier; but we cannot rightly call him a green soldier.

Strictly speaking, Germany had no green soldiers among the millions of troops she set in motion at the first moment of mobilization. Every man of those millions had done his stint of military service; every man of them who was in the reserves had been kept fit and smart by annual periods of active drill and evolution. When the call to the colors came, every man of them—the soldier in barracks or camp, the bookkeeper at his desk, the clerk behind the counter, the professor in his classroom—knew exactly what he had to do and how he was to set about doing it.

I recall what a young German art dealer told me last spring as we sat together at dinner in his apartments above his place of business on Fifth Avenue, in the city of New York. His age, I should say, was twenty-eight or twenty-nine, which meant that he had concluded his two years in the standing army of his country some seven or eight years before.

"I belong," he told me, "to a reserve regiment of infantry. For emergency purposes that regiment has its rendezvous, as you might say, at a certain fortress not very far from my native city of Cologne. Assume that to-morrow the order to mobilize comes; assume, also, that I am somewhere in Germany at the time. It is my duty to start instantly for the mobilization headquarters of my regiment. If I have in my pocket money with which to pay my railroad carriage fare, so much the better. If I have no money I have only to show any railroad official my papers and I am conveyed to my destination as rapidly as steam can take me there.

"No matter who else is inconvenienced, the soldier and the potential soldier must be carried with the greatest possible dispatch. For any man in official or private employment to delay him needlessly would practically be treason against the State. But, of course, no man would dare do that; it isn't humanly possible that he would think of doing so.

"I reach the barracks of my regiment. I go at once to a certain room and unlock a certain locker, the number of which corresponds to the number on a key I carry with me always, and which I have now on a string about my neck under this shirt that I am wearing. In that locker I find a field uniform made to fit me and a pair of boots of my proper size. I find an army shirt and a suit of underwear. I find everything I need to clothe me from the skin out, including a leather bag to go about my neck and hold my money, and a brass tag giving my name, my command and my company number. Only socks are missing—the German soldier furnishes his own socks.

"In that locker, also, I find my rifle, oiled and in order. I find my knapsack packed according to the regulations; I find a spare pair of military shoes; I find my canteen—and it contains fresh water. It always contains fresh water, for it is emptied and refilled daily.

"I take off my civilian garb and put on my uniform and my equipment, and I am in heavy marching order. My cartridge belts are already loaded with so many clips containing so many cartridges—somebody else attended to that detail before I came. I know that in one small pocket in the skirt of my coat are two first-aid packages; and that in another pocket, a trifle larger, is a stated quantity of emergency rations consisting of compressed soup—bean soup, pea soup or lentil soup—which becomes ready for use if I pour a pinch of the powdered meal into a cup of water and stir it while it comes to a boil. Those emergency rations may be one year old, or two or three—it makes no difference. They will keep in almost any climate for an indefinite length of time.

"Now then for the final touch: On the floor of my locker is a sheet of tough paper of a certain size and color and, with it, a string of a certain length, and a blank tag of a certain design. Following a routine which I have practiced many times in the past, I fold up my civilian clothes in the paper, tie the string round the bundle, write my name and my residence address on the tag, affix the tag to the bundle and go away, leaving it there. I know that it will be taken up by a man detailed for that purpose and sent back to my home carriage-free.

"Within twenty-four hours—or at most forty-eight hours—after the summons came my regiment will be assembled, fit and prepared to entrain or to march, or to go on garrison duty. The officers will be there, and the men, and the band, and the hospital corps. The supply train will be waiting to follow behind us. And what is true of my case is true of all the able-bodied male adults in Germany subject to military duty."

Less than five months after my friend, the young art dealer, told me this across the coffee cups in New York, I lunched at a colonel's mess in a town in Belgium, near the French border, with the sounds of the big guns in our ears. We had for luncheon pea soup, with sausages sliced in it. Struck by the peculiar mealy taste of the soup I asked a captain who sat next me whether the soup had been prepared from an emergency ration. He said yes—and added that the ration had been put up in 1911. It was pretty good soup too—for vintage soup—and all the time I was drinking it I was thinking of that apartment on Fifth Avenue and of what I had been told there that night last spring.

Fighting on Eight Cents a Day

LET us get back to Private Johann Schmidt: He, mind you, is not a reserve; he is a first-line man. Being typical, he is, let us say, of peasant breed; and, for purposes of this present illustration, he comes, let us assume, from Northern Germany. He is not tall, neither is he dwarfed of stature; he is broad-faced, blond, heavy-limbed and round-bodied, with big hands and big feet. His head is cropped so close that his scalp shows through the bristling hair-stubble. This has been done for two reasons—one hygienic, the other because it makes him more nearly of a pattern with all his fellows. The Germans' passion for uniformity is apparent here as in everything else. Unless the campaign moves with rapidity, his head will be barbered repeatedly, in spare moments. There is a barber in every company—either a regular barber or a soldier armed with clippers and detailed for the job.

For pay he draws the equivalent of about eight American cents a day. That, mind you, is his pay in time of active service. In peace times he is paid a sum corresponding, I believe, to between three and four cents. His eight cents buys him postal cards and butter and tobacco of the cheapest kind, and occasionally a glass of beer or a bottle of beer.

The postals he sends back from Belgium by the handy field post to his family and friends; the butter he keeps to spread on his black bread for supper; and he drinks the beer on the spot. When he is not smoking a china-bowled pipe or a cigar-shaped roll of inferior weed—you could not call it a real cigar—he is sniffing snuff. Search Private Johann Schmidt and you will probably find a snuffbox on his person.

Next only to these things he craves newspapers—German newspapers; but for his newspaper he depends almost altogether on the kindness of civilians who have come along behind the army. Having read it, from the first word on the first page to the last word on the last page, he passes it along to his comrades until it is a blurred and ragged ruin. Should his needs or his fancies call for a larger purchase, it is a hundred to one that, in the leather pouch which hangs about his neck on a leather thong, he carries forty or fifty marks—money which he has laboriously saved, or money which his people at home have sent him to be spent on necessities and luxuries during the campaign.

In exchange for his war wage of approximately eight cents a day he carries an equipment that, including his magazine rifle, his side arms and his spare ammunition, weighs upward of seventy-five pounds; and, thus burdened, marches the equivalent of twenty or thirty or even thirty-five English miles a day, living meantime on food which, though abundant in quantity and nutritious in quality, is neither appetizing in its appearance nor in its smell, nor yet in the fashion in which it is dished out to him.

A German General's Field Mess

To my layman's understanding it seemed that his load might have been materially lessened in weight without sacrificing any of its strength, its wearing capabilities or its completeness—and it is most complete. But that, you must know, is not the German way. In the German mind, somehow, bulk is associated with strength, and substance with stability. It shows in German art, in German architecture, in German books and in German sculpture.

And particularly it shows in the German foot soldier's load of accouterments. He bulges on every slope and angle of his being. His knapsack and blanket roll cover the space between his shoulders and the broad of his back. His haversack, his drinking cup and his soup pan dangle below these. His belt is as burdened as though he were a Santa Claus. In front, his leather pouches for ammunition-clips ride his breastbone. They are square and hard, and they hang on his upper chest like twin bird-boxes, utterly spoiling his profile view. His bayonet scabbard swings against his flank and bangs his thigh when he marches fast.

In Johann Schmidt's company there are two men whose bayonets are toothed on the back side, so that they may be used as saws in cutting firewood or small limbs for shelters. There are ten men in the company who must bear, in addition to all else, short-handled shovels for digging and short-handled axes for chopping. These highly essential articles slip into leather holsters that, in turn, are strapped to the outer body belt of the wearer.

Private Schmidt's coat is lumpy with hidden pockets, all of them being tightly packed with small personal belongings. He abounds in pockets; they are scattered all over him, in the linings of his garments. Then there is his overcoat, which he wears, or carries in a roll across his knapsack, inclosing his second pair of boots; and finally there is his rifle, which is heavy and cumbersome in shape. It is largely because he goes caparisoned like Aladdin's sumpter mule that he lacks the rangy look of the French *chasseur-à-pied* and the trim, alert look of the English infantryman, seeming at first glance to be heavier by many pounds than either. He is a mass formation all by himself.

He does not complain though. In his military lexicon there is no such word as "complain." On the day we see him first he has already marched perhaps twenty miles. He is so weary that when the order comes to halt his legs spring under him in a bow, and he bends over, panting like a tired dog; but he makes no complaint. His officer rasps out another command and he swings his gun to his shoulder or under his arm, and off he goes—clump-clump—to march perhaps ten miles more, or maybe fifteen, before those about him are ready to call it a day and let all hands knock off.

At the fag end of a long day of forced marching I have seen a column of German infantrymen fall down literally in their tracks. They fell where they stood and they lay where they fell, whether it was in the hard road or the wet ditch, or in the soggy field beyond the ditch, too far spent to eat or smoke or sing, or do aught except sleep the dead sleep of utterly exhausted animals.

That was an exceptional circumstance however. Ordinarily when night comes Private Johann Schmidt first feeds himself copiously. Then, having smoked furiously for half an hour meantime, he bestows himself for the night in the cottage or the outhouse where he has been billeted. In a country so thickly settled as Belgium is—or was—it is not often necessary for him to sleep under a shelter tent or in the open. Nor is it incumbent on him to find sleeping quarters for himself. That detail has previously been attended to by a person of authority who went on ahead. When his company breaks rank an under-officer tells him where he is to go—and he goes.

Theirs Not to Reason Why

MANY times I have been amazed to see how speedily and completely a good-sized command of troops disappeared after dark. It was as though they had vanished bodily. The explanation for this, of course, lay in the fact that in Northwestern Europe there are always houses where men may tuck themselves away, and the towns are so numerous that the edge of one town touches the edge of the next town—and so on unendingly.

Private Schmidt gets up with the sun. A bugle may rouse him, and then again it may not. A rude and insistent noncommissioned officer is apt to be the herald of the new day. I heard remarkably few bugles blaring during my three separate expeditions in the company of the German forces. Having got up, and having breakfasted on dry bread and a hot, sweetish mixture, called coffee because it is mostly chicory, Private Schmidt is ready for whatever the day may bring to him—marching or fighting, going forward or staying where he is, killing others or being killed himself. In any event he does not concern his own mind with the whys and wherefores of the system of which he is a vital but unconsidered part.

I never saw a German common soldier, however employed, who did not seem to know exactly what he was doing; and I never saw one who seemed to know why he was doing it. It was an order; and that, for his purposes, was amply sufficient. He went and did it; and if, in doing it, he got himself killed—why, that small detail made no difference whatever. The order was the thing to be considered—not the effect on him personally.

His motto might well have been two words: "*Ja wohl!*" "Yes, well!" if you translate it literally—or, to express it in an Americanism, "All right!" Those were the commonest words in his vocabulary, and still are.

The order came. Somebody else had thought it out. Somebody else always had thought it out—that was that somebody's business—not his. He individually had been relieved of the function of thinking any thoughts upon the subject.

"*Ja wohl!*" he said, and saluted, and brought his iron-shod heels together and was on his way instanter.

You see, the same iron discipline which ironed the creases out of his back ironed the convolutions out of his brain, in so far as his present job was concerned. It endowed him with steel leg muscles and a wooden headpiece. Privily he might entertain what beliefs and sentiments suited his intellectual needs. Generally I found him fairly well informed, considering his limitations, upon outside matters. Officially and professionally he was a mental blank, and nothing else. He had been put through a punching machine and he had come out a human die. He was absolutely automatic, and in an automatic and mechanical way tremendously competent. The same process that took away his imagination robbed him also of some of his natural enthusiasm, but it gave him a substitute for both: it gave him an unfailing quality of resolution and a sense of obedience as stiff and hard as iron rods. An incidental result was that it deprived him of his sense of humor. He didn't laugh in public, because it was not set down in the manual that he should laugh.

I can best illustrate this by a brief recital of one of our earlier experiences. There were five of us there, all Americans and all fancying ourselves to be war correspondents. But we did not in the least resemble the war correspondents of fiction or of fact either. In the main we were wearing the same unsuitable garments in which we had set out from Brussels on a warm Sunday afternoon for a carriage ride to Waterloo—a sight-seeing jaunt which in my case was to last for seven weeks and we had worn those same garments through days of dust and dirt and nights spent on straw for upward of a week.

By laborious and expensive degrees we had acquired a traveling outfit, consisting of two cheap, rickety bicycles, a broken butcher's cart, and a lopsided, deliberative Belgian mare of advanced years and sedentary habits. I drove the mare. My summer-weight shoes had worn out by two days of marching afoot. On my feet I had a pair of common carpet slippers. I bought them in a little Belgian village and they were of thick gray wool, striped longitudinally with black, and they looked something like two imperfectly stuffed Maltese tabby-cats. Over my coat, in lieu of a raincoat, I wore a canvas blouse, such as Belgian bakers wear. This was another wayside purchase. My straw hat, battered out of all proper shape of a straw hat, had been scalped by an awning under which I had driven while temporarily blinded by dust, and through its roofless top my uncombed hair stood up. My companions were as picturesquely unkempt as I was. To the Germans we must each have looked like a tramp—and a new kind of tramp at that.

Thus attired and thus equipped we rode through thousands of German soldiers. Had they been American soldiers we would have traveled to a constant accompaniment of laughter and guying. These German soldiers stared at us as though we were beings from another world, as in a way of speaking we were; but none of them indulged himself in any audible quips at our expense and none of them cracked his countenance in a grin. Officers of rank might titter as our cavalcade creaked by—Private Schmidt kept his face straight and solemn. To him this war was no laughing matter; and what alien freaks the war might bring in its train were not laughing matters either.

Discipline That Works Both Ways

ON OUR subsequent trip, when we journeyed in a military automobile, bearing the Kaiser's pass, we carried with us several thousand copies of Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle daily papers for distribution among the troops. After our papers were exhausted we began giving away small printed leaflets containing German marching songs, of which also we had an abundant supply. Toward the last, when common soldiers gathered about our halted machine to ask for papers—always waiting, though, until we had done talking with their officers—we would pass out the song sheets. Can you imagine what a Yankee trooper on foreign soil would think—yes, and say—did he expect a home paper and receive instead of that paper a folder of songs, and such songs, too, as he already knew by heart? But a German invariably accepted such a gift, if not with outright eagerness, at least with a decorous face and a spoken word of thanks. If he felt disappointment—and he must have felt it, for it might have been weeks since he had authentic news of his own country and his own cause—he never showed it outwardly.

French Prisoners in Box Cars Bound for Germany

I don't know what would have happened to him had he expressed open resentment in the presence of his superior; but I daresay it would have been something painful. For we had with us a uniformed officer, and the German plan does not excuse the display of any ordinary human emotion on the part of the common soldier before the eyes or within the hearing of a man who wears shoulder straps. There is a thing to be said of the German military machine—and I think it should be said with due emphasis, because our people here in America do not sense it, I think—and that thing is this: The system is so rigid, so inflexible, so scientifically and brutally exact, that it spares none who violates its rules, whether the offender be a soldier serving under the German flag or an enemy on hostile territory. It works both ways. It kicks backward with practically all of the merciless and fatal force that actuates it in striking its forward blows. It carries no emergency clauses and it provides no loopholes of extenuation. So far as I have been able to judge, the majority of the commissioned officers punish a malefactor of the rank and file with the same determination they have shown in their punitive campaigns against Belgian and French noncombatants accused of infractions of the code of conduct set up for the governing of civilians in the invaded areas. In either event *prima facie* evidence is sufficient proof of guilt, and punishment follows on the instant.

While I was at Maubeuge I was told of a soldier who had been quartered in a household in that town. He found wine in the cellar and when night came he was wildly intoxicated. After he had terrorized the family living in the house until they were half frantic with fear, he stationed himself at a front window with his rifle in his hand. Presently a patrol of German soldiers, making the rounds of the town, turned into the street.

Right there the drunkard made his mortal mistake. Thinking, in his befuddlement, that they were Frenchmen who had undertaken a sortie into the captured place, he fired at them once.

As the soldiers charged the house he must have realized what he had done. He threw his gun under a bed and threw himself on the bed, feigning slumber. The Germans broke down the doors and surged in, having no idea except to kill all the male adults in the house and then to burn the house. But the officer in charge was rather more cool-headed than some officers might have been. Before executing reprisals upon the inhabitants he did a little investigating on his own account. A litter of empty wine bottles upon the floor gave him a clew; also he suffered the frantic dwellers to tell their stories. The finding of the rifle, with its barrel still warm and a newly discharged cartridge in the chamber, provided to his mind ample corroborative evidence of the truth of their protestations. There was no court-martial and there was no delay. The officer gave an order and his men took the drunken soldier outside, propped him against a wall and then and there shot him to death.

An eyewitness to a somewhat similar occurrence in Brussels after the German occupation told me the details. He said a grossly intoxicated graycoat suddenly appeared in a crowded street, reeling and swearing and menacing other pedestrians with threatening gestures. He tripped over his own uncertain feet and fell to his knees. The fall jostled an automatic revolver out of his holster. Seemingly the dazed man thought some one had knocked him down. He fumbled about until his fingers closed on his revolver, and then, regaining his legs, he tried to shoot the person nearest him. From behind a citizen grappled with him and held his pistol hand uplifted. Other citizens ran to call a noncommissioned officer on duty at a near-by corner. The noncom. came with a file of men, and after the madman had been disarmed the testimony of certain of the bystanders was taken.

In this case a trial was granted, but because in the temper of the rebellious burghers of Brussels almost any wanton act by a German might have provoked a serious outbreak, no mercy was shown the culprit. My informant said he had positive knowledge that on the following morning the soldier faced a firing squad.

Stories of Cruelty of Officers

BETWEEN Private Johann Schmidt and his company and regimental officers, between him and the dowiest and youngest subaltern on the roster, there gapes a gulf that is miles deep and miles wide. The accident of birth, the intention of law, the military rules which are inelastic, the caste rules which are even more rigid—these, and other things besides these, separate them. The officer was never a common soldier, the common soldier can never be an officer; and they both know it and in the knowledge are both of them seemingly well content.

Even so, I saw no officer who was deliberately cruel to his men. I had heard stories of this sort of thing often enough, but in my own experience I found none of them coming true. I saw no soldier driven forward either upon the forced march or into the fight by blows and threats of being chopped with a sword. Always when I was by the soldier went ahead willingly enough, and to the ultimate limit of his endurance. Never to my best knowledge and belief did he flinch from the fighting. Indeed, from what I have seen of both sides in this war I have made up my mind that there are no cowards in this world, neither men

(Continued on Page 29)

A German Field Weather Station Mounted on an Automobile at Maubeuge With German Soldiers and Captured French Hospital Orderlies Standing Alongside

German Officer Standing Alongside Newly Made Graves of German Soldiers at the Railway Station in Louvain After the Destruction of the Town

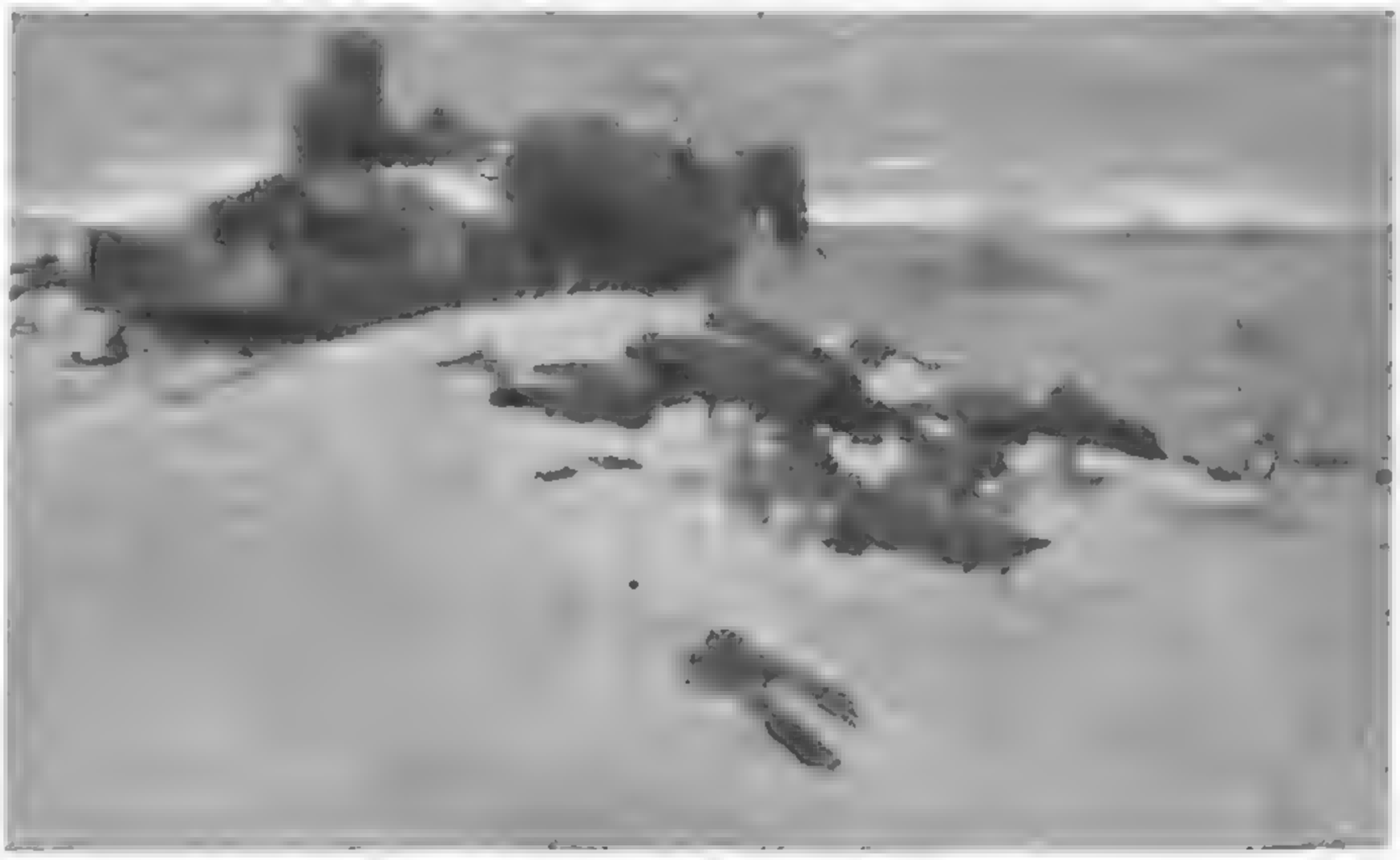
THE PRAIRIE WIFE

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

III

TUESDAY, the twenty-second. To-day I stumbled on the surprise of my life. It was a man! I took Paddy and cantered over to the old Tichborne Ranch and was prowling round the corral, hoping I might find a few belated mushrooms. But nary a one was there. So I whistled on my four fingers for Paddy—I've been teaching him to come at that call—and happened to glance in the direction of the abandoned shack. Then I saw the door open and out walked a man. He was a young man, in puttees and knickers and Norfolk jacket, and he was smoking a cigarette. He stared at me as though I were the Missing Link. Then he said "Hello!" rather inadequately it seemed to me. I answered back "Hello," and wondered whether to take to my heels or not. But my courage got its second wind, and I stayed.



I Bundled Him Up and Brought Him Straight Home With Me

Then we shook hands very formally and explained who we were. And I discovered that his name was Percival Benson Woodhouse—and the saints preserve me if they ever call him Percy for short—and that his aunt is the Countess of D—— and that he knows a number of people you and Lady Agatha have often spoken of. He's got a Japanese servant called Kino, or perhaps it's spelled Keeno—I don't know which—who's housekeeper, laundress, valet, gardener, groom and chef, all in one, at least so Percival Benson confessed to me. He also confessed that he'd bought the Tichborne Ranch from photographs, from one of those land chaps in London. He wanted to rough it a bit, and they told him there would be jolly good game shooting. So he even brought along an elephant gun, which his cousin had used in India.

The photographs that the land chap had shown him turned out to be pictures of the Selkirks. And, taking it all in all, he fancied that he'd been jolly well bunked. But Percival seemed to accept it with the stoicism of the well-born Britisher. He'd have a try at the place, although there was no game.

"But there is game," I told him, "slathers of it, oodles of it!" He mildly inquired where and what. I told him: Wild duck, prairie chicken, wild geese, jack rabbits, now and then a fox, and loads of coyotes. He explained then that he meant big game—and how grandly those two words, "big game," do roll off the English tongue! He has a sister in the Bahamas who may join him next summer if he should decide to stick it out. He considered that it would be a bit rough for a girl during the winter season up here.

Yet before I go any farther I must describe Percival Benson Woodhouse to you, for he's not only our sort but a type as well. In the first place, he's a Magdalen College man, the sort we've seen going up and down The High many and many a time. He's rather gaunt and rather tall, and he stoops a little. "At home" they call it the Oxford stoop if I'm not greatly mistaken. His hands are thin and long and bony. His eyes are nice and he looks very good form. He's the sort that seems to have the royal privilege of doing even doubtfully polite things and yet doing them in such a way as to make them seem quite proper. I don't know whether I make that clear or not, but one thing is clear, and that is that our Percival Benson is an aristocrat. You see it in his oversensitive, overrefined, almost womanishly delicate face, with those idealizing and quite unpractical eyes of his. You see it in the thin, high-arched, bony nose—almost as fine a beak as the one belonging to His Grace, the Duke of M——!—and you see it in the sad and somewhat elongated face, as though he had pored over big books too much, a sort of air of pathos and aloofness from things.

His mouth strikes you as being rather meager, until he smiles, which is quite often, for, glory be, he has a good sense of humor. But besides that he has a neatness, a coolness, an impersonal sort of ease, which would make you think that he might have stepped out of one of Henry James' earlier novels of about the time of the Portrait of a Lady. And I like him. I knew that at once. He's effete and old-worldish and probably useless out here, but he stands for something I've been missing, and I'll be greatly mistaken if Percival Benson and Chaddie McKail are not pretty good friends before the winter's over! He's asked if he might be permitted to call, and he's coming for dinner to-morrow night, and I do hope Dinky-Dunk is nice to him—if we're to be neighbors. But Dinky-Dunk says Westerners don't ask to be permitted to call. They just stick their cayuse into the corral and walk in. And Dinky-Dunk says that if he comes in evening dress he'll shoot him, sure pop!

Thursday, the twenty-fourth. Percy—how I hate that name!—was here for dinner last night, and all things considered we didn't fare so badly. We had tomato bisque and scalloped potatoes and prairie chicken—they need to be well basted—and hot biscuits and stewed dried peaches with cream. Then we had coffee and the men smoked their pipes. We talked until a quarter to one in the morning, and my poor Dinky-Dunk, who has been working so hard and seeing nobody, really enjoyed that visit and really likes Percival Benson. Percy got talking about Oxford, and you could see that he loved the old town and that he felt more at home on the Isis than on the prairie. Percy said his lungs rather troubled him in England, and he has spent over a year in Florence and Rome and can talk pictures like a guidebook. And he's sat through many an opera at La Scala, but considers the Canadian coyote a much better vocalist than most of the minor Italian tenors. And he knows Capri and Taormina and says he'd like to grow old and die in Sicily.

He got pneumonia at Messina, and nearly died young there, and after five months in Switzerland a specialist told him to try Canada.

I've noticed that one of the delusions of Americans is that an Englishman is silent. Now my personal conviction is that Englishmen are the greatest talkers in the world, and I have Percy to back me up in it. In fact, we sat about talking so long that Percy asked if he couldn't stay all night, as he was a poor rider and wasn't sure of the trails as yet. So we made a shakedown for him in the living room. And when Dinky-Dunk came to bed he confided to me that Percy was calmly reading and smoking himself to sleep with my sadly scorned copy of The Ring and the Book, the lamp on the floor on one side of him, and a saucer on the other for an ash tray. But he was up and out this morning before either of us was stirring, coming back to Casa Grande, however, when he saw the smoke at the chimney top. His thin cheeks were quite pink and he apologetically explained that he'd been trying for an hour and a half to catch his cayuse. Olie had come to his rescue. But our thin-shouldered Oxford exile said that he had never seen such a glorious sunrise, and that the ozone had made him a bit tipsy.

Friday, the first. The weather has been bad all this week, but I've had a great deal of sewing to do, and for two days Dinky-Dunk stayed in and helped me fix up the shack. I made more bookshelves out of more old biscuit boxes and my lord made a gun rack for our firearms. Percival Benson rode over once through the storm, and it took us half an hour to thaw him out. But he brought some books, and says he has four cases altogether, and that we're welcome to all we wish. He stayed until noon the next day, this time sleeping in the annex, which Dinky-Dunk and I have papered so that it looks quite presentable. But as yet there is no way of heating it. Our new neighbor, I imagine, is very lonesome.

Sunday, the third. The weather has cleared: there's a Chinook arch in the sky, and a sort of Saint Martin's summer haze on all the prairie. But there's news to-day. Kino, our new neighbor's Jap, has decamped with a good deal of money and about all of Percival Benson's valuables. The poor boy is almost helpless, but he's not a quitter. He said he chopped his first kindling to-day, though he had to stand in a washtub, while he did it, to keep from cutting his feet. Dinky-Dunk's birthday is only three weeks off, and I'm making plans for a celebration.

Tuesday, the twelfth. The days slip by and scarcely leave me time to write. Dinky-Dunk is a sort of pendulum, swinging out to work, back to eat, and then out, and then back again. Olie is teaming in lumber and galvanized iron for a new building of some sort. My lord, in the evenings, sits with paper and pencil figuring out measurements and making plans. I sit on the other side of the table, as a rule, sewing. Sometimes I go round to his side of the table and make him put his plans away for a few minutes. We are very happy. But where the days fly to I scarcely know. We are always looking toward the future, talking about the future, "conceiting" for the future, as the Irish say. Next summer is to be our banner year. Dinky-Dunk is going to risk everything on wheat. He's like a general plotting out a future plan of campaign—for when the work comes, he says, it will come in a rush. Help will be hard to get, so he'll sell his British Columbia timber rights and buy a forty-horse-power gasoline tractor. He will, at least, if gasoline gets cheaper. During the breaking season in April and May, one of these engines can haul eight gang-plows behind it. In twenty-four hours it will be able to turn over thirty-five acres of prairie soil—and the ordinary man and team counts two acres of plowing a decent day's work!

Saturday, the twenty-third. To-day is Dinky-Dunk's birthday. He's always thought, of course, that I'm a pauper, and never dreams of my poor little residuary nest-egg. I'd ordered a box of Okanogan Valley apples, and a talking machine and a dozen opera records, and a brier-wood pipe and two pounds of English tobacco, and a smoking jacket, and some new ties and socks and shirts, and a brand-new hat, for Dinky-Dunk's old one is almost a rag bag. And I ordered half a dozen of the newer novels, and a sepia print of the Mona Lisa—which my lord says I look like when I'm planning trouble!—and a felt mattress and a set of bed springs—so good-by, old sway-backed friend whose humps have bruised me in body and spirit this many a night!—and a dozen big oranges and three dozen little candles for the birthday cake. And then I was cleaned out—every blessed cent gone! But Percy—we have, you see, been unable to escape that name—ordered a box of cigars and a pair of quilted house slippers, so it was a

pretty formidable collection. I, accordingly, had Olie secretly team this array all the way from Buckhorn to Percy's house, where it was duly ambushed and intrenched, to await the fatal day.

As luck would have it, or did have it anyway, Dinky-Dunk had to hit the trail yesterday for overnight to see about the registration of the transfers for his new half section at the town of H——. So, as soon as Dinky-Dunk was out of sight, I hurried through my work and had Tumble Weed and Bronk headed for the old Tichborne Ranch. There I arrived about mid-afternoon, and what a time we had, getting those things unpacked, and looking them over, and planning and talking! But the whole thing was spoiled. We forgot to tie the horses. So while we were having tea Bronk and Tumble Weed hit the trail on their own hook. They made for home, harness and all, but of course I never knew this at the time. We looked and looked, went back for supper, and then started out again. We searched until it got dark. My feet were like lead, and I couldn't have walked another mile. I was so stiff and tired I simply had to give up.

Percy worried, of course, for we had no way of sending word to Dinky-Dunk. Then we sat down and talked over possibilities, like a couple of castaways on a Robinson Crusoe island. Percy offered to bunk in the stable and let me have the shack. But I wouldn't hear of that. In the first place I felt pretty sure Percy was what they call a "lunger" out here, and I didn't relish the idea of sleeping in a tuberculous bed. I asked for a blanket and told him that I was going to sleep out under the wagon as I'd often done with Dinky-Dunk. Percy finally consented, but this worried him too. He even brought out his big-game gun, so I'd have protection, and felt the grass to see if it was damp, and declared he couldn't sleep on a mattress when he knew I was out on the hard ground. I told him that I loved it, and to go to bed, for I wanted to get out of some of my armor plate.

It was a beautiful night and not so cold, with scarcely a breath of wind stirring. I lay looking out through the wheel spokes at the Milky Way and was just dropping off when Percy came out once more. He was in a quilted dressing gown and had a blanket over his shoulders. It made him look for all the world like Father Time. He wanted to know if I was all right, and had brought me out a pillow—which I didn't use. Then he sat down on the prairie floor near the wagon and smoked and talked. He pointed out some of the constellations to me and said the only time he'd ever seen the stars bigger was one still night on the Indian Ocean when he was on his way back from India. He would never forget that night, he said, the stars were so wonderful, so big, so close, so soft and luminous; but the Northern stars were different. They were without the orange tone that belongs to the South. They seemed more awe-inspiring, and there was always a green tinge to their whiteness.

Then we got talking about "furrin parts" and Percy asked me if I'd ever seen Naples at night from San Martino, and I asked him if he'd ever seen Broadway at night from the top of my pet skyscraper. Then he asked me if I'd ever watched Paris from Montmartre, or seen the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum bathed in Lucanian moonlight—which I very promptly told him I had, for it was on the ride home from Pæstum that a certain person had proposed to me. We talked about temples and Greek gods and the age of the world and Indian legends until I got downright sleepy. Then Percy threw away his last cigarette and got up. He said "Good-night"; I said "Good-night," and he went into the shack. He said he'd leave the door open in case I called. There were just the two of us between earth and sky that night, and not another soul on any side within a radius of seven miles. He was very glad to have some one to talk to. He's probably a year or two older than I am, but I am quite motherly with him. And he is shockingly incompetent as a homesteader, from the look of his shack. But he's a gentleman, almost too gentle I sometimes feel, mentally overrefined until it leaves him unable to cope with real life. He's one of those men made for being a spectator and not an actor in life. And there's something so absurd about his being where he is that I feel sorry for him.

I slept like a log. Once I fell asleep I forgot about the hard ground and the smell of the horse blankets and the fact that I'd lost my poor Dinky-Dunk's team. When I woke up it was the first gray of dawn, and two men were standing side by side looking at me under the wagon. One was Percy, and the other was Dinky-Dunk himself. By hurrying he'd got home by three o'clock in the morning, for he was nervous about my being alone. But he found the house empty, the team standing beside the corral, and me missing. Naturally it wasn't a very happy situation. Poor Dinky-Dunk hit the trail at once and had been riding ever since, looking for his lost wife. Then he made for Percy's, woke him up, and discovered her placidly snoring under a wagon box. He didn't even smile at this. He was very tired and very silent. I thought for a moment that I saw distrust on his face for the first time. But he has said nothing.

I hated to see him go out to work when we got home, but he refused to take a nap at noon as I wanted him to. So to-night when he came in for his supper I had the birthday cake duly decked and the presents all out. But his enthusiasm was forced, and all during the meal he showed a tendency to be absent-minded. I had no explanations to make, so I made none. But I noticed that he put on his old slippers. "You don't seem to mellow with age," I announced with my eyebrows up. He flushed at that quite plainly. Then he reached over and took hold of my hand. But he did it only with an effort and after some tremendous inward struggle which was not altogether flattering to me. "Please take your hand away so I can reach the dish towel," I told him. And the hand went away like a shot. After I'd finished my work I got out my George Meredith and read Modern Love. Dinky-Dunk did not come to bed until late. I was awake when he came, but I didn't let him know it.

Sunday, the first. I haven't felt much like writing this last week. I scarcely know why. I think it's because Dinky-Dunk is on his dignity. He's getting thin, by the way. His cheek bones show and his Adam's apple sticks out. He's worried about his land payments, and I tell him he'd be happier with a half section. But Dinky-Dunk wants wealth. And I can't help him much—I'm afraid I'm an encumbrance. And the stars make me lonely, and the prairie wind sometimes gives me the willies! And winter is coming. I'm afraid I'm out of my setting, as badly out of it as Percival Benson is. It wouldn't be so bad, I suppose, if I'd never seen such lovely corners of the world before coming out here to be a dot on the wilderness. If I'd never had that heavenly summer at Fiesole, and those months with you at Corfu, and that winter in Rome with poor dear dead Katrinka!

Sometimes I think of the nights we used to look out over Paris, from the roof above 'Tite Daneau's studio. And sometimes I think of the Pincio, with the band playing, and the carriages flashing, and the officers in uniform, and the milky white statues among the trees, and the golden mists of the late afternoon over the Eternal City. And I tell myself that it was all a dream. And then I feel that I am all a dream, and the prairie is a dream, and Paddy and Olie and Dinky-Dunk and all this new life is nothing more than a dream. Oh, Matilda Anne, I've been homesick this week, so unhappy and homesick for something—for something, and I don't even know what it is!

Monday, the ninth. Glory be! Winter's here with a double-edged saber wind out of the north and snow on the ground. It gives a zip to things. It makes our snug little shack seem as cozy as a ship's cabin. And I've got a jumper sleigh, and with my coonskin coat and gauntlets and wedge cap in any wind I can be as warm as toast. And there's so much to do. And I'm not going to be a piker. This is the land where folks make good or go loco. You've only got yourself to depend on, and yourself to blame if things go wrong. And I'm going to make them go right. There's no use wailing out here in the West.

Friday, the thirteenth. Dinky-Dunk came home with an Indian girl to-day, a young half-breed about sixteen years old. She's to be both companion and parlor maid, for Dinky-Dunk has to hurry off to British Columbia to try and sell his timber rights there to meet his land payments. He's off to-morrow. It makes me feel wretched, but I'm consuming my own smoke, for I don't want him to think me an encumbrance. My Indian girl speaks a little English. She also eats sugar by the handful whenever she can steal it. I asked her what her name was and she told me Queenie MacKenzie. That name almost took my breath away. How that untutored Northwest aborigine ever took unto herself this Broadway chorus-girl name, heaven only knows! But I have my suspicions of Queenie. She has certain exploratory movements which convince me of the fact that she is verminous. She sleeps in the annex, I'm happy to say.

"Haven't You Any Explanation for Acting Like This?"

At dinner to-night when I was teaching Dinky-Dunk how to make a rabbit out of his napkin and a seasick passenger out of the last of his oranges, he explained that he might not get back in time for Christmas, and asked if I'd mind. I knew his trip was important, so I kept a stiff upper lip and said of course I wouldn't mind. But the thought of a Christmas a'one chilled my heart. I tried to be jolly, and gave my repertory on the mouth organ—which promptly stopped all activities on the part of the round-eyed Queenie MacKenzie. But all that foolery was as forced as the frivolity of the French Revolution Conciergerie, where the merry diners couldn't quite forget they were going to lose their heads in the morning!

Sunday, the fifteenth. Not only is Duncan gone but

Queenie has also quite unceremoniously taken her departure. It arose from the fact that I requested her to take a bath. The only disappointed member of the family is poor old Olie, who was actually making sheep's eyes at that verminous little baggage. When Queenie went, I find, my mouth organ went with her.

Wednesday, the eighteenth. It was a sparkling clear day to-day with no wind, so I rode over to the old Tichborne Ranch with my little jumper sleigh. There I found Percival Benson in a most pitiable condition. He has been laid up with the grippe. His place was untidy, his dishes were unwashed, and his fuel was running short. His appearance, in fact, rather frightened me. So I bundled him up and got him into the jumper and brought him straight home with me. He had a chill on the way, so as soon as we got to Casa Grande I sent him to bed, gave him hot whisky, and put my hot-water bottle at his feet. He tried to accept the whole thing as a joke, and vowed I was jolly well cooking him. But to-night he has a high fever and I'm afraid he's in for a serious siege of illness. I intend to send Olie over to get some of his things and have his livestock brought over with ours.

Sunday, the twenty-second. Percy has had three very bad nights, but seems a little better to-day. His lung is congested and it may be pneumonia, but I think my mustard plaster saved the day. He tries so hard to be cheerful, and is so grateful for any little thing I've done for him. But I wish Dinky-Dunk were here to tell me what to do. I could never have survived this last week without Olie. He is as watchful and ready as a farm collie. But I want my Dinky-Dunk! I may have spoiled my Dinky-Dunk a little, but it's only once every century or two that God makes a man like him. I want to be a good wife. I want to do my share and keep a shoulder to the wheel, if the going's got to be heavy for the next year or two. I won't be of the Dixon type. I won't, I won't! My Duncan will need me during this next year, and it will be a joy to help him. For I love that man, Matilda Anne, I love him so much that it hurts!

Sunday, the twenty-ninth. Christmas has come and gone. It was very lonely at Casa Grande. I prefer not writing about it. Percy is improving, but is still rather weak. I think he had a narrow squeak.

Tuesday, the thirty-first. My patient is up and about, looking like a different man. He shows the effects of my forced feeding, though he declares I'm trying to make him into a Strasburg goose, for the sake of the *pâté de foies gras* when I cut him up. But he's decided to go to Santa Barbara for the winter, and I think he's wise. So this afternoon I togged out in my furs, took the jumper, and went kiting over to the Tichborne Ranch. Oh, what a shack! What disorder, what untidiness, what spirit-numbing desolation! I don't blame poor Percival Benson for clearing out for California. I got what things he needed, however, and came home again.

Wednesday, the first. I hardly know how to begin. But it must be written or I'll suddenly go mad and start to bite the shack walls. Last night after Percy had helped me turn the bread mixer—for, whatever happens, we've at least got to eat—I helped him pack. Among other things, he found a copy of Housman's A Shropshire Lad and, after running through it, announced that he'd like to read me two or three little things out of it. So I squatted down in front of the fire, idly poking at the red coals, and he in slippers and dressing gown sat beside the stove with his book. And there he was solemnly reading out loud when the door opened and in walked Dinky-Dunk. I say he walked in, but that isn't quite right. He stood in the open door, staring at us, with an expression that would have done credit to the Tragic Muse. I imagine Enoch Arden wore much the same look when he piped the home circle after that prolonged absence of his. Then Dinky-Dunk did a most unpardonable thing. Instead of saying "Howdy!" like a scholar and a gentleman, he backed out of the shack and slammed the door.

When I'd caught my breath I went out through that door after him. It was a bitterly cold night, but I did not stop to put anything on. I was too amazed, too indignant, too swept off my feet by the absurdity of it all. I could see Dinky-Dunk in the clear starlight taking the blankets off his team. He'd hurried to the shack without even unharnessing the horses. I could hear the wheel tires whine on the crisp snow, for the poor beasts were tired and restless. I went straight to the buckboard, into which Dinky-Dunk was climbing. He looked like a cinnamon bear in his big shaggy coat. And I couldn't see his face. But I remembered how it had looked in the doorway. It was the color of a tan shoe. It was too weather-beaten and burned with the wind and sun glare ever to turn white.

"Haven't you," I demanded, "haven't you any explanation for acting like this?"

He sat in the buckboard seat with the reins in his hands.

"I guess I've got the first right to that question," he finally said in a stifled voice.

Percy Found a Copy of Housman's A Shropshire Lad and Announced That He'd Like to Read Me Two or Three Little Things Out of It

"Then why don't you ask it?" was my answer to him.

Again he waited a moment before speaking, as though he felt the need of weighing his words.

"I don't need to—now!" he said as he tightened the reins.

"Wait," I called out to him. "There are certain things I want you to know!"

I was not going to make explanations. I would not dignify his brute-man stupidity by such things. I scarcely know what I intended to do. But I didn't want him to go. It was the team, I really believe, which decided the thing. They had been restive, backing and jerking and pawing and nickering for their feed box. And suddenly they jumped forward.

But this time the horses kept going. Whether Dinky-Dunk tried to hold them back or not I can't say. But I came back to the shack, shivering. Percy, thank heaven, was in his room.

"I think I'll turn in!" he called out quite casually through the partition.

I said "All right!" and sat down in front of the fire, trying to straighten things out. My Dinky-Dunk was gone! He glared at me with hate in his eyes as he sat in that buckboard. It's all over. He has no faith in me, his own wife! I went to bed and tried to sleep. But sleep was out of the question. The whole thing seemed so absurd, so unreasonable, so unjust. I could feel waves of anger sweep through my body at the mere thought of it. Then a wave of something else, of something between anxiety and terror, would take the place of anger. My husband was gone, and he'd never come back. I'd put all my eggs in one basket, and the basket had gone over and had made a saffron-tinted omelet of all my life. And that's the way I watched the New Year in. I couldn't even afford the luxury of a little bawl, for I was afraid Percy would hear me. It must have been almost morning when I fell asleep.

When I woke up Percival Benson was gone, bag and baggage. At first I resented the thought of his going off that way without a word, but on thinking it over I decided he'd done the right thing. There's nothing like the hard cold light of a winter morning to bring you back to hard cold facts. Olie had driven Percy in to the station. So I was alone in the shack all day. I did a heap of thinking during those long hours of solitude. And out of all that straw of self-examination I threshed just one little grain of truth: I could never live on the prairie alone. And whatever I did, or wherever I went, I could never be happy without my Dinky-Dunk.

I had just finished supper to-night, as blue as indigo and as spiritless as a wet hen, when I heard the sound of voices. It took me only ten seconds to make sure whose they were. Dinky-Dunk had come back with Olie! I made a high dive for a book from the nearest shelf, swung the armchair about with a jerk and sank luxuriously into it, with my feet up on the warm damper and my eyes leisurely and contentedly perusing George Moore's Confessions of a Young Man—although I hate that book like poison! Then Dinky-Dunk came in. I could see him stare at me a little awkwardly and contritely—what woman can't read a book and study a man at the same time?—and I could see that he was waiting for an opening. But I gave him none. Naturally Olie had explained everything to him. But I had been humiliated, my pride had been walked over from end to end. My spirit had been stamped on, and I had decided on my plan of action: I simply ignored Duncan. I read for a while, then I took a lamp, went to my room and deliberately locked the door. My one regret was that I couldn't see Dinky-Dunk's face when that key turned. And now I must stop writing and go to bed, for I am dog tired. I know I'll sleep better to-night. It's nice to remember there's a man near, if he happens to be the man you care a trifle about.

Sunday, the fifth. Dinky-Dunk has at least the sensibilities to respect my privacy of life. But it's terribly hard to be tragic in a two-by-four shack. You miss the dignifying touches. And you haven't much leeway for the bulky swings of grandeur. For one whole day I didn't speak to Dinky-Dunk, didn't even so much as recognize his existence. I ate by myself, and did my work—when the monster was round—with all the preoccupation of a sleepwalker. But something happened and I forgot myself. Before I knew it I was asking him a question. He answered it quite soberly, quite casually. If he had grinned, or shown one jot of triumph, I would have walked out of the shack and never spoken to him again. I think he knew he was on terribly perilous ground. He picked his way with care. He asked me a question back, quite offhandedly, and for the time being let the matter rest there. But the breach was in my walls, Matilda Anne, and I was quite defenseless. We were both very impersonal and very polite when he came in at supper time, though I think I turned a visible pink when I sat down at the table, for our eyes met there, just a moment and no more. I knew he was watching me covertly all the time. And I knew I was making him pretty miserable. But I wasn't the least bit ashamed of it.

After supper he indifferently announced that he had nothing to do and might as well help me wash up. I went to hand him a dish towel. Instead of taking the towel he

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RUGGLES OF RED GAP

Needless to Say, in All England There is Not an Estate So Poorly Kept Up

XI

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ALTHOUGH fond of rural surroundings and always interested in Nature, the adventure in which I had become involved is not one I can recommend to a person of refined tastes. I found it little enough to my own taste even during the first two hours of travel when we kept to the beaten thoroughfare, for the sun was hot, the dust stifling and the language with which the goods animals were berated coarse in the extreme.

Yet from this plain roadway and a country of rolling down and heath which was at least not terrifying, our leader, the Tuttle person, swerved all at once into an untried jungle, in what at the moment I supposed to be a fit of absent-mindedness, following a narrow path that led up a fearsomely slanted incline among trees and bowlders of granite thrown about in the greatest disorder. He was followed, however, by the goods animals and by the two cow persons, so that I soon saw the new course must be intended.

The mountains were now literally quite everywhere, some higher than others, but all of a rough appearance and uninviting in the extreme. The narrow path, moreover, became more and more difficult and seemed altogether quite insane with its twistings and fearsome declivities. One's first thought was that at least a bit of road metal might have been put upon it. But there was no sign of this throughout our toilsome day, nor did I once observe a rustic seat along the way, although I saw an abundance of suitable nooks for these. Needless to say, in all England there is not an estate so poorly kept up.

There being no halt made for luncheon I began to look forward to tea time, but what was my dismay to observe that this hour also passed unnoted. Not until night was drawing upon us did our caravan halt beside a tarn, and here I learned that we would sup and sleep, although it was distressing to observe how remote we were from proper surroundings. There was no shelter and no modern conveniences; not even a wash-hand stand or water jug. There were, of course, no central heating and no electricity for one's smoothing-iron, so that one's clothing must become quite disreputable for want of pressing. Also the informal manner of cooking and eating was not what I had been accustomed to, and the idea of sleeping publicly on the bare ground was repugnant in the extreme. I mean to say there was no *vie intime*. Truly it was a coarser type of wilderness than that which I had encountered near New York City.

The animals, being unladen, were fitted with a species of leather bracelet about their forefeet and allowed to stray at their will. A fire was built and coarse food made ready. It is hardly a thing to speak of, but their manner of preparing tea was utterly depraved, the leaves being flung into a tin pail of boiling water and allowed to stew. The result was something that I imagine etchers might use in making lines upon their metal plates. But for my day's fast I should have been unequal to this, or to the crude output of their frying pans.

Yet I was indeed glad that no sign of my dismay had escaped me, for the cow persons, Hank and Buck, as I discovered, had given unusual care to the repast on my account, and I should not have liked to seem unappreciative. Quite by accident I overheard the honest fellows quarreling about an oversight; they had, it seemed, left the finger bowls behind. Each was bitterly blaming the other for this, seeming to feel that the meal could not go forward. I had not to be told that they would not ordinarily carry finger bowls for their own use, and that the forgotten utensils must have been meant solely for my comfort. Accordingly, when the quarrel was at its highest I broke in upon it, protesting that the oversight was of no consequence, and that I was quite prepared to roughen it with them in the best of good-fellowship. They were unable to conceal their chagrin at my having overheard them and slunk off abashed to the cooking fire. It was plain that under their repellent exteriors they concealed veins of the finest chivalry, and I took pains during the remainder of the evening to put them at their ease, asking them many questions about their wild life.

Of the dangers of the jungle by which we were surrounded the most formidable, it seemed, was not the grizzly bear, of which I had read, but an animal quaintly called the high-behind which lurks about camping places such as ours and is often known to attack man in its search for tinned milk, of which it is inordinately fond. The spoor of one of these beasts had been detected near our camp fire by the cow person called Buck, and he now told us of it, though having at first resolved to be silent rather than alarm us.

As we carried a supply of the animal's favorite food, I was given two of the tins with instructions to hurl them quickly at any high-behind that might approach during the night, my companions arming themselves in a similar manner. It appears that the beast has tushes similar in shape to tin-openers with which it deftly bites into any tins of milk that may be thrown at it. The person called Hank had once escaped with his life only by means of a tin of milk which had caught on the saberlike tushes of the animal pursuing him, thus rendering him harmless and easy of capture.

Needless to say I was greatly interested in this animal of the quaint name and resolved to remain on watch during the night in the hope of seeing one; but at this juncture we were rejoined by the Tuttle person, who proceeded to recount to Hank and Buck a highly colored version of my regrettable encounter with Mr. C. Belknap-Jackson back in the New York wilderness, whereat they both lost interest in the high-behind and greatly embarrassed me with their congratulations upon this lesser matter. Cousin Egbert, it seemed, had most indiscreetly talked of the thing, which was now common gossip in Red Gap. Thereafter I could get from them no further information about the habits of the high-behind, nor did I remain awake to watch for one, as I had resolved to, the fatigues of the day proving too much for me. But doubtless none approached during the night, as the two tins of milk with which I was armed were untouched when I awoke at dawn.

Again we set off after a barbarous breakfast, driving our laden animals ever deeper into the mountain fastness, until it seemed that none of us could ever emerge, for I had ascertained that there was not a compass in the party. There was now a certain new friendliness in the manner of the two cow persons toward me, born, it would seem, of their knowledge of my assault upon Belknap-Jackson, and I was somewhat at a loss to know how to receive this, well intentioned though it was. I mean to say they were undoubtedly of the servant class, and of course one must remember one's own position, but I at length decided to be quite friendly and American with them.

The truth must be told that I was now feeling in quite a bit of a funk and should have welcomed any friendship offered me; I even found myself remembering with rather a pensive tolerance the attentions of Mr. Barker, though doubtless back in Red Gap I should have found them as loathsome as ever. My funk was due, I made no doubt, first to my precarious position in the wilderness, but more than that to my anomalous social position, for it seemed to me now that I was neither fish nor fowl. I was no longer a gentleman's man—the familiar boundaries of that office had been swept away; on the other hand I was most emphatically not the gentleman I had set myself up to be, and I was weary of the pretense. The friendliness of these uncouth companions, then, proved doubly welcome, for with them I could conduct myself in a natural manner, happily forgetting my former limitations and my present quite fictitious dignities.

I even found myself talking to them of cricket as we rode, telling them that I had once hit an eight—fully run out it was and not an overthrow—though I dare say it meant little to them. I also took pains to describe to them the correct method of brewing tea, which they promised thereafter to observe, though this I fear they did from mere politeness.

Our way continued adventurously upward until midafternoon, when we began an equally adventurous descent through a jungle of pine trees, not a few of which would have done credit to one of our own parks, though there were of course too many of them here to be at all effective. Indeed it may be said that from a scenic standpoint everything through which we had passed was overdone—mountains, rocks, streams, trees, all sounding a characteristic American note of exaggeration.

Then at last we came to the wilderness abode of Cousin Egbert. A rude hut of native logs it was, set in this highland glen beside a tarn. From afar we descried its smoke, and presently in the doorway observed Cousin Egbert himself, who waved cheerfully at us. His appearance gave me a shock. Quite aware

I Knew Now That I Had Not Been Meant for Adventure

of his inclination to laxness, I was yet unprepared for his present state. Never, indeed, have I seen a man so badly turned out. Too evidently unshaven since his disappearance, he was gotten up in a faded flannel shirt open at the neck and without a sign of a cravat, a pair of overalls also faded and quite wretchedly spotty, and boots of the most shocking description. Yet in spite of this dreadful *tenue* he greeted me without embarrassment and indeed with a kind of artless pleasure. Truly the man was impossible, and when I observed the placard he had allowed to remain on the waistband of his overalls, boastfully alleging their indestructibility, my sympathies flew back to Mrs. Effie. There was a cartoon emblazoned on this placard, depicting the futile efforts of two teams of stout horses, each attached to a leg of the garment, to wrench it in twain. I mean to say one might be reduced to overalls, but this blatant emblem was not a thing any gentleman need have retained. And again observing his footgear, I was glad to recall that I had included a plentiful supply of boot cream in my scanty luggage.

Three of the goods animals were now unladen, their burden of provisions being piled beside the door while Cousin Egbert chatted gayly with the cow persons and the Indian, Tuttle; after which these three took their leave, being madly bent, it appeared, upon penetrating still farther into the wilderness to another cattle farm. Then, left alone with Cousin Egbert, I was not long in discovering that, strictly speaking, he had no establishment. Not only were there no servants, but there were no drains, no water taps, no ice machine, no scullery, no central heating, no electric wiring. His hut consisted of but a single room, and this without a floor other than the packed earth, while the appointments were such as in any civilized country would have indicated the direst poverty. Two beds of the rudest description stood in opposite corners, and one end of the room was almost wholly occupied by a stone fireplace of primitive construction, over which the owner now hovered in certain feats of cookery.

Thanks to my famished state I was in no mood to criticize his efforts, which he presently set forth upon the rough deal table in a hearty but quite inelegant manner. The meal, I am bound to say, was more than welcome to my now undiscriminating palate, though at a less urgent moment I should doubtless have found the bread soggy and the beans a pernicious mass. There was a stew of venison, however, which only the most skilful hands could have bettered, though how the man had obtained a deer was beyond me, since it was evident he possessed no shooting or deerstalking costume. As to the tea, I made bold to speak my mind and brewed some for myself.

Throughout the repast Cousin Egbert was constantly attentive to my needs and was more cheerful of demeanor than I had ever seen him. The hunted look about the eyes which had heretofore always distinguished him was now gone and he bore himself like a free man.

"Yes, sir," he said as we smoked over the remains of the meal, "you stay with me and I'll give you one swell little time. I'll do the cooking and between whiles we can set right here and play cribbage day in and day out. You can get a taste of real life without moving."

I saw then, if never before, that his deeper nature would never be aroused. Doubtless my passing success with him in Paris had marked the very highest stage of his spiritual development. I did not need to be told now that he had left off sock suspenders forever, nor did I waste words in trying to recall him to his better self. Indeed for the moment I was too overwhelmed by fatigue even to remonstrate about his wretched lounge suit, and I early fell asleep on one of the beds while he was still engaged in washing the metal dishes upon which we had eaten, singing the while the doleful ballad of Rosalie, the Prairie Flower.

It seemed but a moment later that I awoke, for Cousin Egbert was again busy among the dishes, but I saw that another day had come and his song had changed to one equally sad but quite different. In the Hazel Dell My Nellie's Sleeping he sang, though in a low voice and quite cheerfully. Indeed his entire repertoire of ballads was confined to the saddest themes, chiefly of desirable maidens taken off untimely either by disease or accident.

Quite by Accident I Overheard the Honest Fellows Quarreling About an Oversight; They Had, It Seemed, Left the Finger Bowls Behind

Besides Rosalie, the Prairie Flower, there was Lovely Annie Lisle, over whom the willows waved and earthly music could not waken; another named Sweet Alice Ben Bolt, lying in the churchyard; and still another, Lily Dale, who was pictured "'neath the trees in the flowery vale," with the wild rose blossoming o'er the little green grave. His face was indeed sad as he rendered these woeful ballads and yet his voice and manner were of the cheeriest, and I dare say he sang without reference to their real tragedy. It was a school of American balladry quite at variance with the cheerful optimism of those I had heard from the Belknap-Jackson phonograph, where the persons are not dead at all but are gayly calling upon one another to come on and do a folk dance or hear a band or crawl under—things of that sort. As Cousin Egbert bent over a frying pan in which ham was cooking he crooned softly:

"In the hazel dell my Nellie's sleeping,
Nellie loved so long,
While my lonely, lonely watch I'm keeping,
Nellie lost and gone."

I could attribute his choice only to that natural perversity which prompted him always to do the wrong thing, for surely this affecting verse was not meant to be sung at such a moment.

Attempting to arise I became aware that the two days' journey had left me sadly lame, also that my face was burned from the sun and that I had been awakened too soon. Fortunately I had with me a shilling jar of Ridley's Society Complexion Food, the all-weather wonder, which I applied to my face with cooling results, and I then felt able to partake of a bit of the breakfast which Cousin Egbert brought to my bedside. The ham was, of course, not cooked correctly and the tea was again a mere corrosive, but so anxious was my host to please me that I refrained from any criticism, though at another time I should have told him straight what I thought of such cookery.

When we had both eaten I slept again, to the accompaniment of another sad song and the muted rattle of the pans as Cousin Egbert did the scullery work, and it was long past the luncheon hour when I awoke, still lame from the saddle but greatly refreshed. It was now that another blow befell me, for upon arising and searching through my kit I discovered that my razors had been left behind. By any thinking man the effect of this oversight will be instantly perceived. Already low in spirits, the prospect of going unshaven could but aggravate my funk.

I surrendered to the wave of homesickness that swept over me. I wanted London again—London with its yellow fog and greasy pavements. I wished to buy cockles off a barrow; I longed for toasted crumpets, and most of all I longed for my old rightful station; longed to turn out a gentleman; longed for the Honorable George and our peaceful—if sometimes precarious—existence among people of the right sort. The continued shocks since that fatal night of the cards had told upon me. I knew now that I had not been meant for adventure. Yet here I had turned up in the most savage of lands after leading a life of dishonest pretense in a station to which I had not been born, and for I knew not how many days I should not be able to shave my face.

But here again a ferment stirred in my blood, some electric thrill of anarchy that had come from association with these Americans, a strange, lawless impulse toward their quite absurd ideal of equality, a monstrous ambition to be in myself some one that mattered instead of that pretended Colonel Ruggles who, I now recalled, was today promised to bridge at the home of Mrs. Judge Ballard, where he would talk of hunting in the shires, of the royal enclosure at Ascot, of Hurlingham and Ranelagh, of Cowes in June, of the excellence of the coverts at Chaynes-Wotten. No doubt it was a sort of madness now seized me, consequent upon the lack of shaving utensils.

I wondered desperately if there was a place for me in this life. I had truly tasted their equality that day of debauch in Paris, but obviously the sensation could not permanently be maintained upon spirits. Perhaps I might obtain a post in a bank; I might become a shop assistant, a bagman, even a pressman. These moody and unwholesome thoughts were clouding my mind as I surveyed myself in the wrinkled mirror which had seemed to suffice the uncritical Cousin Egbert for his toilet. It hung between the portrait of a champion middleweight crouching in position and the calendar advertisement of a brewery which, as I could not fancy Cousin Egbert being in the least concerned about the day of the month, had too evidently been hung on his wall because of the colored lithograph of a blond creature in theatrical undress who smirked licentiously.

Studying the curiously wavy effect this glass produced upon my face, I chanced to observe in a corner of the frame a printed card with the heading "Take Courage!" To my surprise the thing, when I had read it, capped my black musings upon my position in a rather uncanny way. Briefly it recited the humble beginnings of a score or more of the world's notable figures.

"Demosthenes was the son of a cutler," it began. "Horace was the son of a shopkeeper. Vergil's father was a porter. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Shakspere the son of a wool-stapler."

Followed the obscure parentage of such well-known persons as Milton, Napoleon, Columbus, Cromwell. Even Mohammed was noted as a shepherd and camel driver, though it seemed rather questionable taste to include in the list one whose religion, as to family life, was rather scandalous. More to the point was the citation of various Americans who had sprung from humble beginnings: Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Garfield, Edison.

It is true that there was not apparently a gentleman's servant among them; they were rail-splitters, boatmen, tailors, artisans of sorts, but the combined effect was rather overwhelming.

From the first moment of my encountering the American social system, it seemed, I had been by way of becoming a rabid anarchist—that is, one feeling that he might become a gentleman regardless of his birth—and here were the facts concerning a score of notables to confirm me in my heresy. It was not a thing to be spoken of lightly in loose discussion, but there can be no doubt that at this moment I coldly questioned the soundness of our British system, the vital marrow of which is to teach that there is a difference between men and men. To be sure, it will have been seen that I was not myself, having for nearly a quarter year been subjected to a series of nervous shocks and having had my mind contaminated, moreover, by being brought into daily contact with this unthinking American equality in the person of Cousin Egbert, who, I make bold to assert, had never for one instant since his doubtless obscure birth considered himself the superior of any human being whomsoever.

This much I advance for myself in extenuation of my lawless imaginings, but of them I can abate no jot; it was all at once clear to me—monstrous as it may seem—that Nature and the British Empire were at variance in their decrees, and that somehow a system was base which taught that one man is necessarily inferior to another. I dare say

it was a sort of poisonous intoxication that I should all at once declare:

"His Lordship, tenth Earl of Brinstead, and Marmaduke Ruggles are two men; one has made an acceptable peer and one an acceptable valet, yet the twain are equal, and the system which has made one inferior socially to the other is false and bad and cannot endure."

For a moment, I repeat, I saw myself a gentleman in the making—a clear fairway without bunkers from tee to green—meeting my equals with a friendly eye; and then the illumining shock; for I unconsciously added to myself: "Regarding my inferiors with a kindly tolerance." It was there I caught myself! So much a part of the British system was I that, although I could readily conceive of a society in which I had no superiors, I could not picture one in which I had not inferiors. The same poison that ran in the veins of their lordships ran also in the veins of their servants. I was indeed, it appeared, hopelessly inoculated. Again I read the card: "Horace was the son of a shopkeeper"; but I made no doubt that, after he became a popular and successful writer of Latin verse, he looked down perhaps upon his own father. Only could it have been otherwise, I thought, had he been born in this fermenting America to no station whatever and left to achieve his rightful one.

So I mused thus licentiously until one clear conviction possessed me: That I would no longer pretend to the social superiority of one Colonel Marmaduke Ruggles. I would concede no inferiority in myself, but I would not again before Red Gap's county families vaunt myself as other than I was. That this was more than a vagrant fancy on my part will be seen when I aver that suddenly, strangely, alarmingly, I no longer cared that I was unshaven and must remain so for an untold number of days. I welcomed the unhandsome stubble that now projected itself upon my face; I curiously wished all at once to be as badly gotten up as Cousin Egbert, with as little thought for my station in life. I would no longer refrain from doing things because they were not done. My own taste would be the law.

It was at this moment that Cousin Egbert appeared in the doorway with four trout from the stream near by, though how he had managed to snare them I could not think since he possessed no correct equipment for angling. I fancy I rather overwhelmed him by exclaiming, "Hello, Sour-Dough," since never before had I addressed him in any save a formal fashion, and it is certain I embarrassed him by my next proceeding, which was to grasp his hand and shake it heartily—an action that I could explain no more than he, except that the violence of my self-communion was still upon me and required an outlet. He grinned amiably, then regarded me with a shrewd eye and demanded if I had been drinking.

"This," I said, "I am drunk with this," and held the card up to him. But when he took it interestedly he merely read the obverse side which I had not observed until now. "Go to Epstein's for Everything You Wear," it read, and added, "The Square Deal Mammoth Store."

"They carry a nice stock," he said, still a bit puzzled by my tone, "though I generally trade at the Red Front." I turned the card over for him and he studied the list of humbly born notables, though from a point of view peculiarly his own. "I don't see," he began, "what right they got to rake up all that stuff about people that's dead and gone. Who cares what their folks was?" And he added, "'Horace was the son of a shopkeeper'—Horace who?" Plainly the matter did not excite him, and I saw it would be useless to try to convey to him what the items had meant to me.

"I mean to say I'm glad to be here with you."

"I knew you'd like it," he answered. "Everything is nice here."

"America is some country," I said.

"She is, she is," he answered. "And now you can bile up a pot of tea in your own way while I clean these here fish for supper."

I made the tea. I regret to say there was not a tea cozy in the place; indeed the linen, silver and general table equipment were sadly deficient, but in my reckless mood I made no comment.

"Your tea smells good, but it ain't got no kick to it," he observed over his first cup. "When I drench my insides with tea I sort of want it to take a hold." And still I made no effort to set him right.

I now saw that in all true essentials he did not need me to set him right. For so uncouth a person he was strangely commendable and worthy.

As we sipped our tea in companionable silence—I busy with my new and disturbing thoughts—a long shout came to us from the outer distance. Cousin Egbert brightened.

"I'm darned if that ain't Ma Pettengill," he exclaimed. "She's rid over from the Arrowhead."

We rushed to the door and in the distance, riding down upon us at terrific speed, I indeed beheld the Mixer. A moment later she reined in her horse before us and hoarsely rumbled her greetings.

I had last seen her at a formal dinner, where she was rather formidably done out in black velvet and diamonds. Now she appeared in a startling *tenue* of khaki riding breeches and flannel shirt, with one of the wide-rimmed cow-person hats. Even at the moment of greeting her I could not but reflect how shocked our dear queen would be at the sight of this riding habit.

She dismounted with hearty explanations of how she had left the round-up and ridden over to visit, having heard from the Tuttle person that we were here. Cousin Egbert took her horse and she entered the hut, where to my utter amazement she at once did a feminine thing. Though from her garb one at a little distance might have thought her a man—a portly, florid, carelessly attired man—she made at once for the wrinkled mirror, where, after anxiously scanning her burned face for an instant, she produced powder and puff from a pocket of her shirt and daintily powdered her generous blob of a nose. Having achieved this to her apparent satisfaction, she unrolled a bundle she had carried at her saddle and donned a riding skirt, buttoning it about the waist and smoothing down its folds—before I could retire.

"There now!" she boomed, as if some satisfying finality had been brought about. Such was the Mixer. That sort of thing would never do with us, and yet I suddenly saw that she, like Cousin Egbert, was strangely commendable and worthy. I mean to say I no longer felt it was my part to set her right in any of the social niceties. Some curious change had come upon me. I knew then that I should no longer resist America.

XII

WITH a curious friendly glow upon me I set about helping Cousin Egbert in the preparation of our evening meal, a work from which, owing to the number and apparent difficulty of my suggestions, he presently withdrew, leaving me in entire charge. It is quite true that I have pronounced views as to the preparation and serving of food, and I dare say I embarrassed the worthy fellow without at all meaning to do so, for too many of his culinary efforts betrayed the fumbling touch of the amateur. And as I worked over the open fire, doing the trout to a turn, stirring the beans and perfecting the stew with deft touches of seasoning, I worded to myself for the first time a most severe indictment against the North American cookery, based upon my observations across the continent and experience as a diner-out in Red Gap.

I saw that it would never do for us, and that it ought as a matter of fact to be uplifted. Even then, while our guest chattered gossip of the town over her brown-paper cigarettes, I felt the stirring of an impulse to teach Americans how to do themselves better at table. For the moment, of course, I was hampered by lack of equipment—there was not even a fish slice in the establishment—but even so I brewed proper tea and was able to impart to the simple viands a touch of distinction that they had lacked under Cousin Egbert's all-too-careless manipulation.

As I served the repast Cousin Egbert produced a bottle of the brown American whisky, at which we pegged a bit before sitting to table.

"Three rousing cheers," said he, and the Mixer responded with "Happy days."

As on that former occasion, the draft of spirits flooded my being with a vast consciousness of personal worth and of good feeling toward my companions. With a true insight I suddenly perceived that one might belong to the great lower middle class in America and still matter in the truest, correctest sense of the term.

As we fell hungrily to the food the Mixer did not fail to praise my cooking of the trout, and she and Cousin Egbert were presently lamenting the difficulty of obtaining a well-cooked meal in Red Gap. At this I boldly spoke up, declaring that American cookery lacked constructive imagination, making only the barest use of its magnificent opportunities, following certain beaten and all-too-familiar roads with a slavish stupidity.

"We nearly had a good restaurant," said the Mixer. "A Frenchman came and showed us a little flash of form, but he only lasted a month because he got homesick. He had half the people in town going there for dinner, to get away from their Chinamen—and after I spent a lot of money fixing the place up for him too."

I recalled the establishment on the main street, though I had not known that our guest was its owner. Vacant it was now and looking quite as if the bailiffs had been in.

"He wouldn't cook ham and eggs proper," suggested Cousin Egbert. "I tried him three times and every time he done something French to 'em that nobody had ought to do to ham and eggs."

Hereupon I ventured to assert that a too-intense nationalism would prove the ruin of any chef outside his own country; there must be a certain breadth of treatment, a blending of the best features of different schools. One must know English and French methods and yet be a slave to neither; one must even know American cookery and be prepared to adapt its half dozen or so undoubted excellences. From this I ventured further into a general criticism of the dinners I had eaten at Red Gap's smartest houses.

(Continued on Page 37)

"A Strong Man Like Him Has Got No Business Becoming a Social Butterfly"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 30, 1915

The Staff of Life

FOR six months the situation in the wheat trade has been the most extraordinary, we believe, on record. World shipments—that is, the quantity of wheat, and of flour reckoned in its wheat equivalent, set afloat from all ports destined to a foreign country—were smaller than in the two preceding years by about one-fifth; but eighty per cent of them last year came from the United States and Canada.

Russian and Danubian ports, which sent out over a hundred million bushels in 1912 and 1913, shipped barely fifteen million bushels in 1914. Argentina, which averaged about twenty-five million bushels in the two preceding years, supplied only four millions in 1914. Even India shipped less than half her average for the two preceding years.

From all sources other than the United States and Canada came, in fact, only forty-six million bushels, about fifteen per cent of the quantity normally taken by importing countries in the period. Certainly one would have to go back a great many years to find a like situation. The two North American sources were left almost literally to feed the importing countries of Europe.

Naturally wheat is high; but it would have been high if there had been no war. Short crops elsewhere are a big factor in the price. Kansas, with a bumper crop worth about a dollar and a quarter a bushel, sends relief to Belgium, labeled: "From the chief gainer by the war to the chief loser by the war."

Belgium's loss is indubitable, but Kansas' gain in the long run is questionable. We suspect she would have made more money by selling her wheat at a dollar a bushel to a Europe at peace and productively employed.

Trial by Public Feeling

THAT Leo Frank was sentenced to death at Atlanta by public feeling rather than by the evidence in the case is possible. When any considerable quantity of public passion is centered on a case the jury is pretty sure to be affected by it.

Trial by public feeling is a very common thing in the United States. Many a murderer is acquitted simply by the sentiment of the community and despite the law. A scandalously long list of acquittals under the unwritten law show that X, being afflicted with a faithless wife, relieves his feelings by assassinating Z. By every legal test it was deliberate murder; but the court permits X to rehearse his domestic drama, his lawyer speaks feelingly of the sanctity of the home, and the jury—with its own sensitive masculine pride in undisturbed possession of a chosen woman—promptly acquits. It is purely a trial by public feeling, in which the law's forms are farcically observed though its substance is flouted.

That men are also sometimes hanged by public feeling is very probable. Years ago, in Chicago, there had been the usual number of murders and the usual number of escapes, acquittals or light sentences. Then a young woman was killed in an especially brutal way. The press made much of it and of the long list of unpunished homicides. Public feeling was roused. Police and prosecutor exerted themselves. On purely circumstantial evidence a man was convicted and hanged. Recently an alleged confession, purporting to come from the real murderer, was published. Its authenticity is dubious; but if that murder had happened just after two or three hangings, the man who was executed for it would, no doubt, have been acquitted.

Trial by public feeling is only mob law in a somewhat more formal dress. It is always just as apt to acquit the guilty and convict the innocent as to operate the other way. It is one of the symptoms of defective civilization.

Forest Fires

THE National Forest Service reports: "A small railroad, operating an oil-burning locomotive in the Tahoe National Forest, in California, had a breakdown last summer, and for one day burned wood instead of oil. On that day fifteen fires started along the right of way. During the preceding year only one fire occurred near the railroad, and it was not thought the engine was responsible for that."

The item simply suggests what was happening to our timber supply for many years before conservation of that national resource was taken in hand intelligently.

Mad as a Hatter

SOMETIME in the last century, as we remember it, there was a famous strike in Connecticut. Incidentally thereto a union of hatmakers boycotted a manufacturer. Presently the manufacturer sued the union for damages under the Sherman Antitrust Law. Early this year the United States Supreme Court confirmed a judgment of damages against the union, reaffirming that its boycott violated the Sherman Law, and thereby ended eleven years of continuous litigation over the subject.

A press dispatch from Washington, announcing the decision, observes: "Leading lawyers in Congress disagree as to whether this decision means that unions in the future will be liable to damages on account of boycotts. Some hold that the Clayton Antitrust Law, passed last year, makes another such prosecution impossible. Others hold the contrary."

Of course no one should expect leading lawyers, either in or out of Congress, really to know what the Clayton Law means, in that respect or in any other. The exemptions in that act were designed to placate labor. After another eleven years of judicial grinding at the subject, unions may know definitely whether they are exempt from antitrust prosecutions or were simply handed a gold brick.

If the phrase "mad as a hatter" were of recent origin it might be taken as designating the mental state of any man who tries to find out where he stands under that amazing agglomeration of ambiguity known as antitrust laws.

Foreign Trade Last Year

WE DID not come out even in 1914. Our exports were smaller than in the year before by about four hundred million dollars and our imports were somewhat larger. So the balance of trade in our favor was less than in 1913 by well toward half a billion dollars. This balance was not large enough to offset our current indebtedness to Europe for interest, freights, and the like; and we shipped thither a hundred and sixty million dollars in gold.

War in the last five months of the year had much to do with this result, because it cut our exports far below what they would otherwise have been, but did not proportionately decrease imports. Yet, before the war, the trade balance in our favor ran smaller than in the preceding year. High protectionists charge this up to the new tariff act which went into effect in the fall of 1913; but the plain fact is that the smaller trade balance was due quite as much to decreased exports as to increased imports. The man who gets any convincing tariff arguments out of the trade figures for last year must have had his arguments all made up before he examined the figures.

Generally speaking, exports are the important thing. Let us sell enough and we can afford to buy. A merchant does not care what his purchases are so long as his sales are satisfactory; but we should have a better trade balance in 1915. Probably we shall have.

Better Shipping Laws Needed

"IT IS not desired to create a Government monopoly in the shipping business," says the Senate report on the bill for Government ships. "It is not necessarily involved in the proposed legislation that the Government shall permanently remain interested in shipping. Whenever private interests shall, at reasonable rates and with proper facilities, serve American commerce in ocean transportation, the Government will be more than content to have them do so."

There is a strong presumption, however, that private capital will not enter a field in competition with the Government. Competing with a rival of unlimited resources, that can disregard profits to any extent it pleases and whose prime motive is votes rather than dividends, does not sound attractive.

A line of Government ships, instead of attracting private capital to the shipping business, will be a strong deterrent. Without that deterrent American capital virtually withdrew from the field before the war began, because American registry could not compete with foreign registry.

The present high ocean freight rates and scarcity of ships are wholly effects of the war, which will disappear the moment peace is restored. With the old conditions as to competition with foreign registry, and the new condition of competition with the Government, what chance will there be for a privately owned American merchant marine?

Equitable shipping laws are the first prerequisite to the building up of a merchant marine.

The Literacy Test

THERE is only one question about immigration—namely, whether we want any further restrictions placed on it. Present restrictions apply virtually only to paupers, known criminals, diseased persons and mental defectives—that is, only to those who are quite certain to become a direct charge on the country. All other white persons are welcome.

This has been our immigration policy time out of mind. The only question is as to whether we wish to change it. If we wish any further restriction a literacy test is the best means of applying it. If we wish no restriction there is nothing further to be said. The case should be put squarely on that basis.

True, one man who would make a desirable citizen may be illiterate—another, who would make an undesirable citizen, may be literate; yet literacy is the best general test of a man's desirableness. A man suffering from an infectious disease may recover and make a very useful citizen, while another, free from disease, may be a nuisance and an expense to the community as long as he lives; but the disease raises a general presumption against him.

There is a similar general presumption that the literate man is more desirable than the illiterate. If we discriminate at all it can only be by some general rule, to which individual cases will always present exceptions.

The Trade Commission

BACKED by the authority and resources of the Federal Government, an impartial body that set out to study the conditions of doing business in the United States would probably be very useful. In time it should, so to speak, pool the business experience of the country. By collecting and collating information it would presently be in a position to give rather authoritative answers to various open and more or less vexing questions; but the Federal Trade Commission is no such body. It does not begin impartially, but with the preconceived theory that competition is always desirable and must always be maintained.

This is purely legislative theory, which is contradicted by facts of which legislation takes cognizance. By exemptions in the antitrust laws Congress admits that combination may be beneficial in labor and agriculture. Tacitly the Government has always admitted that combination among the railroads, to fix and maintain rates, is desirable; but it persists in declaring that combination in every other field is always obnoxious.

Of course to start with that prejudice greatly limits the usefulness of the Commission. Its chief object is to maintain fair competition, but suppress unfair competition—when nobody pretends to know just where the line between the two is. If the Commission with these handicaps, succeeds in making itself useful that fact will be a striking testimonial to the ability of its members.

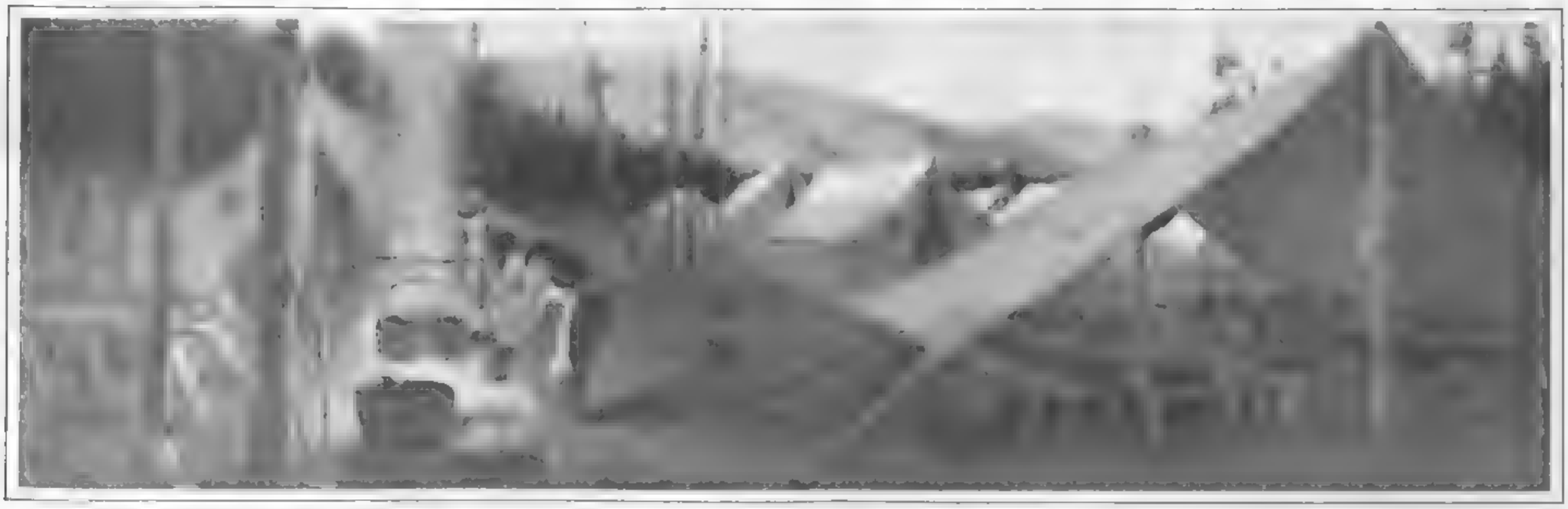
The Vanishing Beefsteak

WITH the usual qualifications—which make almost any attempt to compare census figures so distracting—the census says there are fewer cattle on the farms of the United States than there were twenty years ago. The Department of Agriculture reports that the number of cattle, excluding milch cows, has decreased by fifteen million head, or nearly thirty per cent, in six years.

The trouble, it seems, is that nobody can afford to raise a calf. Feed, milk and veal are all so high that due consideration of profit ruthlessly devotes the young animal to slaughter. This difficulty might be met, of course, by increasing the price of beef; but that would only augment the counter difficulty that beef is already so high that only the rich can afford to eat it.

Obviously, if it does not pay to raise a calf when beef is so high that only the rich can afford to eat it, we may as well at once order a last porterhouse—with or without mushrooms, as individual taste may dictate—and kiss it a tender farewell before blissfully incorporating it into our own less noble tissue. There is no sense in being downcast over the inevitable! Let us learn the charms of boiled turnips and prepare to tell our grandchildren, with moist eye, how once we ate a beefsteak!

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE



The Average Cook Is a Waster, But the Camp Cook Is the King of Wasters

A GENTLEMAN who is more or less of an authority says that if you find a Scotchman's stomach you wake a devil in him. Speaking from long experience with stomachs, I should say that the Scotch have no monopoly of this particular evil spirit. If the gentleman I have quoted had ever been in the mess-contracting business on a large scale he would have stretched that statement to cover all nationalities, with extra-special, three-star devils allotted to Bohunks, hard-rock miners and teamsters.

You can sell a workman shoddy clothes, shoes with pasteboard soles, and cigars that are mostly Connecticut cabbage, and he may forgive you; but when you attempt to ring in a substitute for beef you are taking long and desperate chances.

I claim intimate acquaintance with the devil that lives in the stomach of the male of the species. Women sympathize with the cook and make allowances for the commissary department. I once had a contract which called for the feeding of several thousand women daily. They made less trouble for me than a dozen hard-rock miners would have done.

Every married woman who does her own cooking will agree that a man has a devil which lives in his stomach. There is nothing about which the average man is half so cranky as the food he eats. Eighty per cent of the petty domestic quarrels start at the table; disprove the statement if you can.

"What! Chops again? Why in the name of all that's good and great can't we have a steak once in a while?"

"Why, John, I had a nice steak for you Tuesday night and you waited until the last minute and then telephoned that you wouldn't be home for dinner! Went to your old club, I suppose!"

"Well, there's one thing about the club—I can get what I want there. Now, my mother used to have some variety to her cooking! I remember ——"

And they are off to a fine flying start with no telling where they will finish; but one thing is certain—the demand for variety was the cause of the trouble.

When Moses Fed the Chosen People

VARIETY! How well I know that word as applied to the commissary department! Ever since the dawn of history people have been complaining about the lack of variety in their food. Very likely Noah had trouble with the crew of the ark—big trouble, for his sons brought their wives along.

Moses is one Old Testament character who has always had my sympathy. He led the Children of Israel out of Egypt, and no sooner were they across the Red Sea than they began to complain about a shortage of food. Manna was sent them from Heaven—a miracle; but were they satisfied? No; they wanted meat, and they got quail.

The next we hear of them they were reminding Moses of the melons and the onions and the leeks they used to have when they were the slaves of Pharaoh! And they wanted fish—on a desert! What do you suppose they would have done to Moses if they had been paying their board?

The purchase of a meal ticket carries with it the right to kick about everything that comes on the table; and sometimes the objections have nothing whatever to do with the food itself.

For instance, I remember receiving a telephone call from a grading camp where I was feeding fifty or sixty Bohunks, which is rather a handy name, because it covers the entire Slavonic group. The Slav is a temperamental cuss on any subject at all—mush or music, it makes no difference to him. The chief cook was on the wire.

"Better come out as quick as you can, boss," said he. "And bring a gun along; there's something doing."

When I got there it was done. The mess house was a total wreck. At first glance I thought my waiters had been slaughtered, for the interior was smeared to the ceiling with great red splotches. The cook was sitting on the overturned range, with a shotgun across his knees.

"Is anybody hurt?" said I. "There's blood all over the place!"

"That ain't blood," said he, "that's ketchup. The Bohunks found a case of it in the kitchen and bounced the bottles off the ceiling."

"But what started 'em off? What was wrong with the food?"

"Why, nothing, I guess. As near as I can make out, them huskies got sore at having to eat in the same room every day, so they shuffled up the scenery some. They busted the benches and tables, smashed all the windows, upset my range, and called it a day. They didn't say a word about the grub."

The cook's story was absolutely correct. In this case there was no complaint about the food; the trouble was with the surroundings. I gave those Bohunks a new mess house, benches and tables, new knives and forks—and cut down on the food to make up for the added expense. It worked like a charm.

So much for the personal relation between the feeder and the fed. It is a thing that figures in every mess contract. The saddest place in the world is the average boarding house, and the saddest person in it is the woman who owns it, for she is shouldering all the troubles of the housewife, multiplied as many times as there are boarders.

Imagine, then, the troubles of a man with five thousand ravenous and rough-necked boarders at his tables, one hundred cooks, four hundred waiters, and fifty camps scattered over two hundred miles of mountain and desert! This was the smashing big contract with which I broke into the feeding game in dead earnest, having trifled with subsistence and commissary for several years on a smaller scale.

In the beginning I was in the general-contracting line, roughly speaking, prepared to bid on any job involving men and mules. A great deal of the work was on the desert and in the mountains, which made it necessary for me to feed the men I employed; and, being an amateur in the subsistence end of the business, I was thankful if the cookhouse and mess tent broke anywhere near even.

A few sharp reverses wiped out my capital and at the age of thirty-one I found myself where I started, except that I had a big warehouse full of camp equipment and a string of mules at pasture. In the contracting game the mule is the real standard of value—the backbone of the enterprise. A mule can do things and go into places where a gasoline truck will cough and quit. The mule will cough too, but he will not quit.

One day I met a friend who was in the subsistence and commissarial line, and he told me he was figuring on a big thing—a contract covering a period of five years, involving the feeding and housing of thousands of men in all sorts of inaccessible places. A river was to be coaxed out of its bed and taken two hundred miles over mountain and desert. It was the first I had heard of the job, but I spoke up at once. "You'll have competition, then. I'm after that job myself."

It was really a tremendous undertaking and in the beginning I had no adequate idea of the magnitude of the job. I borrowed an automobile from a friend—my own machine had been swept away in the general smash of my fortunes—and made a trip over the proposed line of country, studying it with an eye to establishing central stations and camps. Then I was ready to figure, and I wore out several pencils making estimates and calculations of all sorts.

To cut a long story short, the contract was awarded to me—and my troubles began. I had no money, but I managed to dig up sufficient capital to give me a start. The contract itself guaranteed my credit, and I remembered a remark once made to me by the wisest man of my acquaintance. "There are only two ways to owe money," said he. "One is to owe so little that your obligations can be met at a moment's notice. The other is to owe so darned much that they won't dare to close you up."

The King of the Wasters

AS I WAS beginning on the proverbial shoe string, there was no chance for me to owe a little money and pay it on demand. My only hope was to owe a great deal, and I went into the debit column with a tremendous splash.

In addition to foodstuffs I needed a stock of general supplies; for, according to the terms of my contract, I was to maintain a store at each camp, dispensing the necessaries of life, such as toothbrushes, bachelor buttons, playing cards, candy, smoking tobacco, shoes, suspenders, socks, towels, writing paper, overalls, razors, gloves, handkerchiefs, knives, pipes, soda water, shirts, soap, blankets, combs, alarm clocks—in fact, anything and everything for which there might be a call.

The merchants received me with open arms and loud cheers; everybody seemed to want my account and I tried to please them all. I bought like a drunken sailor—bought by the gross, by the ton, by the carload. I bought as though I were preparing for a siege—and one was headed in my direction, though I did not know it at the time.

You see, my sense of proportion was warped. I had been fooling with the subsistence game off and on for years, feeding by twenties and fifties, and sometimes at a loss. Now I was going to feed by thousands, and it was absolutely necessary that my operations show a profit. The magnitude of the undertaking, the size of my purchases, the ease with which they were made—all these things helped to impair my sense of values.

I thought by the ton and the carload when I should have been thinking by the ounce and the pound. I could not see any amount under five figures when my eyes should have been glued to the humble copper cent.

I am a hearty eater myself and a full meal appeals to me, as I believe it does to the average man who leads an active life. The main idea, I reasoned, was to give the men enough to eat three times a day. I piled my camps with the newly-purchased supplies and left it to the cooks to see that the men had plenty.

They saw to that all right enough, but the profits were slow in appearing. The result was an accumulation of debt that staggered me. Worse than that, it also staggered my creditors. I began to search for the leak.

I found it where you may find it in your own household—in the kitchen. It was waste—pure, simple waste. The average cook is a waster, but the camp cook is the king of wasters. He has but one idea—and I cannot blame him,

(Concluded on Page 26)

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WHEREAS, The conservation of time and material in the construction of buildings is distinctly along the line of such advancement; and

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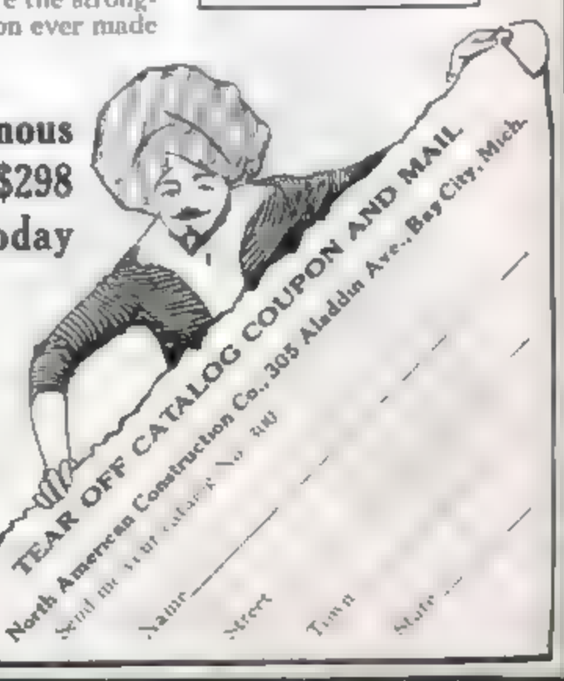

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FEEDING THE MULTITUDE

(Concluded from Page 23)

for it was mine in the beginning—that idea being to prepare enough food to go round; and when a camp cook guesses on quantity there is nothing of the piker about him, for he is thinking of the boarder and not of the poor old boss.

During that first year one hundred cooks were working by guess, and what mistakes they made were never on the short end. They wanted to be quite certain of having enough food and as a result they prepared too much. The surplus went into convenient ravines, where the coyotes found it and destroyed the evidence. The only thing a coyote will not eat is a tin can; but he will chew that can into a tiny lump if it has contained meat. I suppose I fattened thousands of coyotes that first year, but my creditors grew lean and anxious. I grew anxious myself, for my indebtedness was well into six figures.

I hired a man who had made a scientific study of subsistence, and he went from one end of the line to the other, examining into conditions and picking up pointers. He then came back to the general field headquarters and made a report—short, sweet and pointed.

"The cook is at the bottom of this deficit," said he.

"That is no news," said I.

"The cook and about forty other things," continued the expert; "but he is the biggest leak. I propose to eliminate him as a factor in profit and loss. I am going to fix him so that he can't waste anything but his breath."

The subsistence shark locked himself up for a week or ten days, and when he reappeared he brought with him the key to the situation in the shape of a formidable document, which he christened the Subsistence List.

This list was about four feet long, single-spaced on a typewriter. It began with allspice and baking powder, and ended with yeast and yellow coloring. It included every possible thing that might by any chance find its way to a camp table, even down to fly paper. The totals were computed on a thirty-day basis to cover camps of from twenty to one hundred men.

Standard Daily Allowances

Tacked to this list, like a rider on an insurance policy, was the coyotes' death knell, so far as I was concerned, though the heading did not so state. It said: "As a matter of daily check, allow in quantities not to exceed ——"

That second list was the real thing, because it left nothing to the imagination. For instance:

Beans—white	1 pound	to each	7 men per day
Meat—fresh	1½ pounds	to	1 man per day
Coffee	1 pound	to each	12 men per day
Fruit—dried	1 pound	to each	12 men per day
Fruit—canned	1 gallon	to each	4 men per week
Sugar	1 pound	to each	2 men per day
Corn meal	1½ pounds	to each	10 men per day
Flour	1 pound	to	1 man per day
Soap	1 pound	to each	25 men per day
Potatoes	1½ pounds	to	1 man per day
Other vegetables	½ pound	to	1 man per day
Tripe	1 pound	to each	19 men per day

I give only a few items, for that "allow in quantities not to exceed" list included everything edible and also some things which were not.

"But—you're making a bookkeeper out of the cook," was my objection. "Suppose old Whitey Anderson, up here in Blind Horse Cañon, has thirty-seven men on his hands and wants to know how much 'other vegetables' to allow 'em. He can't do a sum in straight multiplication, let alone your ringing in fractions on him. He'll do what he thinks is right—by guess, same as usual."

"He will not," said the expert. "Do you think I'm going to let any of those cooks fool round in the supply room? Not on your life! The cooks are going to stay in the kitchen. I propose to extend the powers of the commissary clerk."

Well, there was a commissary clerk at each camp, of course. Up to this time he had been a sort of storekeeper, and his activities had been confined to ordering more stuff from his division headquarters and roaring to the general field headquarters when he did not get it on time.

Between us we extended the powers of the commissary clerk extended them to the limit. We made him a camp straw-boss, a weigher and checker, a head waiter, a kitchen inspector, a high court of appeal, and a few other things; but the first order we issued contained the joker:

"1—Commissary clerk must go into kitchen or have the cook come into storeroom at a stated time each day and, under the heading Supplies Required, Form 53A, list all articles the cook requires for the next day's work. Commissary clerk must then consult the Subsistence List and make the issues in accordance with same. Supplies of any kind must never be issued in bulk, but must be issued only in sufficient quantities to run the boarding house one day."

When we were through we had things tied up so that the cook could not get an egg without signing his name to an order; and for the guidance of the commissary clerk we issued a pamphlet of General Instructions. We required of him weekly, bimonthly and monthly reports and inventories; and, just to keep him happy, we maintained a traveling auditor—the sort of fellow who would want to know why the clerk used sixty pounds of codfish when the scale called for forty-eight, and why he was short five pounds of butter.

The Problem of Varied Diet

The result of the new system was a revelation—an eye opener. Having eliminated the waste, profit followed immediately. The ounces of beans and butter, the pounds of ham and hominy, saved in the kitchens, turned the scales in my favor and changed a losing game into a winning one.

I held a mass meeting of my creditors and they listened to reason. I owed them so much money that there was nothing else for them to listen to. Inside of one year from that date I was discounting all my bills and steadily reducing the bulk of my original indebtedness. After that I bought carefully and kept an eye out for the tiny leaks.

The Efficiency Department then attacked the old question of variety. I do not claim that we solved this problem, but we did the best we could under the circumstances. To prove this, I quote sample menus, served at all our camps during one day of the summer season:

BREAKFAST

Rolled oats and milk	Stewed fruit and cake
Steak—pan-fried	Hot wheat cakes and sirup
Pork sausage and country gravy	Wheat and raisin bread; hot biscuits
Cottage fried potatoes	Coffee

DINNER

One relish. One soup	Bayo beans and pork
Short ribs of beef—Spanish	Macaroni and cheese
	Sago pudding
Corned beef and cabbage	Bread. Crackers
Browned potatoes	Coffee. Iced tea

SUPPER

One relish	Baked navy beans with tomato sauce
Roast beef with brown gravy	Stewed fruit and sponge cake
Breaded tripe or corned-beef hash	Wheat and Graham bread
Minced potatoes—browned	Hot rolls
	Tea. Coffee

Do not suppose the boarders were always pleased. Remember the Children of Israel, who asked for fresh fish on a desert; so did a few thousand of the men who from time to time sat at my tables. During the trout season we were sometimes able to oblige them. They asked for other things too; and the fact that some of the camps were forty miles from the railroad, located in almost inaccessible cañons, made not the slightest difference to them. It was variety they wanted.

I gained a great appreciation of Moses in those days; for, if I remember correctly, he had about forty years of it and I had only five. Moses must have been a wonder!

One of my greatest troubles was with labor. The boarders were mostly blanket-carrying nomads; and I have noticed that, once a man gets the feel of a blanket roll on his shoulders, it is hard for him to settle down. My cooks and waiters caught the go-fever from the boarders and, like the boarders, left without giving notice.

I found it advisable to maintain a reserve force at general field headquarters, prepared to start at a moment's notice—usually just after pay day. There were times when I loaded cooks and waiters into an automobile and drove all night in order that some isolated camp might have breakfast in the morning.

I recall one tunnel outfit that will serve as a sample. The hard-rock men were driving a hole through a mountain—thirty of them in one camp. One evening a man turned up for supper—a hard-rock miner, carrying his blankets. The boss offered him a job, but he laughed.

"Why, in South America," said he, "hard-rock men get fifteen dollars a day-gold. That's where I'm headed for; this country is played out."

It was two weeks before pay day; but from that time on there was only one topic of conversation—South America, where a hard-rock man got fifteen dollars a day.

The result was inevitable. When pay day came the hard-rock men took their checks and their blankets, gave three cheers for freedom and started for South America, the embarking point being the railroad station, distant some fifteen miles across the desert.

My cooks and waiters asked for their time and joined the stampede. I do not know what they figured to do in South America or how they expected to get there, but they started just the same. The commissary clerk remained faithful. He reached me by telephone and I hustled my reserves into an automobile.

Seven miles from the tunnel camp, and located out on the desert, was a frame shack, with a ten-foot barbed-wire corral behind it. The man who lived there had a liquor license and sold bottled beer and squirrel whisky. The corral had no gate except the back door of the shack, which was a very clever idea, because it kept any customers from escaping. When they wanted to sleep, the proprietor escorted them into the bull pen, as he called it, and tossed their blankets after them. Fist fights, too, usually finished out there.

A Long, Long Way to South America

Owen Wister once wrote a story in which he described such a place accurately, without waste of words, as "chronically hilarious after sundown; a dot of riot in the dumb Arizona night." The road from the tunnel camp to the railroad passed this frame shack.

I landed my reserves by daylight, had breakfast, and then went farther up the line to look in on some other camps. Two days later I returned, traveling the desert road. I stopped at the shack, for my late cook was sitting on the doorstep.

"Thought you'd gone to South America!" said I.

"Well, I didn't," said he. "I'm still here."

"What became of the other cook and the waiters?"

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Out in the bull pen, sleepin' it off."

"And the hard-rock men?"

"They're there too. You see, boss, it was awful hot, walking; so we stopped to get a bottle of beer. We got our checks cashed—and I reckon there won't be no South American tour—not this month anyway. How 'bout a job?"

Among the many things I learned in those five years was that it is a mistake to pay any man a profit on a product if you can possibly manufacture that product yourself. Soda water was one of our best-sellers. I installed a soda-water plant. I manufactured my own tinware and cooking utensils, and my own portable buildings. I built a packhouse, with an up-to-date refrigerating system, and slaughtered my own beef.

At every division headquarters there was a hog camp. The hogs were fattened on the refuse from the kitchen and tables, and when their time came they appeared on those same tables, completing the circle. The coyotes gave it up as a bad job and moved back into the mountains. They were the only victims of the system.

There is a moral, if you care to listen to it: Put a pair of scales in your kitchen. Weigh everything that comes in and everything that goes out, and you will thus beat the game of subsistence two ways.

The difference between cooking by guess and cooking by ounce is spelled in money.

When a Young Business Man Gets Mad

Something About Drafts—By Roger W. Babson

EZRA SMITH opened a store on Main Street, the leading business street of a well-known New England city. Ezra was an only child, was graduated from the high school with honors, was captain in the cadets, and, all in all, thought he was cut out for one of the city's leading business men. Personally I think Ezra was so designed, except that after being cut out he was never properly sewed up.

Well, Ezra's father decided to set him up in business, and thus he blossomed out into commercial life. He joined the Board of Trade, the Business Men's Association, and even became an honored member of the famous Fourth-of-July Committee, which is noted for making the most noise and wasting the most money of any patriotic body of which a report is prepared by certified accountants.

Well, Ezra opened a bank account. Moreover, he proudly went every noon to a local national bank to make a deposit, to tell a story and to get the latest gossip. He also once borrowed a small amount for the purchase of his first Christmas stock, which was well and proper, since he paid the note directly after that busy week had passed; in fact, his relations with "his" bank were very pleasant until one day the telephone bell rang and Ezra received this cheerful message from the bank:

"A draft for fifty dollars, drawn on you by the Jones Company, with exchange, and due at sight, is held at this bank. Please advise us at once as to what disposition you wish made of the same."

Well, was not Ezra some mad! He first turned red, then white. Finally he began to come to and simply sizzled.

Nine men out of ten, on receiving a notice like the above, immediately commence to sizzle and probably order the draft returned. The tenth may consider the honoring of the draft a cardinal obligation, and if unable to meet the same feels that he has broken the whole financial decalogue. Ezra was not of this tenth variety; and after exploding over the telephone he finally went to the bank in person to ask for further information. This is the explanation he received:

"When one draws a check he directs the bank to pay, from his funds in possession of the bank, a certain sum to the order of a third party. When one draws a draft he orders the third party to pay a certain sum to a second party for the account of the first party." In plain English a draft may be considered a check, butt end first. In practice a man uses drafts to get his bank to present a dun through one of its corresponding banks to some other fellow.

Three Parties to a Draft

There are at least three parties to every draft—namely, the drawer, the bank or collecting agent, and the drawee or payer. Additional parties, if any, are those acting by substitution in the place of the collecting agent or bank.

The causes that preceded the issuing of the draft above referred to probably originated with Ezra Smith, who now feels aggrieved because he is drawn on. This payer—or party on whom the draft is drawn—is a present or prospective debtor to the drawer, who feels that the indebtedness should be liquidated. In the case in question the drawer was a Boston firm of which Ezra had bought goods.

Drafts are rarely if ever issued without first giving the party drawn on an opportunity to liquidate the indebtedness direct, as there is expense attached to the collection of drafts that must be paid by one of the interested parties. Every business man intending to ask for credit, or, in other words, to open an account with some jobber—in order to buy goods on thirty or sixty days' time—should be prepared to furnish satisfactory evidence of financial responsibility and also state definitely his intention in regard to the time for settling the account. One opening an account under these conditions will rarely if ever receive a draft, as drafts are a source of irritation to all concerned.

It is far better for a young business man to pay cash, and then, if necessary, borrow from those who make a business of lending. The benefits derived by the cash customer far outweigh the amount paid as interest. Should you, however, from inadvertence or design, order a bill of goods or offer to contract indebtedness without furnishing satisfactory references, or after contracting indebtedness omit to meet voluntarily your obligation, you may expect to be drawn on, as was Ezra Smith. These are the things that usually precede the issuing of ordinary drafts, generally for petty sums, to complete petty transactions. Hence any business man may easily and profitably avoid them by "doing unto others as he would be done by."

With Bill of Lading Attached

There are, however, other forms of drafts. One form is termed a draft with bill of lading attached. To illustrate: Jones & Company, grain dealers at Philadelphia, buy through brokers ten carloads of flour from a Chicago house, time of delivery uncertain. The dealers in Philadelphia naturally object to paying in advance of delivery, and the Chicago house cannot afford to deliver the goods without payment being assured. Under these conditions the Chicago house deposits with its local bank for collection a draft for the amount due, together with a bill of lading—which is simply a receipt from the railroad company—covering the identical shipment.

This draft is duly forwarded to some bank at Philadelphia, generally the one previously designated by Jones & Company when ordering the flour. The bank holds the draft pending the arrival of the cars of flour. Should the shipment be of some other variety of goods inspection by the purchaser is sometimes allowed. On the arrival of the cars Jones & Company pay the draft at the bank, receive the bill of lading from the bank, and, by giving up the bill of lading to the railroad company, secure the flour from the railroad.

This completes a commercial transaction under conditions that safeguard the interests of all parties concerned. The bank at Philadelphia then remits the face of the draft, less, say, a nominal fee of one-tenth or one-twentieth of one per cent, to the Chicago house that originally shipped the flour.

Another legitimate use of drafts is in connection with the purchase of stocks and bonds. A very large percentage of readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST lives in small towns or cities where there are no brokers, and I am often asked by such: "If I buy a bond how shall I pay for it? I don't want to send the money before I get the bond, and I don't expect the broker to send the bond until he gets the money. How shall I work it?" Well, in reply, let me say it can be worked this way:

A small investor may instruct some bond house at a distance to purchase a bond or other security at a certain time and price, governed by temporary conditions. After the purchase is duly made the securities, accompanied by a draft covering the same, may be sent by the broker to his local bank, which will send them to the bank in the distant town where the small investor deposits. On payment of the draft by the investor the securities are delivered to him.

Again, contingencies may arise that make it desirable to establish a record of a transaction through a third party. The following case came under my observation: The morning mail brought to a certain bank a draft on a friend of mine for fifty-seven hundred dollars, accompanied by a certificate for one hundred shares of a certain stock. My neighbor was duly notified by mail and telephone; but two days later he called, refused acceptance of the draft, giving as a reason the fact, as shown by a current daily, that the quotations showed a present value of forty-five against a billing price of fifty-seven.

After considerable correspondence between the local bank and the remitting agent, the draft was returned. Six months

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Quaker Oats is this vim-food in its most delicious form. The flakes are big and rich and luscious. They have the flavor and aroma which make this dish inviting.

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We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

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later the cashier was invited to attend as a witness an action brought by the broker for losses sustained. By using a draft this broker established a record of delivery and presentation, through a disinterested party, of securities presumably purchased under the instructions of my neighbor.

When a firm has received no reply to its request for a settlement, a draft, substantially as follows, duly arrives at the local bank where the debtor does business:

$50. September 19, 1914.

At three days' sight pay to the order of the Boston Trust Company, with exchange, Fifty Dollars.

Value received; charge the same to account of

RICHARD ROE & COMPANY.

To John Doe & Co.
Stonehaven, Mass.

In this case John Doe is debtor and Richard Roe creditor.

Across the end of the draft is generally attached a perforated slip, with the instructions: "No Protest. Tear off before presenting." This is so attached as to permit easy removal, because there seems no reason to inform John Doe that the draft will not be protested if he does not honor it. By the way, the average person ascribes mighty possibilities for evil to that little word "Protest." I have known of persons refusing to accept a draft with that slip attached, apparently thinking there was a hoodoo to it.

Banking institutions are as anxious for business as is the corner grocery and use various devices for getting trade. Some collect foreign checks free of exchange and others collect drafts without cost. In this case the Boston Trust Company, instead of sending the draft direct to the Stonehaven National Bank, sends the draft with many others to its regular correspondent, as that institution collects drafts for the Boston Trust Company free.

Finally, however, the draft, together with a letter of instructions regarding the wishes of the drawer, duly arrives at Stonehaven, and the Stonehaven National Bank attempts to collect it from its depositor, John Doe & Co. The local Stonehaven bank, however, will not take any action that will antagonize a good depositor. John Doe is politely notified that the draft has arrived on a form substantially as follows:

STONEHAVEN NATIONAL BANK

STONEHAVEN, MASS. _____ 191__

Mr. _____

Dear Sir:

We hold Draft on you for $_____ drawn by _____ at _____

Date _____ 191__
Accepted.
Payable at
Bank
Signature:

If you wish to pay Draft please accept this notice and return it to this bank without delay. If you desire us to return the Draft advise us to-day returning this slip with your reply checked on the opposite side. Very truly yours,

Treasurer.

On the reverse of this notice are many reasons, to be used in replying, and John Doe is requested to check the item given as a reason for nonacceptance and return the same to the bank at once in case the draft is not to be paid by him.

So far, progress has gone smoothly, everything being voluntary; but John Doe is the court of last resort. If he does not wish to pay there is no power—legal, financial or moral—that can be used to make him accept the draft.

Personally I have never paid a draft except in connection with the purchase of securities. When I make a trade or do business I do so on prearranged terms, and never deviate from the original agreements. Those, however, who really owe a debt that is overdue should honor it and pay it when a draft therefor is received. Perhaps your bank may have a letter of inquiry as to your financial responsibility. Certainly the bank would be able to speak better of you if it knew you paid your bills and promptly honored or returned all drafts received.

There is, however, that little joker "with exchange." This is the technical term used to designate the fee charged for services performed. To refer again to the last illustration, this was plainly Richard Roe & Co.'s business and it seems right that Roe should pay. On the other hand, Roe is entitled to the sum due him; and so in most cases the question is: Who pays the freight? The reply is largely a matter of discretion on the part of the bank.

In the case under consideration John Doe is expected to pay the collection fees; but I will venture to say that if John Doe refused to do so the Stonehaven National Bank would accept the face and collect the fee from the drawer by simply sending back a check for the amount of the draft less the fee. Between banks the matter of exchange is often a case of "If you'll scratch my back I'll scratch yours"; though banks generally collect for their correspondents free.

The matter of exchange being adjusted, the proceeds of the collection is remitted to the maker through the correspondent bank. In case a draft is presented before due the payer sometimes accepts the same by writing across the face: "Accepted, John Doe & Company, September 2, 1913." When due the draft is considered as a check on the funds of the payer and the matter is settled without further attention from John Doe.

For ordinary business a personal check is sufficient; but when dealing in transactions where personal responsibility may be avoided by issuing worthless checks, business policy calls for what is technically known as a certified check. When dealing with the Government, bidding on contracts, purchasing securities for immediate delivery, or meeting court obligations, a certified check is a necessity generally as a precaution against the withdrawing of the funds by the maker of the check.

Certification of a check by the bank on which it is drawn makes the bank responsible rather than the party signing it; in fact, one who presents a check for certification transfers from his account to that of the bank the sum called for. The bank holds this sum, awaiting the presentation for payment of that identical check when properly indorsed. Should the maker of the check fail to use the same, or the need for the check disappear, the check should be re-presented to the bank for re-transfer; otherwise the officials would refuse to surrender the funds except under a safeguard, such as requiring a bond guaranteeing the bank against loss.

By the Direct Route

A CERTAIN Savannah lawyer was reared on a Georgia plantation. As he tells it, a group of the younger darkies on the place went raccoon hunting one night and took with them Uncle Isom, who was nearly eighty years old and crippled with rheumatism besides.

The dogs treed some animal in a cottonwood on the edge of Pipemaker Swamp, five miles from home; but when the tree fell there rolled out of the top of it, not a raccoon but a full-grown black bear, full of fight and long, sharp claws.

The pack gave one choral ki-yi of shock and streaked away, yelping as they went; and the two-legged hunters followed, fleeing as fast as their legs would carry them.

When they came to a moonlit place in the woods they discovered that Uncle Isom was missing; but they did not go back to look for him—they did not even check up.

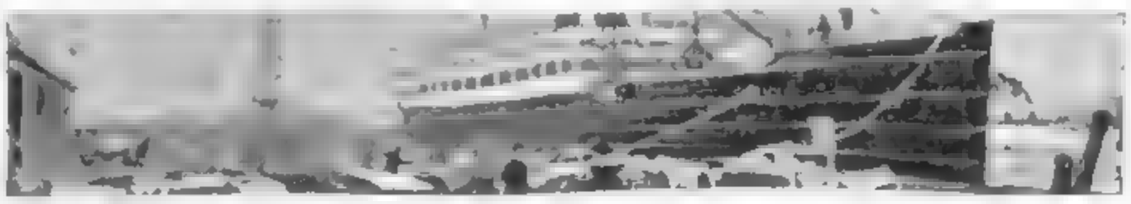
"Pore ole Unc' Isom!" bemoaned one of the fugitives between pants. "His ole laigs must 'a' give out on him 'foh he went ten jumps. I reckin dat bear's feastin' on his bones right dis minute."

"Dat's so! Dat's so!" grunted the others. "Pore Unc' Isom!"

When they reached the safety of the plantation cotton patches in an exhausted state they limped to Uncle Isom's cottage to break the news to the widow. There was a light in the window; and when they rapped at the door, and it opened, the sight of the person who faced them across the threshold made the young negroes gasp.

"'Foh de Lawd!" exclaimed one of them. "How did you git heah?"

"Me?" said Uncle Isom calmly. "I come 'long wid de dawgs."



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JOHANN SCHMIDT, PRIVATE

(Continued from Page 15)

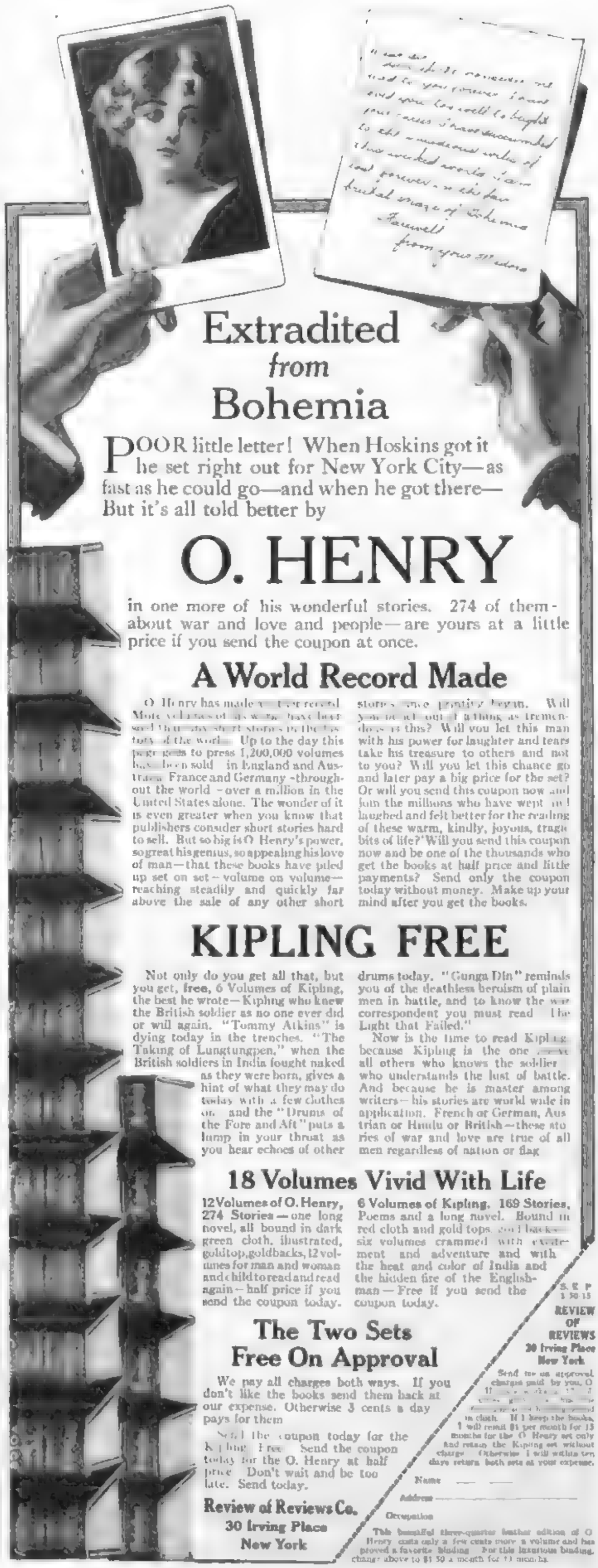
cowards nor women cowards nor cowardly children. Cowardice is a relative term, anyhow, but there can be no qualifying adjectives for the spirit which I saw displayed by the Belgians, the French, the English and the Germans, and in the scope of that statement I mean to include those of all ages and all conditions and all classes. If war brings out what is worst in human beings it brings out likewise what is best in them.

For the moment I seem to have strayed from my theme, which was the relations existing between Private Johann Schmidt and the commissioned men above him. Getting back to it again, I would have you understand that though I myself witnessed no actual mistreatment of soldiers by officers, neither did I witness, except in certain rare and exceptional instances, any evidence of actual affection existing between them. They were knit together completely enough, but only by bonds of duty and of discipline, not by ties of personal association and mutual fondness; at least so I judged. I did notice that as the campaign advanced, and repulses and actual defeats succeeded the first astounding succession of successful advances into the enemy's country, the men and the officers drew closer together, becoming, as it were, mutually alive to the soldierly qualities of each other and one another. At the outset the officers, and especially the younger officers, had a habit of blaring their commands to their men in rasping roars. Some of the lieutenants seemed to think it incumbent upon them to scold and threaten the enlisted men at every opportunity; and always, as I took note then, an officer in his dealings with an individual soldier addressed him in the third person. "What does he want?" the officer would demand when the soldier came up and saluted, as though the soldier were acting as spokesman for some one else.

By October, though, I saw a change. Company officers were using fatherlike diminutives in speaking of their men. Often enough I have heard a typical Prussian officer call his soldiers "My children," or single out an individual trooper as "My son." It made no difference that the officer was perhaps a fledgling of a lieutenant and the soldier a grizzled veteran of the *Landsturm*, old enough to be his father, the officer would call him "Son." It was as though a common partnership in the privations and the dangers and discomforts of war, a common sharing of the same hopes and the same disappointments and the same destinies, had brought the pair closer together, making each actually aware of the good qualities of the other. Yet for all that there was still the gulf between them; it remained unbridgeable for wideness and unplumbable for deepness. The officer lived and moved in his separate world, breathing his special and favored air; and the soldier abided in his humbler sphere and sought not to escape from it. There were times when they seemed almost to be comrades; there were times when they suggested creatures from different planets accidentally thrust into each other's company and engaged for the moment in working out the same laborious problem.

In our earlier wanderings with the German columns across Belgium or behind them we made friends with the privates. We had mighty poor credentials then, and since at any moment any officer who was so minded might lock us up or turn us back, we preferred the company of the common soldiers, who practically without exception were friendly and kindly. They shared their rations with us and gave us freely what information they had. That it was usually misleading information was not their fault; they told us what they had heard. But on the third and last expedition to the battle front we had a captain of reserves in full uniform for our guide and traveling companion, and from the starting hour of that trip we noticed that his presence in our company kept our former friends at arm's length and more than arm's length. Unless expressly called upon to give it, no man below the rank of a lieutenant volunteered any advice or suggestion—except once and once only, and then the circumstances were extraordinary.

We had left Brussels in our car, bound for the besiegements before Antwerp. This was four days before Antwerp fell and the bombardment was in full force. We skirted



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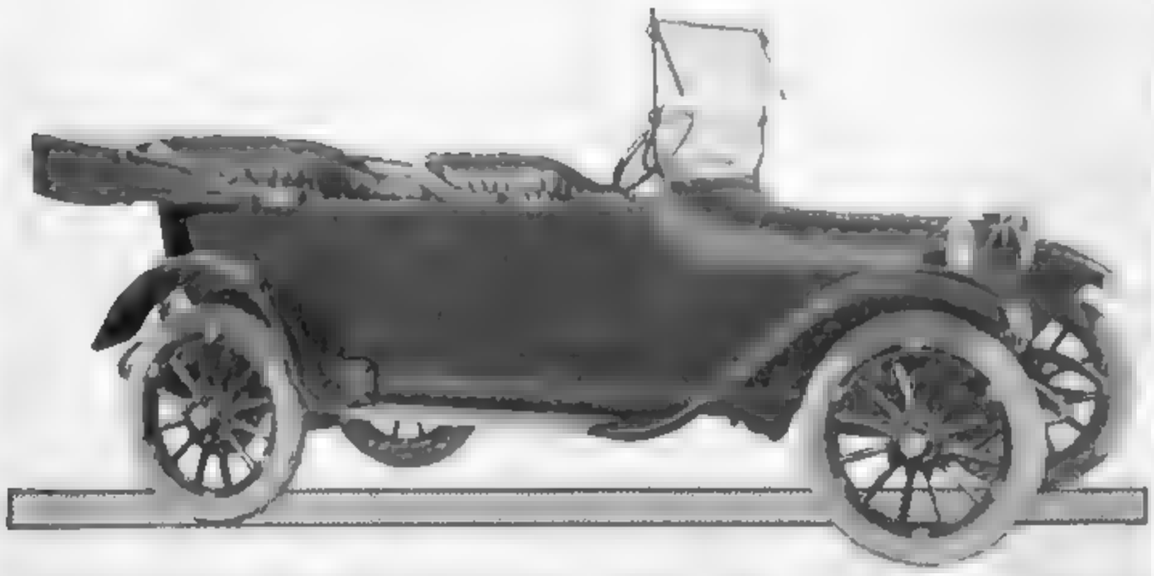

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Malines, lying in its ruins, and came to a small, nameless hamlet, empty and half-wrecked by shell fire, which stood upon the crest of a little rise, perhaps six miles distant from the beleaguered city. The nearermost German trenches were just over and beyond the brow of the hill and we were making for them.

A sergeant appeared before us, from behind a bend in the road, driving a commandeered Belgian cart in which two newly wounded soldiers were stretched, with straw under them. He threw up his arm in a gesture of authority and we halted, and he told our captain and our chauffeur that we must not go farther.

"The enemy have a battery just yonder in those woods," he said, pointing to a patch of timber perhaps a mile to our right, "and their guns are trained directly upon the road where it crosses the hilltop in front of you. Every time an automobile goes by they fire at it, and as our officers are constantly passing and repassing in cars they have killed and wounded a number today. The Herr Captain and his friends must not go any farther."

It was not so much a warning that he uttered as an order, and we hearkened and obeyed. But I am quite sure that if the sergeant had not known some of us for civilians and recognized us as being residents of another country, and presumably, therefore, noncombatants, he would never have said to us what he did say.

It was interesting to see and to hear how the men reflected each veering shift of opinion in the minds of the officers above them. In his mental attitudes Private Schmidt was a faithful copyist of his captain, as his captain was of his general and his general was of his Kaiser, even though the soldier, representing as he did the bottom stratum of the organism, was debarred from expressing his beliefs with the freedom vouchsafed those higher up. When the General Staff concerned itself with the alleged use of dum-dums by the French and was vocally and loudly indignant upon the subject, the musketeer in the ranks talked dum-dums and dreamed dum-dums.

Like unto his officer and his Emperor, he openly deplored for a while the military necessity—I use the phrase coined by the German Chancellor—which drove the army to violate the neutrality of Belgium. That was at the outset. A little later, when the politicians of the forces were accusing Belgium of having entered, long before hostilities, into a secret alliance of offense and defense with England and France, the soldiers overnight fell quite naturally into the fashion of calling Belgium a traitorous captured province, which because of her perfidy deserved what she had suffered and would undoubtedly be annexed to the Empire.

One day at a field-marshal's mess I heard that the British and French were quarreling bitterly among themselves, and that it was necessary to keep the English and French prisoners separated lest they fight together with their fists and feet. Next day I heard the same tale, with elaborations, at a soup kitchen in the battle-lines before Laon. If the German officers charged the Turcos with having sacked and burned abandoned French châteaux and then putting the blame upon the Germans, the common soldiers repeated the accusation with the air of believing it—although we didn't. And so on and so forth.

In the first two months of fighting the privates appeared to hate the English with almost as much of poisoned intensity as the younger officers and the stay-at-homes displayed. But later I thought I saw this feeling undergoing a modification, and seeking for the proper explanation of this, I decided in my own mind that brave men cannot and will not continue to have a personal hate for equally brave men with whom they have exchanged deadly blows in actual battle. Politicians batten on feuds and grow fat and venomous on grudges; fighting men refuse to cherish the quarrel for very long. At least that is my humble opinion, which is based on my own observations.

In one concrete and visible aspect, and one only, the officers and the men were brothers after the first few weeks of hard campaigning. They were brothers in physical filthiness—and still are, for the matter of that. There being no time for washing the body and no facilities for washing it, they grew foul of person together. Next to their skins they were kin. I have seen an officer in the field who at a distance of ten feet seemed newly escaped from a bandbox, so spick and span was he. His boots shone with polish; his long, gray, perfectly fitted coat was spotless and smart; the handle of his saber glistened like burnished gold; and the insignia upon his collar and his shoulders seemed newly minted silver. But when he drew nearer I saw that his shirt cuffs, where they showed at the ends of his sleeves, were black and heavy with caked dirt, and I knew without his telling me that for weeks, and perhaps for months, he had been sleeping in his boots as the common soldier slept.

"I had a bath to-day," a colonel on General von Heeringen's staff said to me one night at dinner with a smile of superiority, as though he had been favored above the lot of other men—"a dry bath."

"What's a dry bath?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "it is a trick I learned from an uncle who was a general in the war of '70–'71. I had my orderly save me a meal sack which had been emptied and I stripped myself and got inside of it and had him rub me until the grit in the sack and the roughened fabric had cut some of the accumulated dirt and a few of the crawlers off my body. Really, I feel quite refreshed and almost clean now."

This man, remember, was noble born—a baron and a chancellor of the Kingdom of Saxony—and most gently bred. In any one of the armies there are thousands and hundreds of thousands of men like him, men used ordinarily to cleansed bodies and clean body linen, who have not bathed themselves decently since the first of last August and who will not have opportunity to bathe themselves until the middle of the coming spring. Do you wonder that war is not so much a sight as a stench? And do you wonder that many men are dying to-day, and many have already died, of lockjaw, because the bullets which struck them first passed through their filthy outer garments and carried into the wound the germ which lives in dirt, the germ of tetanus?

For my last picture of Private Johann Schmidt I visualize him standing sentry duty in that selfsame little Belgian town where first I saw him. It is the same town, and yet it isn't. For the fate which befell half its fellow-towns in little Belgium has descended upon it. Some rebellious burgher raised his hand against the conqueror, and now there is left of it only the dead bones of a town. The houses are houses no longer. They are crumpled cadavers of houses, with their shattered rafters which stand up like broken rib ends and their empty window openings which are like the eyesockets in fleshless skulls.

Private Johann Schmidt has changed too. He is changed in all his outer and some of his inner aspects. He looks years older than he looked six months ago—and indeed in all that goes to age a man he is years and years older. He has learned to endure things the mere thought of which a little while ago would have sickened him to the hobs of his soul. He has learned to accept the daily and hourly chance of a violent and a painful death as the ordinary business of his life. His yellow hair is long and matted, and creeping vermin hide in it and he cannot get them out. His jaws are covered with a dirty, tawny beard. His uniform is part fouled and odorsome woolen cloth and part worn, seamy leather. He looks upon the waste and wreckage about him with indifferent eyes. He has learned to care for nothing at all except the cause he serves and the orders he obeys. Least of all does he care for himself, for the training of war has taught him that the individual is of no consequence. He will willingly share his ration with the starving natives who haunt the shells of their homes, like furtive ghosts; but if they should transgress the code of laws made and provided by his superiors he will shoot them with the same willingness. He is sentimental, but he is not sympathetic. Indeed I think the German has so much of sentiment in him that he has not much room for sympathy.

Also a change has stolen over his psychological side, I think. Maybe his confidence has been shaken without his having realized it. Maybe a stubborn determination to die before he gives in has taken the place of that blind, Mussulmanlike confidence which possessed him last August. He no longer says: "We win and we win and we always win." He says: "We cannot lose!"

But he is still the Johann Schmidt who does not know how to disobey. A command comes to him which may be in truth his death warrant. He salutes and heaves up his rifle—that at least is clean and fit for use—and as he starts upon his errand I hear him rumble out the two words with which I shall always associate him: *"Ja wohl!"*

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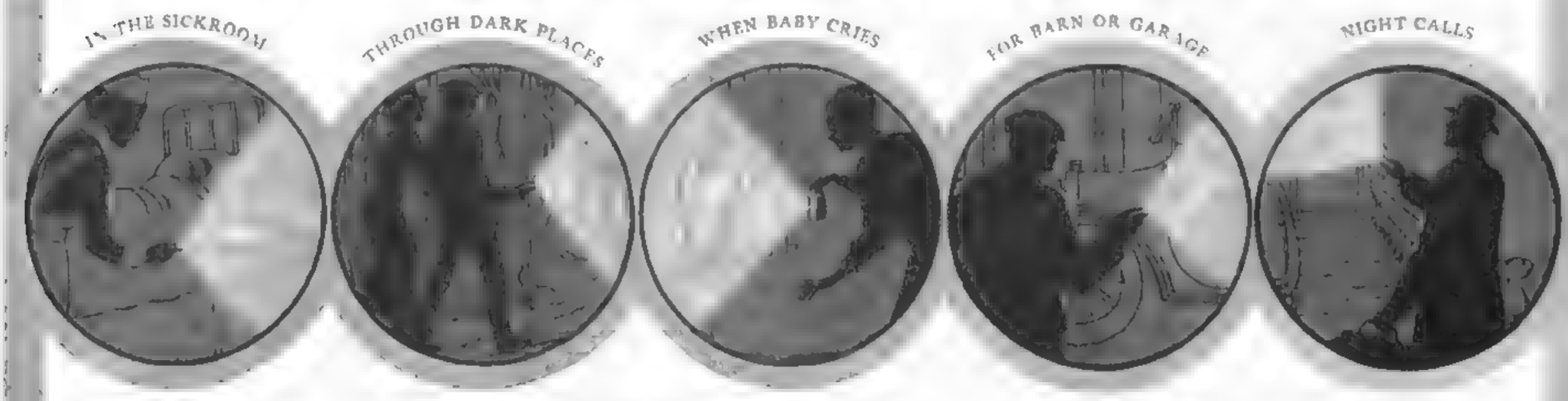

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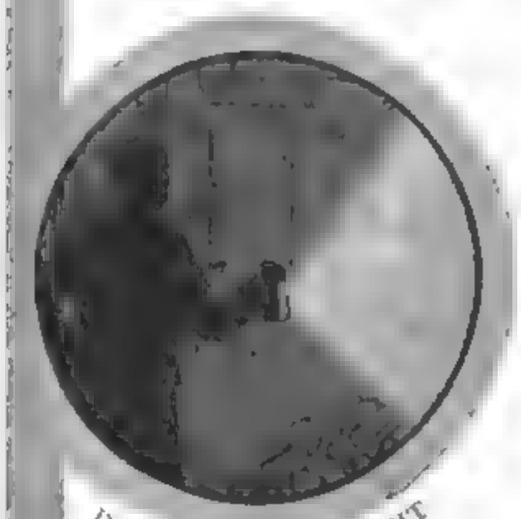
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A MILE, A MUDDY TRACK AND NINETY POUNDS

(Continued from Page 7)

could get. I stayed on the job day and night, but the best we could do was to break even on expenses; and finally Jimmy and Daisy moved into a furnished flat—three little rooms out in the Mission.

A rainy spell came along and lasted for a few days. Jimmy had a mount in a handicap and they went to the post with it pouring down in sheets, and a cold wind whistling across the track. Dwyer held 'em at the barrier for twenty-five minutes—and poor Jimmy was out there all that time, with nothing on him but a thin silk jacket and oilskin breeches.

They finally got away and Jimmy finished third; but he was shaking so that it was all he could do to walk to the scales and weigh in. I had to help him back to the jocks' room, and then I went out and got him a drink of brandy. He had an engagement in the sixth race, but he was too sick to ride and I took him home. All the way back to town he shook with a chill and his coughing spells fairly tore him to pieces.

Daisy was out in the kitchen, fooling round fixing something to eat. She poked her head in for a minute.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she says. "What luck did you have to-day?"

"Not much, honey bug," says Jimmy. "Don't mind about any dinner for me. I'm feeling pretty rotten and I think I'll go to bed."

"Huh!" says she. "You might have told me sooner and I could have gone out to a restaurant!"

She didn't seem to want to help; so I undressed him and put him to bed. He didn't want to talk; so, as soon as I had him comfortable, I started to leave. Daisy followed me out into the hall. She had on a wrapper and her hair was done up in curl-papers. She looked old enough to be his mother and mean enough to be his landlady.

"Look here," says she, "do you think Jimmy needs you any longer?"

"Needs me!" says I. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that he's not making enough money to support his wife," says she, "let alone carrying you round the country and paying you a fat salary. You've been living off him ever since he's been riding, haven't you?"

Well, I didn't know what to say. I might have told her the truth—that I'd paid my own carfare from New York, and hadn't taken a cent of his money since he told me he had to ride to eat. Most likely she would have thought I was lying. I'd saved a little money when things were coming soft and I was that much ahead of the game.

"Jimmy is so easy," says she, "that he hates to say anything to you about it. He doesn't want to hurt your feelings, but he was telling me only the other day that he couldn't afford to keep you any longer. He needs *every* cent he can earn. Why, yesterday I ordered a hat sent out c. o. d., and when it came he didn't have the money to pay for it! Only thirty dollars, and it had to go back to the store. Think of that!"

I did think of it, and a lot of other things too. What was the use of telling her that I knew she was lying about Jimmy wanting to get rid of me? He couldn't get along without me. And here he was, trimmed down to small change and his wife ordering thirty-dollar hats!

I had a good notion to tear into her about that; but, after all, she was Jimmy's wife and he had to go on living with her. I didn't want to make it any harder for him than it was, so I didn't answer her at all. I gave her one look, though, and then I went down the stairs and out into the street.

I walked a couple of miles in the rain before I remembered to get on a cable car; I had other things on my mind. Jimmy was up against it—she hadn't lied about that—and I figured it out that there was only one thing to do.

The next morning I went back to the flat. Daisy answered the bell; and when she saw it was me she came out into the hall and shut the door.

"You can't see him," says she. "He was barking all night long; but he's asleep now. What do you want?"

"Oh, nothing," I says; "but I rustled round last night and dug up some money that's been owing to Jimmy ——"

"Give it here!" says she, and her hand came out when she said it.

I forked over fifty dollars. She didn't even thank me; and she might have, at that, because the fifty belonged to me.

"If anybody else owes him money you'd better collect that too," says she.

Well, if Jimmy stayed sick I knew that I'd have to make some more collections of the same kind; so I told her that I'd go over my accounts the first chance I got. I wasn't lying to spare her feelings—money was money to her wherever she got it—but I didn't want Jimmy to suspect where it was coming from. He wouldn't have taken it.

"You're a queer sort of a manager," says she, "not to know how much is owing to Jimmy."

"I ain't a regular manager," says I. "I'm only a volunteer."

I stopped at the first place to get a drink. I don't use the stuff, as a rule; but that woman was so cold-blooded that she made me feel as though I needed a shot in the arm.

I went into one of those little San Francisco corner groceries with a bar in the rear, behind a screen. While I was there she came into the front of the place and used the telephone. She was ordering that thirty-dollar hat sent out at once.

"Give me another and take one yourself," says I to the bartender—"that is, if you'll drink with the biggest fool west of the Mississippi!"

Jimmy was laid up for three weeks. Daisy was willing to let me see him when she found that I was making collections right along. She never failed to meet me at the door with her hand out, and I bought in for a ten or a twenty. Once I gave her forty; but that was for the rent.

JIMMY didn't feel like riding the first week or so, and we loafed round the paddock and the betting ring together.

It was while Jimmy was on the ground that we met Glotz, the Austrian agent. He was a fussy little man with a fuzzy green hat and a feather stuck in it—the first of the kind I'd seen—and he said he was commissioned to grab off some riders to go abroad in the spring.

It seems that a couple of American jocks had blown into Vienna the season before and mopped up the race tracks with the foreign talent. The Austrians went daffy over 'em, same as the Englishmen went daffy over Tod Sloan; and it made a tremendous demand for American riders. I didn't take much stock in the idea at first, but Glotz had Jimmy hypnotized from the start.

"Aw, you don't want to go over there," says I when I got Jimmy alone. "Forget it! Ain't this country good enough for you?"

"The country is all right," says he; "but the scale of weights is all wrong. It's down so low that nobody but kids or dwarfs can ride here. About the time that a man's experience amounts to something he's got to quit because he's too heavy. Now in Austria you can weigh a ton if you want to; their scale runs higher than ours. Glotz tells me that O'Bannon was their leading rider last season. O'Bannon is as big as a house and I wouldn't trust him to ride a pig down an alley. If that stiff is a star over there, what will they think of me, Red?"

Well, there was some sense in his argument, especially the part about the American scale of weights. Jimmy was getting to the point where he'd have to quit or go abroad; and race horses are the same in any country, I guess.

"A fine lot of cooks they must have if O'Bannon can get away with anything," says I. "If he's a champion you'll be a German riot, sure."

"That's the way I figure it," says he.

"You want to get rid of that cough though," says I.

"That's the least of my troubles," says Jimmy. "The damned Turkish baths did that to me. I'm not sick; I'm just down too fine—that's all. Let me weigh in at one-twenty and I'll be as strong as a bull. Glotz wants me to sign up to ride for some baron or other—pretty good money and expenses both ways. I'm going to see what Daisy thinks about it."

"She won't like it," says I.

I called the turn. She didn't like it a little bit, but I'll bet it was only because Jimmy wanted to go. If he had gone to her and pretended that he wasn't stuck on the idea she would have said it was the one thing for him to do.

Jimmy went to riding again, with a little better luck, and I did his work for him the same as usual. He never noticed that I wasn't holding out my bit, and, of course, I didn't say anything about it. I did some hustling on the side and managed to get along one way and another. Glotz was still scuttling round the track, waving his hands and talking about Vienna and some of those other delicatessen towns. One day toward the end of the meet Jimmy came out to the track looking as though he had lost his last friend.

"What's the matter now?" says I.

"I'm going to sign up to go abroad with Glotz," says he.

"I wouldn't do it if I didn't want to," says I.

"I do want to," says he. "It's the only chance I've got. I broke the news to Daisy last night. She—we had a little spat about it. She says if I go I'll have to go alone."

"It'll be the best thing in the world for you," says I, before I thought how it would sound.

He looked at me sort of queer.

"You don't understand her, Red," says he; "and you never did. She's a woman, and women get nervous sometimes and fly off the handle—the best of 'em do. They can't help it. I thought she'd be crazy to travel; but no, she says she won't stir a step out of this country. I explained why I had to go and that I couldn't keep on riding at these low weights without hurting myself; but —— Well, I guess you oughtn't to expect a woman to understand a man's business. Daisy is going to stay here until I come back in the fall. I wish you'd kind of look after her, will you, Red?"

"Then I ain't going with you?" says I.

"I wish you could," says he; "but I've got to leave every nickel I can rake and scrape with Daisy ——"

There it was again! Always Daisy, Daisy, Daisy!

"Oh, all right!" I says. "I didn't mean for you to pay my fare, Jimmy. I wasn't counting on it anyway."

"I'll be lost without you, Red," says he. "I'm sorry you're not going along."

I was sorry too. The collections had put an awful hole in my bank roll. There was only about fifty dollars left.

It came down to the last day at the track—a Saturday, I remember—and Jimmy was to leave on Monday. He had managed to dig up six hundred dollars, most of it an advance from Glotz; and that was to last Daisy until he could begin sending some from the other side.

There was a stake race that day and Jimmy was to ride Remembrance, a big, no-account bay mare. It was his last mount at the meeting. In the same race was a horse named James Carroll, a chunky short-coupled little brown fellow with a fair turn of speed.

Two or three years before Jimmy had won a stake race for an old Kentuckian named Boggs—at Latonia it was—and Boggs felt so tickled over winning the stake that he named his first good colt after Jimmy.

I guess it was a hunch—I certainly didn't have any information about the horse—but I took thirty dollars and bet it on James Carroll to win at twelve to one. I didn't say anything to Jimmy, because I didn't want him to know that I was putting it up to his namesake to get me to Vienna. After they went to the post I sat on the paddock fence and waited.

There was a lot depending on James Carroll that day, but he ran as though he didn't know it. My steamer ticket finished sixth, and I felt pretty blue as I carried Jimmy's tack back to the jocks' room. He was walking along beside me, and I guess we were both wondering whether it was the last time I'd carry his saddle for him.

"Seems to me your namesake couldn't untrack himself to-day," says I.

"He never had a chance," says Jimmy. "I could have told you that."

"Why didn't he?" says I. We were both talking because we didn't want to think about it being the last time we'd be together.

"Well," says Jimmy, "a mile and a quarter is too far for him; he doesn't like a dry track, and weight stops him. Give him

a mile, a muddy track and ninety pounds and you can bet your life on him."

"I'll never bet my life on him again," says I. "I did it once and he double-crossed me."

On Monday Jimmy took the Overland at the Oakland Mole. Going over on the ferry-boat Daisy asked him twice how soon he'd be able to send her some money. I guess that was all she thought about.

"Well, old boy," says Jimmy to me, "I'll be the champion of Austria when you see me again. O'Bannon won't have a chance with me. Let's not say good-by. I don't like the sound of it. And if you stick in San Francisco you'll keep an eye on Daisy, won't you, Red? You don't know what an awful helpless thing a woman is when she's all alone."

Well, I promised him I'd look after her. What else could I do?

"The rent of the flat is paid for a couple of months," says he; "and if she doesn't spend too much money she'll be all right. Look out for her, old pal. There's nobody I'd sooner trust her to. . . . So long, Reddy, and be good to yourself."

I watched the train out of sight and I felt as though the best part of my life was going with it.

Tuesday night I went out to the flat just to see how Daisy was getting along. A lot of neighbor women were there and she was packing up. They were all saying Jimmy must be a fine husband to go so far away and not take his wife with him.

"There's one thing sure," says she, "I ain't going to die of lonesomeness to please anybody!"

The next day she moved downtown to a swell hotel two rooms and a bath. She forfeited the rent on the flat.

VI

THAT was a long summer. There wasn't any racing in the West except at the country fairs; so I got a job in a restaurant slinging hash. Some people can live without working, but they never told me how they did it. I got a postal from Jimmy now and then—only a line or so and never any real news—and he sent Daisy money every two weeks. I used to drop in at the hotel once in a while and send my name up. Word would come back by a bell boy that she didn't need anything.

I got my last postal from him early in November. It was written from Budapest, wherever that is, and no address given. All it said was that we'd have Christmas dinner together—the three of us. I thought Daisy might know something more, so I went over to find out. She sent word that I was to come up.

I found her walking the floor and wound up like a phonograph. She ripped and raved and tore up things generally because Jimmy hadn't sent her any money for a month. Probably he'd spent it on another woman over there. She was his wife and ought to be considered first; the hotel people were kicking about her bill and she didn't know what to do.

After she got done telling her troubles she whirled into me—I was the fellow who was responsible for the whole business. It was me who put the Austrian idea into Jimmy's head in the first place. She didn't want him to go 'way over there and she'd begged him not to do it. I could have stopped him if I'd wanted to; but, instead of that, I egged him on. I hadn't ever liked her and wanted to separate 'em, and all such crazy stuff as that. There was no stopping her; I had to sit and take it.

I got away as soon as I could, not caring a whoop if I never saw her again; but I told her where I was working and said that if there was anything I could do to let me know.

December came along and still no word from Jimmy; but I kept hoping that no news was good news. One night Daisy called me up on the telephone—had to see me at once, she said, on a matter of life and death. I was afraid it was bad news about Jimmy and I ran all the way to the hotel.

I found Daisy in bed and she began to cry the minute she saw me. It was the only time in my life that I ever came near feeling sorry for her. Maybe it was because she looked so little and so scared. I sat down by the bed and held her hand until she eased up enough to talk. And this was what she called a matter of life and death:

Jimmy had treated her worse than a dog, she said. He had forgotten her and left her to starve, while he was fooling round Europe and spending his money on other women. That was when I let go of her hand; but she grabbed mine and held on to it.

She went on to tell me that she had raised some money on her jewelry; but she'd spent part of it and the hotel people had taken the rest. Now that she was flat broke and didn't have a friend in the world they were going to turn her out into the street.

"And they're g-going to keep my trunk!" says she. "All my clothes and everything! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

She began to cry again; and I sat there, thinking about Jimmy Carroll and wondering what had happened to him. I was dead certain that if he hadn't sent her any money it was because he didn't have any to send.

Well, she put it straight up to me. I was Jimmy's pal, she said, and I'd promised to look after her. Wasn't there something I could do and do quick? I asked her how much she owed.

"Not very much," says she. "Only about two hundred to the hotel people and some small bills at the stores. Three hundred dollars will square me with everybody—and then, of course, I ought to have something to live on until Jimmy comes back. I can't starve, can I?"

Three hundred dollars! She might as well have asked me for the city hall! I turned my pockets inside out; small change and all, I had seven dollars and something. I gave that to her.

"Things ain't coming very soft for me now," says I, "but I'll hustle round tomorrow and see what I can do."

She was crying again when I went out.

I didn't sleep a wink that night, worrying about Jimmy. Was he so sick that he wasn't able to write? Was he broke and up against it? Had he got into trouble of some sort? I knew mighty well what he'd expect me to do under the circumstances; but how in the world could I raise three hundred dollars? The only thing I owned that a pawnbroker would look at twice was the watch Jimmy had given me, and that wouldn't bring more than a hundred at the outside.

All the morning while I was at work I was studying and scheming, and at last I decided that there was just one thing to do—one chance, and a long shot at that. If it went through, all right; if it didn't, I'd have the satisfaction of knowing that I'd gone the limit for Jimmy's wife.

When the noon rush was over I slipped out and borrowed fifty on the watch. I could have had more, but I didn't want to hang it up so high that I couldn't get it back some day. I was due at the hashery at four, so there wasn't time to go out to Ingleside. I went to a downtown poolroom instead—a place in a basement where they got returns from all the winter meets in the country.

I'd sort of lost track of the horses and didn't know what was running or where; so I picked up the racing edition of an afternoon paper with past performances and selections in it. I wanted to study a while and dope out a couple of cinch bets if I could.

The whole front page was covered with racing stuff, but the first thing I saw—and the only thing I saw—was a two-line cable dispatch with a foreign heading on it—one sentence that you could read at a glance—a little thing to mean so much:

"James Carroll, an American jockey, died here today, a victim of tuberculosis."

I don't know how long I sat there, looking at that paper. I read the words over and over again, trying to get it through my head what they meant. Jimmy, my pal, dead—and only those two lines to tell me about it! How long had he been sick? Who was with him at the end? Where would he be buried? The paper didn't say anything but that he was dead. It didn't seem possible, somehow; yet there it was in black and white, a cable message from the other side.

All round me people were talking and laughing; I wondered how they had the heart to do it. I had Jimmy's last postal card in my pocket, and I took it out and looked at it:

"Hello, Red! We'll have Christmas dinner together—you and me and Daisy.

"Yours, JIMMY."

For once he'd put me first, and there was a little comfort in that. With his handwriting there in front of me it was hard to realize that he wouldn't be home for Christmas dinner, or ever any more. . . . And yet some people believe that everything that happens is for the best!

I must have sat there a long time, because by and by I heard the telegraph operator sing out that they were going to the post in the last race in New Orleans.

New Orleans! I thought of the winter when Jimmy was the star at that same track, and how night and day I was always with him, neither of us thinking that those good times could ever end.

It struck me that some of the same horses might be running there, and I looked at the blackboard on the wall. I didn't have any notion of making a bet; I had forgotten Daisy and what I was there for.

New Orleans: Fourth race; fifth race—yes, there were a lot of the old horses there; some that Jimmy used to ride. Sixth race—and then I sat up and rubbed my eyes.

The third horse from the top of the column was James Carroll—Jimmy's namesake. I looked at the distance, and it was one mile. I looked at the weight, and it was ninety pounds. I looked at the top of the board for the weather conditions, and there it was, in yellow chalk: "Rain; track heavy."

Like a flash it came back to me; I could almost hear Jimmy saying it:

"A mile, a muddy track and ninety pounds and you can bet your life on him!"

"They're at the post in New Orleans, gentlemen," shouts the operator; "and it's raining hard!"

I took the fifty dollars that I got for Jimmy's watch and I bet it on Jimmy's namesake at twenty-five to one.

"Now," says I, "if you're fit to hear the name, come through, James Carroll! Come through!"

Pretty soon the operator began to call the race:

"They're off in New Orleans, all in a bunch. . . . At the quarter Samovar is leading by two lengths, Miss Marion second Happy Knight third. . . . At the half Samovar by a length, Happy Knight three lengths, Desire third; the others trailing. . . . At the three-quarters Samovar still leads, Happy Knight closing fast, Desire third. . . . In the stretch Happy Knight by a head, Samovar second, Billy Boots third and coming great guns!"

The telegraph instrument stopped rattling and there wasn't a sound in the poolroom; everybody was waiting for the one, two, three. James Carroll hadn't got a call all the way round; it was a million to one against him now, unless he could drop from the clouds.

The instrument began again and the operator held up his hand.

"Here she is, boys! Billy Boots, first; Happy Knight, second; Larry Parsons, third!"

Well, it was all over; but it didn't seem to matter. Nothing mattered. When the worst in the world has happened to you the small things don't count for much. My long chance had gone wrong and there wasn't anything more I could do for Jimmy's wife, except to tell her the news.

All of a sudden the telegraph instrument began to rattle like mad. The operator yelled and jabbed a button; a bell rang twice. The cashier, who was getting ready to pay off, jumped up on his stool and looked over the partition.

"What's the matter, Bill?" he asks.

"Hold that a second!" says the man at the wire. "There's a correction coming on the last in New Orleans. Ah, here it is! Raining hard. . . . Mistake in the colors. . . . James Carroll wins! Pay off on James Carroll!"

VII

ON CHRISTMAS night I worked at one of the big Market Street restaurants, along with a lot of other extra waiters. I had a station 'way over in a corner, but I saw Daisy as soon as she came into the place. She had all her jewelry back again and was dressed fit to kill. The man with her was her kind; I could see that. She wasn't any too good for him and he wasn't any too good for her.

He ordered wine and they clinked glasses across the table. Did she think of Jimmy and his promise to be home for Christmas dinner? Maybe not; the wine didn't seem to choke her. I've never seen her since that night; I hope I'll never see her again.

I held out enough of the winnings on James Carroll to redeem the watch. She said she needed every cent she could get; but I know Jimmy would have thought I was entitled to that much anyway.

FILL the magazine in your Spencer Heater once a day. It will maintain even heat 8 to 12 hours *without attention*, burning the cheap grades of coal, at a saving of 30% to 50%.

Spencer Steam, Vapor and Hot Water Heaters have a water-jacketed magazine which holds a 24-hour coal supply in average winter weather (12 in severe), which feeds automatically.

The magazine feature makes Spencer Heaters especially valuable for apartments, flats and greenhouses, as it means even heat can be maintained all night *without attention*. In residences

Spencer
Steam, Vapor and Hot Water
Heaters

free the "women folks" of all coal shoveling and heater care.

Burn Cheap Coal—

Spencer Heaters use the cheap grades of coal. A "Spencer" will require no more tons of the cheap sizes of hard coal (such as Pea and No. 1 Buckwheat) than other heaters do of the large expensive sizes. It will also burn soft non-coking coals, semi-anthracite, lignite, etc., with much less attention and smaller consumption than ordinary boilers. Thousands of "Spencer" owners average yearly savings of ONE-THIRD to ONE-HALF.

Investigate the "Spencer"—

Make a study of the "Spencer," read the catalog and opinions of users. Then you'll be convinced that it does easily what other heaters aren't even built to do. Ask your architect or heating contractor. Send today for catalog.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
200 People's National Bank Building, Scranton, Pa.

Branch Offices—New York City, 101 Park Ave., Cor 40th St.; Chicago, Railway Exchange; Philadelphia, Morris Bldg.; Boston, 70 Milk St.; Detroit, 910 Ford Bldg.; Buffalo, 1377 Main St.; Minneapolis, Plymouth Bldg.; Denver, 711 Sixteenth St.; [illegible] Seattle, Wash., Mutual Life Bldg.; [illegible] Butte, Mont., 204 Pennsylvania Block.

Canadian Sales Representatives—Winnipeg, The Waldon Co., Cor Main and Portage Ave.; Toronto, The Waldon Co., Lumsden Bldg.

TO REDUCE COAL BILLS
SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
200 People's Nat. Bank Bldg., Scranton, Pa.
I am interested in reducing heating costs. Please mail your books free
Name _____
Address _____
My heating contractor _____

The reports thus far produced by the Curtis Division of Commercial Research: Textiles, Agricultural Implements, Automobiles, Pacific Coast Industries, etc.

In The Interest Of Sound Advertising

Building Business on Facts—Cutting Out the Gambling Element—How We Try to Benefit the Consumer, the Manufacturer and the Advertising Man.

Any advertising, to be successful, must do these things:

It must efficiently and economically sell the goods advertised.

It must give the consumer something he needs or wants, or a better article than some other at the price, or it must supply an article more conveniently or with better service.

Unless it does these things, advertising is not economically sound and cannot command permanent success.

The plan of advertising, to accomplish these ends, obviously must include much more than merely printing a "clever ad."

Facts, Above All Else

Successful advertising is achieved by (1) getting facts, (2) weighing facts, (3) acting in accordance with facts.

The advertiser must know whether the public has a conscious need for his goods, or whether the public must be educated to that need. He must know what others have done in similar lines in order that he may take advantage of previous educational work and that he may avoid the mistakes of others. He must know whether a certain quality or style or price will be most suitable to work out his plan successfully.

He must know the habits of the people in buying similar goods, and in what kind of stores they buy them—corner grocery stores, specialty shops, department stores, drug stores, hardware stores.

He must know something of the possible market for his goods, how much of it he already has and where it is. He must know what kind of people buy his goods and how they may be reached, both by the advertising and the actual distribution of the goods. Sometimes advertisers have concentrated very expensive effort on one large city where it was not worth while to make the effort—as results subsequently proved. In other cases advertisers have scattered their efforts everywhere when it was impossible to work more than certain sections profitably because of excessive freight charges or other conditions that could and should have been known.

Sometimes the possible profits will not permit of extensive advertising. Sometimes the goods are a novelty that cannot endure, or a staple that does not fill the need. These are but a few of the many details that ought to be known before a single line of advertising is written.

It is an astonishing truth that manufacturers often lack vital information about their own business, and yet are eager to start advertising, blindly.

During the past decade it has become increasingly evident that there should be some large central organization, having both the resources and the confidence of the various branches of trade, to gather and make available such information.

A Central Research Bureau

Recognizing this unfilled need, The Curtis Publishing Company a few years ago established a "Division of Commercial Research."

This Division is studying, one by one, the chief industries, spending from six months to a year on each. The method is to go out on the road and visit hundreds of cities in all parts of the country, calling on manufacturers, wholesalers, retail stores and consumers, and applying to the information obtained by these interviews keen, commonsense methods of analysis which will bring out the underlying facts. The industries thus far covered and the time spent on each are as follows:

Automobiles, trucks and motor cycles, and their accessories. One year.

Department stores, with particular reference to textiles and women's ready-to-wear clothing. One year.

Agricultural implements. Six months.

For the past eight months the investigators have been occupied with the vast subject of foods and the problems and methods of grocery stores. The conclusions, which will be ready probably next summer, will be of great importance to all manufacturers dealing with grocery stores.

In making these investigations the representatives of this Division up to date have traveled more than 125,000 miles. The reports already made include more than 8000 typewritten pages and 900 tables and drawn charts.

These reports contain some information given in confidence, which cannot therefore be made public. The conclusions reached, however, are placed at the disposal of any manufacturer or any advertising agent.

Without Bias

So far as humanly possible this Division works without bias. It is made up not of advertising men but of expert investigators trained in economics. Its whole purpose is that advertising campaigns may be built on facts—not on impressions, not on haphazard guesses, not on prejudice, not on favoritism, but on facts.

Its work is of great importance to this Company, because it makes our advice worthy of being sought after by both manufacturers and advertising agents, who have found it well worth while.

It serves also in preventing us from soliciting or accepting advertising which is not sound—from wasting time and from getting customers whom we must inevitably lose, and with them lose prestige.

We are quite as eager to know conditions unfavorable to advertising as we are to know conditions which favor it. If any product ought not to be advertised in our publications, we want to know it.

$25,000 Saved

For example, a manufacturer of woolens of a special character wanted to spend $25,000 advertising them through *The Saturday Evening Post*. Applying the results of our textile investigations to his product and his market, we pointed out what he had not taken into account—that the specialized market he hoped to reach demanded several widely varying qualities. He could never appeal to it with one line of goods. The "style prejudice" was so strong that as soon as he had sold one part of the market, the other part would reject his line. And the very part he wanted most could not be sold at all by advertising in our publications. We therefore advised against the use of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and the manufacturer saved $25,000.

This is but one of many cases.

A manufacturer of shirt waists wanted to advertise in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. We were obliged to tell this manufacturer that, because of (1) the peculiar characteristics of his business, (2) the general influences affecting his line, and (3) the type of his competition, he could not advertise successfully in *The Journal* with the amount of money at his disposal. The cost would have been prohibitive.

An advertisement announcing a new automobile came to us recently through an advertising agency. A car of the class proposed, sold by the methods which this manufacturer had in mind, would probably have been successful a few years ago. But our knowledge of the development of the automobile industry made us certain that if tried today it would fail. We therefore declined the business.

We believe that in this instance, as in many others, the information gained through commercial research enabled us to prevent not only a loss to the advertiser but also injury to the reputation of the advertising agency, and to our own reputation, which would have been the inevitable outcome if the advertising had been tried and proved unsuccessful.

Good Business Sense

In other words, it is not merely good ethics. It is good business as well. Advertising sometimes has suffered through attempting the impossible. It is to the best advantage of every advertising organization to urge that commercial information be gathered and used as widely as possible in building advertising on sound foundations and preventing waste effort—that it do its part to take the gambling element out of business and to substitute scientific methods.

And this is to the best interest of the consumer as well, because well-founded advertising means better service and worth-while goods for all who buy.

Our work in commercial research, therefore, helps us to offer

(1) to manufacturers, practical advice,
(2) to advertising agents, helpful coöperation, and
(3) to our readers, reasonable assurance that an article advertised in any of our publications is being sold by a plan that is economically sound.

Which means that such advertising is worthy of your patronage.

Our reports on department stores, textiles, automobiles, agricultural implements, etc., are not printed, but are in typewritten form at the offices of this Company. Manufacturers and advertising men are cordially invited to make appointments to call and inspect these volumes.

The Curtis Publishing Company

Independence Square, Philadelphia

1 Madison Avenue
New York City

Home Insurance Building
Chicago, Illinois

First National Bank Building
San Francisco, California

Merchants National Bank Building
Boston, Massachusetts

Milburn Light Electric

$1485

f. o. b. Toledo

Weighs nearly a ton less than the large heavy electrics.

Costs about half that of the large heavy electrics.

Comfortably seats four passengers.

Handsomely finished and appointed.

General Electric Motor
General Electric Controller
Worm Gear
Cantilever Springs
100-inch Wheel Base
Hess-Bright Bearings

If cushion tires as shown—$35 extra

Handsome catalogue on request. Please address Dept 25

See our exhibit at the Chicago Automobile Show

THE MILBURN WAGON COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

Established 1848

SHE is Miss Stella Williams, of New Orleans. We paid her over $2000 last year for taking care of the renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in her neighborhood. She writes:

"My Curtis work financed a four-year course at college and I am now planning a finishing trip abroad. I know of no other way in which I could have secured an education, the travel and the spending money that I wanted."

Miss Williams is one of thousands of men and women who in their spare time earn the spending money they need. We will pay you liberally in commission and salary for doing the same thing. You can obtain full details by writing to

Box 733

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

CLERGYMAN'S KNEE

Concluded from Page 9

whips across the backs and legs of some plugs that were scampering and plunging about.

The whole matter became clear. If a horse be touched up a bit with a whip he is inclined to be an extremely spry animal the instant one is waved in his direction. Even the laziest—one settled in his habits—can be so persuaded. Practically every dealer resorts at times to this ruse, which is considered legitimate—one of the recognized tactics in horse trades of magnitude.

Numbers of stable employees and spectators at sales have told me that it is a common practice to inject dope into a sluggish horse before inspection. Doubtless it has been done innumerable times by dealers in various parts of the country, but I have not seen it; and it is my notion that such horses could not get past the buyers, assuming that they were qualified men.

Very often a buyer will reverse a decision and not know it; a horse will get by him in the afternoon that he rejected in the morning. This is but natural. If you were called on to judge hundreds of horses in a day it is unlikely you would remember every one of them. Knowing this a dealer will put a condemned one aside and show him again later. As often as not he is then accepted.

The standards set are not severe; nor are they iron-bound as to color. And they must inevitably be lowered as the war goes on and a scarcity of horses makes itself felt. A Fort Worth dealer, who has set out to supply thirteen thousand head and has already shipped fifty-nine hundred of them, gave the requirements as follows: Cavalry, fifteen hands to fifteen hands three inches, weight from eight hundred and fifty to one thousand pounds; artillery, fifteen hands three inches to sixteen hands, weight from one thousand to twelve hundred pounds. The age limits are five and ten years, and in colors brown, bay and sorrel are preferred. A few grays and duns have been accepted, but they were exceptional horses and those colors are not desired.

It came as a surprise that the horses were not ridden before purchase. The French have contracted for broken and gentle animals; what they are getting look quiet enough, but inspectors do not stipulate that they shall be topped before acceptance. And you never can tell from merely looking at a Western horse—the meekest are apt to be the meanest outlaws that ever squalled. What some of the Allies' troopers will go up against the first time they mount them is an awesome thing to contemplate.

"Pshaw!" said Ben. "After twenty-five days at sea they'll be as gentle as lambs."

During the Boer War Great Britain bought heavily from this country and all the horses were ridden at inspection. Dealers engaged the best busters in the Southwest, and the dust surely did fly in Texas that year.

Some fine old hulks were unloaded on the English army. One of the buyers in Texas was court-martialed on his return home. They loaded him up with Scotch and then ran past him the halt, the maimed and the blind.

In that glad season one industrious small dealer contrived to sell a horse five times by omitting the hoof brand—something like repeating at an election! The success of such methods depends on gross laxity on the part of a buyer, and the big dealers could not afford to resort to such tricks, even were they so inclined. They expect more contracts and tricks would be poor business. Even horse traders are learning that a satisfied customer means money in their pockets to-morrow.

The British purchases are shipped by way of Canada, and in November heavy losses were reported from pneumonia, which resulted in some changes of route and rigid precautions. All the French horses go by way of New York or Galveston, about twenty-five hundred to a shipload.

I watched them loading a train with horses at Fort Worth. The shipment was bound for New York, and every car had extra boarding to keep out the cold, the weather being severe. There was to be a four days' run, with two feeds; the long voyage across the ocean; the unloading in weakened condition; the confusion of the rush to the front; and then the terrible work on the guns and supply wagons; short rations; exposure to cold more cruel than any they ever experienced; the shriek of shells and blinding flashes of the explosions; the battlefield, littered with stiff-legged carcasses!

"Good-by, ol' feller!" cried a cowboy to one in the last car as the train moved out. "Gee, if he could only talk he'd sure be able to tell a story a month from now!"

WHAT NEXT?

Checking Up Plans

AN INGENIOUS scheme for finding out in advance whether the plans for a bridge or a great building are properly designed to withstand the strains that will develop has been perfected by a noted British engineer.

He makes a little model of the bridge in glass, and then sends rays of polarized light through the glass. Stresses are indicated by the way the light rays bend as they come through the glass. It is possible to determine very closely what the stresses are by close observation of the light rays.

If some part of the proposed bridge shall have a much greater strain than figured by the designers, the light rays will show the error. In this way all the elaborate calculations that precede the building of a big structure can be checked up.

Though the operation is not an easy one it has been found to be entirely practicable, and has been used in the designing of a great concrete bridge, with a span of three hundred and ten feet.

Refrigerator Automobiles

REFRIGERATOR automobiles have now appeared, for the delivery of milk and other food. A Western dairy is using such a car for carrying its products in quantity considerable distances over country roads. The body of the motor truck is of sheet steel in the form of a big ice box.

Three hundred pounds of ice is carried in a tank at the top of the box. The drippings from the melting ice go down through pipes bent in such a way as to form shelves for milk bottles. The inside of the box is zinc-lined, and charcoal packing between the zinc and the steel saves ice.

Rubber Tennis Courts

A RUBBER tennis court has recently been exhibited in England by a manufacturer who hopes to open up a new line of trade. Amateur and professional players who have tried it differ in their opinions on the whole rather approving the innovation.

Green slabs and inlaid strips of white rubber serve to make the markings of a standard tennis court.

Glass Ribs

SKYLIGHT glass that will not drip water is the result of a new and practical application of an old, familiar scientific principle—capillary attraction. The glass is designed for skylights in factories, museums, operating rooms, or other locations where a drop of water condensing on the skylight and falling off might do much damage.

The glass is ribbed, with eight ribs to the inch; and the form as well as the spacing of the ribs is designed to make the greatest possible use of capillary attraction. A drop of water condensing on the glass is held there strongly. A very slight slope of the skylight will make the drop slide off slowly on one side into a gutter; and accordingly the glass is installed with such a slope.

Magnetic Hands

HAND magnets have come into use for picking up and handling small pieces of iron and steel in shopwork. A light magnet, attached to a wooden grip, receives enough current through a cord from an electric-light socket to seize and firmly hold several pounds of metal; and a thumb button enables the operator to switch the current on or off at will.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

(Continued from Page 21)

Too profuse they were, I said, and too little satisfying in any one feature; too many courses constructed, as I had observed, after photographs printed in the back pages of women's magazines; doubtless they possessed a certain artistic value as sights for the eye, but considered as food they were devoid of any real inner meaning.

"Bill's right," said Cousin Egbert warmly. "Mrs. Ellie, she gets up about nine of them pictures, with nuts and grated eggs and scrambled tomatoes all over 'em, and nobody knowing what's what, and even when you strike one that tastes good they's only a dab of it and you mustn't ask for any more. When I go out to dinner what I want is to have 'em say, 'Pass your plate, Mr. Floud, for another piece of the steak and some potatoes and have some more of the squash and help yourself to the quince jelly.' That's how it had ought to be, but I keep eatin' these here little plates of cut-up things and waiting for the real stuff, and first thing I know I get a spoonful of coffee in something like you put eye medicine into and I know it's all over. Last time I was out I hid up a dish of these here salted almuns under a fern and et the whole lot from time to time, kind of absent like. It helped some, but it wasn't dinner."

"Same here," put in the Mixer, saturating half a slice of bread in the sauce of the stew. "I can't afford to act otherwise than like I am a lady at one them dinners, but the minute I'm home I beat it for the ice-box. I suppose it's all right to be socially elegant, but we hadn't ought to let it contaminate our food none. And even at that New York hotel this summer you had to make trouble to get fed proper. I wanted strawberry shortcake—and what do you reckon they dealt me? A thing looking like a marble palace—sponge cake and whipped cream with a few red spots in between. Well, long as we're friends here together, I may say that I raised hell until I had the chef himself up and told him exactly what to do: biscuit dough baked and prized apart and buttered, strawberries with sugar on 'em in between and on top, and plenty of regular cream. Well, after three days' trying he finally managed to get simple—he just couldn't believe I meant it at first and kept building on the whipped cream—and the thing cost eight dollars, but you can bet he had me even then: the bonehead smarty had sweetened the cream and grated nutmeg into it. I give up then.

"And if you can't get right food in New York how can you expect to here? And Jackson, the idiot, has just fired the only real cook in Red Gap. Yes, sir; he's let the coons go. It come out that Waterman had sneaked out that suit of his golf clothes that Kate Kenner wore in the minstrel show, so he fired them both, and now I got to support 'em, because, as long as we're friends here, I don't mind telling you I egged the coon on to do it."

I saw that she was referring to the black and his wife whom I had met at the New York camp, though it seemed quaint to me that they should be called coons, which is, I take it, a diminutive for raccoon, a species of ground game to be found in America.

Truth to tell, I enjoyed myself immensely at this simple but satisfying meal, feeling myself one with these homely people, and I was sorry when we had finished.

"That was some little dinner itself," said the Mixer as she rolled a cigarette, "and now you boys set still while I do up the dishes." Nor would she allow either of us to assist her in this work. When she had done Cousin Egbert proceeded to mix hot toddies from the whisky and we gathered about the table before the open fire.

"Now we'll have a nice home evening," said the Mixer, and to my great embarrassment she began at once to speak of myself.

"A strong man like him has got no business becoming a social butterfly," she remarked to Cousin Egbert.

"Oh, Bill's all right," insisted the latter, as he had done so many times before.

"He's all right so far, but let him go on for a year or so and he won't be a darned bit better than what Jackson is, mark my words. Just a social butterfly, wearing funny clothes and attending afternoon affairs."

"Well, I don't say you ain't right," said Cousin Egbert thoughtfully; "that's one reason I got him out here where everything is nice. What with speaking pieces like an actor I was afraid they would have him making more kinds of a fool of himself than what Jackson does, him being a foreigner and his mind kind of running on what clothes a man had ought to wear."

Hereupon, so flushed was I with the good feeling of the occasion, I told them straight that I had resolved to quit being Colonel Ruggles of the British Army and associate of the nobility: that I had determined to forget all class distinctions and to become one of themselves, plain, simple and unpretentious. It is true that I had consumed two of the hot grogs, but my mind was clear enough, and both my companions applauded this resolution.

"If he can just get his mind off clothes for a bit he might amount to something," said Cousin Egbert, and it will scarcely be credited, but at the moment I felt actually grateful to him for this admission.

"We'll think about his case," said the Mixer, taking her own second toddy, whereupon the two fell to talking of other things, chiefly of their cattle plantations and the price of beef stock, which then seemed to be six and one-half, though what this meant I had no notion. Also I gathered that the Mixer at her own cattle farm had been watching her calves marked with her monogram, though I would never have credited her with so much sentiment.

When the retiring hour came, Cousin Egbert and I prepared to take our blankets outside to sleep, but the Mixer would have none of this.

"The last time I slept in here," she remarked, "mice was crawling over me all night, so you keep your shack and I'll bed down outside. I ain't afraid of mice, understand, but I don't like to feel their feet on my face."

And to my great dismay, though Cousin Egbert took it calmly enough, she took a roll of blankets and made a crude pallet on the ground outside under a spreading pine tree. I take it she was that sort. The least I could do was to secure two tins of milk from our larder and place them near her cot, in case of some lurking high-behind, though I said nothing of this, not wishing to alarm her needlessly.

Inside the hut Cousin Egbert and I partook of a final toddy before retiring. He was unusually thoughtful and I had difficulty in persuading him to any conversation. Thus, having noted a bearskin before my bed I asked him if he had killed the animal.

"No," said he shortly, "I wouldn't lie for a bear as small as that." And he was again silent, so I made no further approaches to him. From my first sleep I was awakened by a long booming yell from our guest outside. Cousin Egbert and I reached the door at the same time.

"I've got it!" bellowed the Mixer, and we went out to her in the chill night. She sat up with the blankets muffled about her.

"We start Bill in that restaurant," she began. "It come to me in a flash. I judge he's got the right idea, and Waterman and his wife can cook for him."

"Bully!" exclaimed Cousin Egbert. "I was thinking he ought to have a gents' furnishing store, on account of his mind running to dress, but you got the best idea."

"I'll stake him to the rent," she put in.

"And I'll stake him to the rest," exclaimed Cousin Egbert delightedly; and strange as it may seem I suddenly saw myself a licensed victualer.

"I'll call it the United States Grill," I said suddenly, as if by inspiration.

"Three rousing cheers for the U. S. Grill," shouted Cousin Egbert to the surrounding hills; and repairing to the hut he brought out hot toddies, with which we drank success to the new enterprise. For a half hour I dare say we discussed details there in the cold night, not seeing that it was quite preposterously bizarre. Returning to the hut at last, Cousin Egbert declared himself so chilled that he must have another toddy before retiring, and, although I was feeling myself the equal of any American, I consented to join him.

Just before retiring again my attention centered a second time upon the bearskin before my bed and, forgetting that I had already inquired about it, I demanded of him if he had killed the animal.

"Sure," said he. "Killed it with one shot just as it was going to claw me. It was an awful big one."

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Morning found the three of us engrossed with the new plan, and by the time our guest rode away after luncheon the thing was well forward and I had the Mixer's order upon her estate agent at Red Gap for admission to the vacant premises. During the remainder of the day, between games of cribbage Cousin Egbert and I discussed the venture. And it was now that I began to foresee a certain difficulty.

How, I asked myself, would the going into trade of Colonel Marmaduke Ruggles be regarded by those who had been his social sponsors in Red Gap? I mean to say would not Mrs. Effie and the Belknap-Jacksons feel that I had played them false? Had I not given them the right to believe that I should continue, during my stay in their town, to be one whom their county families would consider rather a personage? It was idle, indeed, for me to deny that my personality as well as my assumed origin and social position abroad had conferred a sort of prestige upon my sponsors; that on my account, in short, the North Side set had been newly armed in its battle with the Bohemian set. And they relied upon my continued influence. How, then, could I face them with the declaration that I meant to become a tradesman? Should I be doing a caddish thing? I wondered.

Putting the difficulty to Cousin Egbert, he dismissed it impatiently by saying, "Oh, shucks!" In truth I do not believe he comprehended it in the least. But then it was that I fell upon my inspiration: I might take Colonel Marmaduke Ruggles from the North Side set, but I would give them another and bigger notable in his place. This should be none other than the Honorable George, whom I would now summon. A fortnight before I had received a rather snarky letter from him, demanding to know how long I meant to remain in North America and disclosing that he was in a wretched state for want of some one to look after him. And he had even hinted that in the event of my continued absence he might himself come out to America and fetch me back. His quarter's allowance would, I knew, be due presently, and my letter would reach him, therefore, before some adventurer had sold him a system for beating the French games of chance. And my letter would be compelling. I would make it a summons he could not resist. Thus, when I met the reproachful gaze of the C. Belknap-Jacksons and of Mrs. Effie I should be able to tell them: "I go from you, but I leave you a better man in my place." With the Honorable George Augustus Vane-Basingwell, next Earl of Brinstead, as their house guest I made no doubt that the North Side set would prevail as it never had before.

Yet there came moments in which I would again find myself in no end of a funk, foreseeing difficulties of an insurmountable character. At such times Cousin Egbert strove to cheer me with all sorts of assurances, and to divert my mind he took me upon excursions of the roughest sort into the surrounding jungle, in search either of fish or ground game. After three days of this my park suit became almost a total ruin, particularly as to the trousers, so that I was glad to borrow a pair of overalls such as Cousin Egbert wore. They were a tidy fit, but, having resolved not to resist America any longer, I donned them without even removing the advertising placard.

With my ever lengthening stubble of beard it will be understood that I now appeared as one of their hearty Western Americans of the roughest type, which was almost quite a little odd, considering my former principles. Cousin Egbert, I need hardly say, was immensely pleased with my changed appearance and remarked that I was sure a live wire. He also heartened me in the matter of the possible disapproval of C. Belknap-Jackson, which he had divined was the essential rabbit in my moodiness.

"I admit the guy uses beautiful language," he conceded, "and probably he's top-notched in education, but jest the same he ain't the whole seven pillars of the house of wisdom, not by a long shot. If he gets fancy with you soak him again. You done it once."

So far was the worthy fellow from divining the intimate niceties involved in my giving up a social career for trade. Nor could he properly estimate the importance of my plan to summon the Honorable George to Red Gap.

Our return journey to Red Gap was made in company with the Indian, Tuttle, and the two cow persons, Hank and Buck, all of whom professed themselves glad to meet me again, and they, too, were wildly enthusiastic at hearing from Cousin Egbert of my proposed business venture. Needless to say they were of a class that would bother itself little with any question of social propriety involved in my entering trade, and they were loud in their promises of future patronage. At this I again felt some misgiving, for I meant the United States Grill to possess an atmosphere of quiet refinement calculated to appeal to particular people that really mattered; and yet it was plain that, keeping a public house, I must be prepared to entertain agricultural laborers and members of the lower or working classes. For a time I debated having an ordinary for such as these, where they could be shut away from my selecter patrons, but eventually decided upon a tariff that would be prohibitive to all but desirable people.

For two days we again filed through mountain gorges of a most awkward character, reaching Red Gap at dusk. For this I was rather grateful, not only because of my beard and the overalls but on account of a hat of the most shocking description, which Cousin Egbert had pressed upon me when my own deerstalker was lost in a glen. I was willing to roughen it in all good-fellowship with these worthy Americans, but I knew that to those who had remarked my careful taste in dress my present appearance would seem almost a little singular. I would rather I did not shock them to this extent.

Yet when our animals had been left in their corral or rude inclosure I found it would be ungracious to decline the hospitality of my new friends, who wished to drink to the success of the U. S. Grill, and so I accompanied them to several public houses, though with the shocking hat pulled well down over my face. Also, as the dinner hour passed, I consented to dine with them at the establishment of a Chinese, where we sat on high stools at a counter and were served ham and eggs and some of the simpler American foods.

The meal being over, I knew that we ought to cut off home directly, but Cousin Egbert again insisted upon visiting drinking-places and I had no mind to leave him, particularly as he was growing more and more bitter in my behalf against Mr. Belknap-Jackson. And I had a doubtless absurd fear that he would seek the gentleman out and do him a mischief, though for the moment he was merely urging me to do this. It would, he asserted, vastly entertain the Indian, Tuttle, and the cow persons if I were to come upon Mr. Belknap-Jackson and savage him without warning, or at least with only a paltry excuse that he seemed proud of having devised.

"You go up to the guy," he insisted, "very polite, you understand, and ask him what day this is. If he says it's Tuesday, soak him."

"But it is Tuesday," I said.

"Sure," he replied; "that's where the joke comes in."

Of course this was the crudest sort of American humor and not to be given a moment's serious thought, so I redoubled my efforts to detach him from our honest but noisy friends, and presently had the satisfaction of doing so by pleading that I must be up early on the morrow and would also require his assistance.

But at last we were away from them and off into the darker avenue, to my great relief, remembering my garb. I might be a living wire as Cousin Egbert had said, but I was keenly aware that his overalls and hat would rather convey the impression that I was what they call in the States a bad person from a bitter creek.

To my further relief the Floud house was quite dark as we approached and let ourselves in. Cousin Egbert, however, would enter the drawing-room, flood it with light and seat himself in an easy chair with his feet lifted to a sofa. He then raised his voice in the ballad of Lily Dale, rendering it most tearfully. Apprehensive at this I stole softly up the stairs and had but reached the door of my own room when I heard Mrs. Effie below. I could fancy the chilling gaze which she fastened upon the singer and I heard her coldly demand, "Where are your feet?" Whereupon the plaintive voice of Cousin Egbert arose to me: "Just below my legs." I mean to say he had taken the thing as a quiz in anatomy rather than as the rebuke it was meant to be. As I closed my door I heard him add that he could be pushed just so far.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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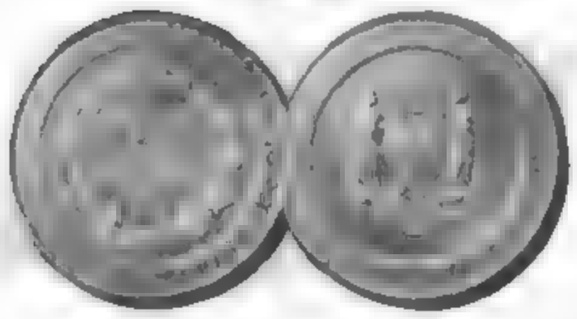

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THE PRAIRIE WIFE

(Continued from Page 18)

took my hand, with the ejaculation, as he did so, of "Oh, say, Gee-Gee, what's the use?" Then before I knew it he had me in his arms—our butter dish was broken in the collision—and I was weak enough to feel sorry for him and his poor, tragic, pleading eyes. Then I gave up. If I was silly enough to have a little cry on his shoulder I had the satisfaction of feeling him give a gulp or two himself. "You're the most wonderful woman in the world!" he solemnly told me, and then in a much less solemn way he began kissing me again. But the barriers were down. And how we talked that night! And how different everything seemed! And how nice it was to feel his arm over my shoulder and his quiet breathing on the nape of my neck. It seemed as though Love were fanning me with its softest wings. I'm happy again. But I've been wondering if it's environment that makes character, or character that makes environment. Sometimes I think it's one way, and sometimes I feel it's the other. But I can't be sure of my answer—yet!

Thursday, the ninth. Everything at Casa Grande has settled back into the usual groove. There is a great deal to do about the shack. The grimmest bugbear of domestic work is dish washing. A pile of greasy plates is the one thing that gets on my nerves. And it is a little Waterloo that must be faced three times every day of every week of every month of every year. And I was never properly "broke" for domesticity and the dish pan! Why can't some genius invent a self-washing fry pan? My hair is growing so long that I can now do it up in a sort of half-hearted French roll. It has been quite cold, with a wonderful fall of snow. The sleighing could not be better.

Saturday, the eleventh. Dinky-Dunk's Christmas present came to-day, over two weeks late. He had never mentioned it and I had held my peace. But they brought it out from Buckhorn in the bobsleigh, all wrapped up in old buffalo robes and blankets and tarpaulins. It's a baby-grand piano and a beauty, and it came all the way from Winnipeg. But either the shipping or the knocking about or the extreme cold has put it terribly out of tune, and it can't be used until a piano tuner travels a couple of hundred miles out here to put it in shape. And it is far too big for the shack, even when pushed right up into the corner. But Dinky-Dunk says that before next winter there'll be a different sort of house on this spot where Casa Grande now stands. "And that's to keep your soul alive in the meantime," he announced. I scolded him for being so extravagant when he needed every dollar he could lay his hands on. But he wouldn't listen to me. In fact, it only started an outburst.

"Why, Gee-Gee," he cried, "haven't you given up enough for me? Haven't you sacrificed enough in coming out here to the end of nowhere and leaving behind everything that made life decent? Don't you suppose I ever think what it's meant to you, to a woman like you? There are certain things we can't have, but there are some things we're going to have. This next ten or twelve months will be hard, but after that there's going to be a change—if the Lord's with me, and I have a white man's luck!"

"And supposing we have bad luck?" I asked him.

He was silent for a moment or two. "We can always give up and go back to the city," he finally said.

"Give up!" I said with a whoop. "Give up? Not on your life, Mister Dour Man! We're not going to be Dixonites! We're going to win out!"

And we were hugging the breath out of each other when Olie came in to ask if he hadn't better get all the stock stabled, as there was bad weather coming.

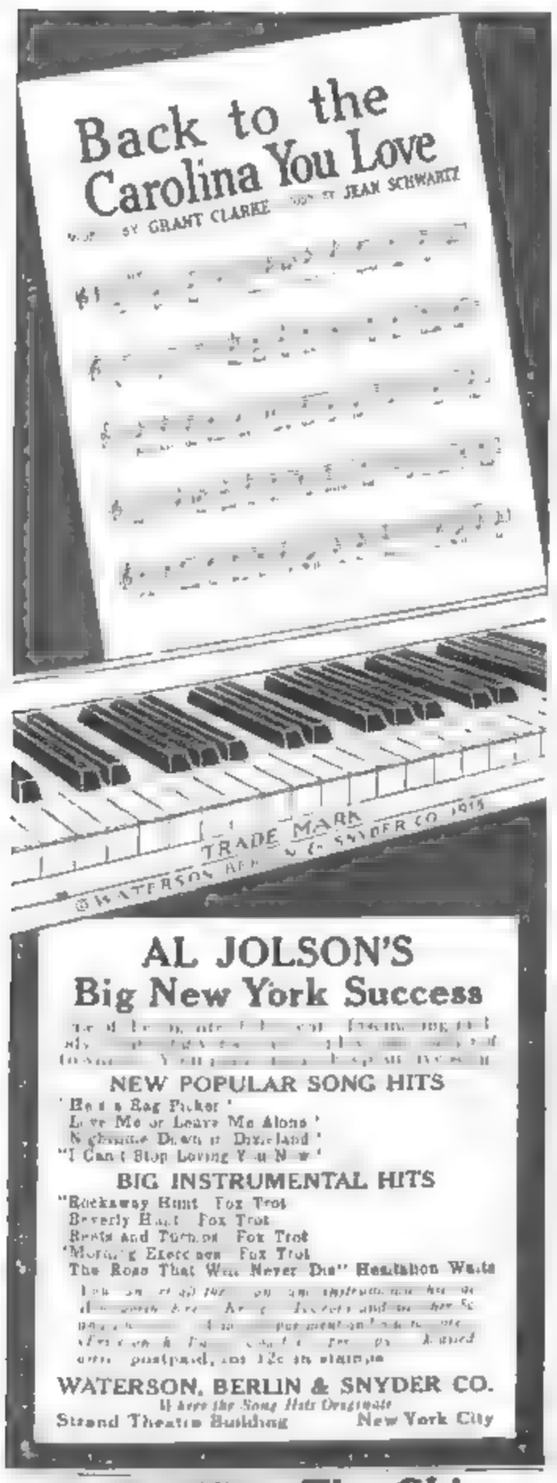
Monday, the thirteenth. We are having the first real blizzard of the winter. It began yesterday, as Olie intimated, and for all the tail end of the day my Dinky-Dunk was on the go, in the bitter cold, looking after fuel and feed and getting things shipshape, for all the world like a skipper who's read his barometer and seen a hurricane coming. There had been no wind for a couple of days, only dull and heavy skies with a disturbing sense of quietness. Even when I heard Olie and Dinky-Dunk shouting outside and shoring up the shack walls with poles, I could not quite make out what it meant. Then the blizzard came. It came down out of the northwest like a cloudburst. It hummed and sang, and then it whined, and then it screamed—screamed in a high falsetto that made you think poor old Mother Earth was in her last throes! The snow was fine and hard—really minute particles of ice and not snow at all, as we know it in the East—little sharp-angled diamond points that stung the skin like fire. It came in almost horizontal lines, driving flat across the unbroken prairie and defying anything made of God or man to stop it. Nothing did stop it. Our shack and the bunkhouse and stables and haystacks tore a few pinfeathers off its breast though; and those few feathers are drifts higher than my head, heaped up against each and all of the buildings.

I scratched the frost off a windowpane, where feathery little drifts were seeping in through the sill cracks when it first began. But the wind blew harder and harder and the shack rocked and shook with the tension. Oh, such a wind! It made a whining and wailing noise with each note higher, and when you felt that it couldn't possibly increase—that it simply must ease off or the whole world would go smash—why, that whining note merely grew tenser and the wind grew stronger. How it lashed things! How it shook and flailed and trampled this poor old earth of ours! Just before supper Olie announced that he'd look after my chicks for me. I told him quite casually that I'd attend to them myself. I usually strew a mixture of wheat and oats on the litter in the henhouse overnight. This has two advantages: one is that it doesn't take me out quite so early in the morning, and the other is that the chicks themselves start scratching round first thing in the morning, and so get exercise and keep themselves warmer and in better health.

It was not essential that I should go to that henhouse myself, but I was possessed with a sudden desire to face that singing white tornado. So I put on my things while Dinky-Dunk was at work in the stables. I put on furs and leggings and gauntlets and all, as though I were starting for a ninety-mile drive, and slipped out. Dinky-Dunk had tunneled through the drift in front of the door, but that tunnel was already beginning to fill again. I plowed through it and tried to look about me. Everything was a sort of streaked misty gray, an all-enveloping, muffling leaden maelstrom that hurt your skin when you lifted your head and tried to look it in the face. Once, in a lull of the wind when the snow was not so thick, I caught sight of the haystacks. That gave me a line on the henhouse. So I made for it on the run, holding my head low as I went.

It was glorious at first. It made my lungs pump and my blood race and my legs tingle. Then the storm devils howled in my eyes and the ice lashes snapped in my face. Then the wind went off on a rampage again and I couldn't see. I couldn't move forward. I couldn't even breathe. Then I got frightened. I leaned there against the wind calling for Dinky-Dunk and Olie, whenever I could gasp breath enough to make a sound. But I might as well have been a baby crying in mid-ocean to a Kensington Gardens nurse. Then I knew I was lost. No one could ever hear me in that roar. And there was nothing to be seen, just a driving, blinding, stinging gray pall of flying fury that nettled the naked skin like electric massage and took the breath out of your buffeted body. There was no landmark, no glimpse of any building, nothing whatever to go by. And I felt so helpless in the face of that wind! It seemed to take the power of locomotion from my legs.

I was not altogether amazed at the thought that I might die there, within a hundred yards of my own home, so near those narrow walls within which were warmth and shelter and quietness. I imagined how they'd find my body—deep under the snow—some morning: how Dinky-Dunk would search, perhaps for days. I felt so sorry for him I decided not to give up—that I wouldn't be lost, that I wouldn't die there like a fly on a sheet of fly paper! I had fallen down on my knees with my back to the wind, and already the



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snow had drifted round me. I also found my eyelashes frozen together, and I lost several winkers in getting rid of those solidified tears. But I got to my feet and battled on, calling when I could. I kept on, going round and round in a circle I suppose, as people always do when they're lost in a storm. Then the wind grew worse again. I couldn't make any headway against it. I had to give up. I simply had to! I wasn't afraid. I wasn't terrified at the thought of what was happening to me. I was only sorry, with a misty sort of sorrow I can't explain. And I don't remember that I felt particularly uncomfortable, except for the fact that I found it rather hard to breathe.

It was Olie who found me. He came staggering through the snow with extra fuel for the bunkhouse and nearly walked over me. As we found out afterward, I wasn't more than thirty steps away from that bunkhouse door. Olie pulled me up out of the snow the same as you'd pull a skein of darning silk out of a work-basket. He half-carried me to the bunkhouse, got his bearings, and then steered me for the shack. It was a fight, but we made it. And Dinky-Dunk was still out looking after his stock. He doesn't know how nearly he lost his Lady Bird. I've made Olie promise not to say a word about it. But the top of my nose is red and swollen. I think it must have got a trifle frost-nipped in the encounter. The weather has cleared now and the wind has gone down. But it is very cold, and Dinky-Dunk has just reported that it's already forty-eight below zero.

Tuesday, the eighteenth. The days slip away and I scarcely know where they go. I've let a whole month pass by without writing a word. The weather is wonderful. Clear and cold, with such heaps of sunshine you'd never dream it was zero weather. But you have to be careful and always wear furs when you're driving or are out for any length of time. Three hours in this open air is as good as a pint of Chinkie's best champagne. It makes me tingle. We are living high, with several barrels of frozen game—geese, duck, and prairie chicken—and also an old tin trunk stuffed full of beef roasts, cut the right size. I bring them in and thaw them out overnight, as I need them. The freezing makes them very tender. But they must be completely thawed before they go into the oven, or the outside will be overdone and the inside still raw. I learned that by experience.

I have tuned the piano with a monkey-wrench. I did it all by myself. It took nearly half a day, but every note is true. And Dinky-Dunk does enjoy my playing these long winter evenings. Some nights we let Olie come in and enjoy the concert. He sits rapt, especially when I play ragtime, which seems the one thing that touches his holy of holies. Poor Olie! I surely have a good friend in that silent, faithful, uncouth Swede! Dinky-Dunk himself is so thin that it worries me. But he eats well and doesn't anathematize my cooking. He's getting a few gray hairs at the temples. I think they make him look rather *distingué*. But they worry my poor Dinky-Dunk. "Hully gee," he said yesterday, studying himself for the third time in his shaving glass, "I'm getting old!" He laughed when I started to whistle "Believe me if all those endearing young charms, which I gaze on so fondly to-day," but at heart he was really disturbed by the discovery of those few white hairs. I've been telling him that the ladies won't love him any more, and that his cut-up days are over. He says I'll have to make up for the others. Dinky-Dunk declares I'm so full of life that I sparkle. All I know is that I'm happy, supremely and ridiculously happy!

Sunday, the thirtieth. The inevitable has happened. I don't know how to write about it! I can't write about it! My heart goes down like a freight elevator, slowly, sickeningly, even when I think about it. Dinky-Dunk came in and saw me standing beside the bedroom window. I pretended to be draping the curtain. "What's the matter, Lady Bird?" he demanded when he saw my face. I calmly told him that nothing was the matter. But he wouldn't let me go. I wanted to be alone, to think things out. But he kept holding me there with my face to the light. I suppose I must have been all eyes and probably shaking a little. And I didn't want him to suspect. "Excuse me if I find you unspeakably annoying!" I said in a voice that was so desperately cold that it even surprised my own ears. He dropped me as though I had been a hot potato. I could see that I'd hurt

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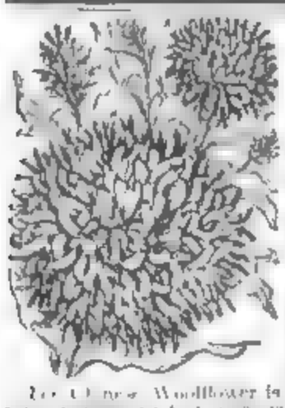

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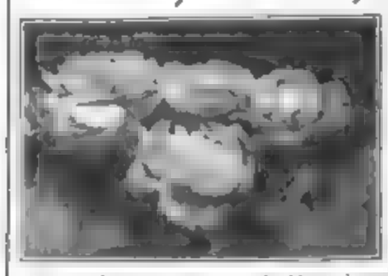

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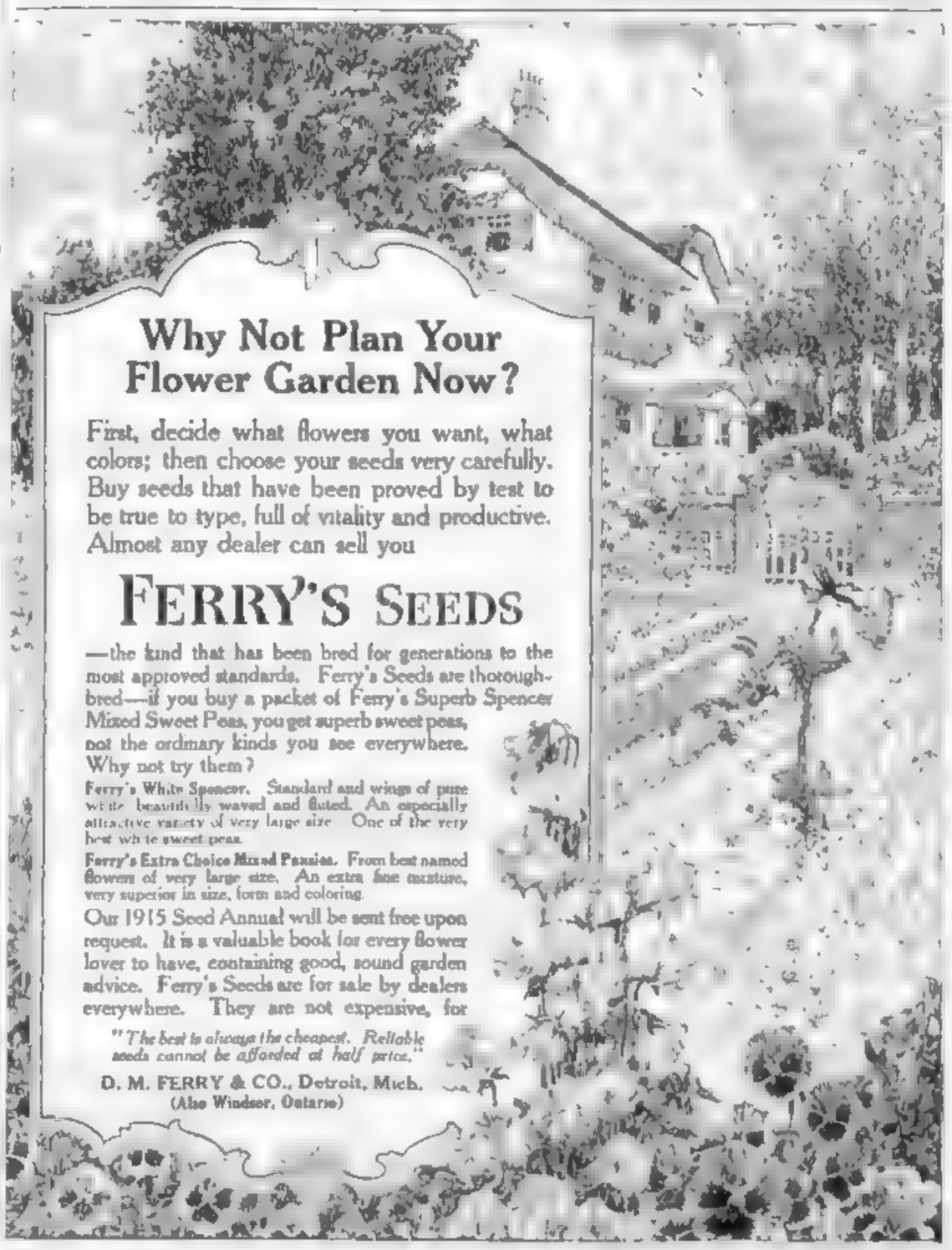

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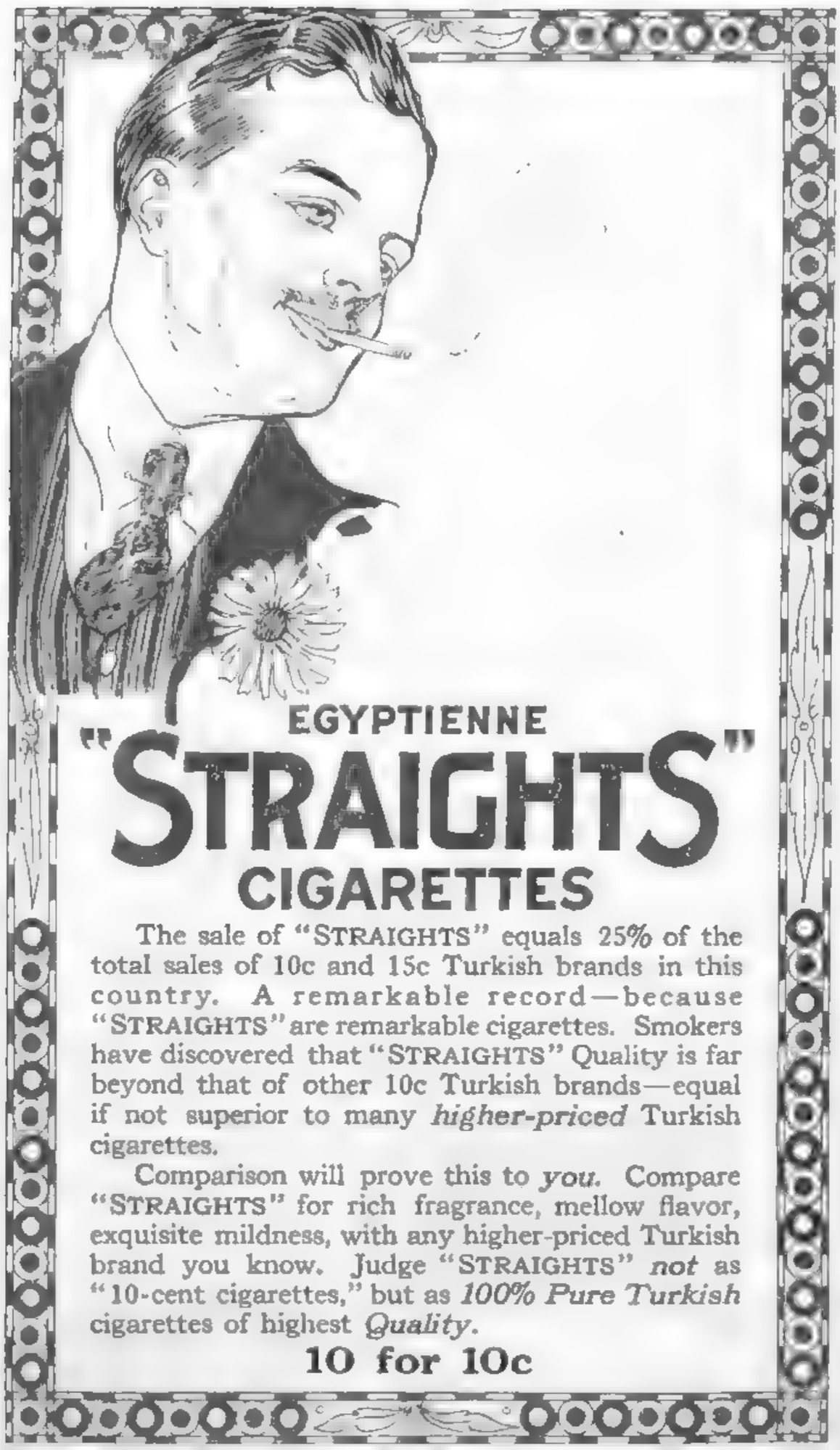

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him, and hurt him a lot. My first impulse was to run to him with a shower of repentant kisses, as one usually does, the same as one sprinkles salt on claret stains. But I just couldn't do it. He called me a high-spirited devil with a hair-trigger temper. And he left me alone to think things out.

Tuesday, the eighth. I've started to say my prayers again. It rather frightened Dinky-Dunk, who sat up in bed and asked me if I wasn't feeling well. I promptly assured him that I was in the best of health. When I am alone, though, I get frightened and fidgety. So I kneel down every night and morning now and ask God for help and guidance. I want to be a good woman and a better wife. But I shall never let Duncan know—never!

Wednesday, the sixteenth. Do you remember Aunt Harriet, who always wept when she read The Isles of Greece? She didn't even know where they were and had never been east of Salem. But all the Woodberrys were like that. Dinky-Dunk came in and found me crying to-day for the second time in one week. He made valiantly ponderous efforts to cheer me up, poor boy, and shook his head and said I'd soon be an improvement on the —— system—which is a system of irrigation by spraying overnight from pipes! My nerves don't seem so good as they were. The winter seems so long. I'm already counting the days to spring.

Thursday, the twenty-fourth. Dinky-Dunk has concluded that I'm too much alone; he's been worrying over it. I can tell that. I try not to be moody, but sometimes I simply can't help it. Yesterday afternoon he drove up to Casa Grande proud as Punch, with a little black-and-white kitten in the crook of his arm. He'd covered twenty-eight miles of trail for that kitten! It's to be my companion. But the kitten's as lonesome as I am. It has been crying and nearly driving me crazy.

Tuesday, the ninth. The weather has been bad, but winter is slipping away. Dinky-Dunk has been staying in from his work these mornings, helping me about the house. He is clumsy and slow, and has broken two or three of the dishes. But I hate to say anything; his eyes get so tragic. He declares that as soon as the trails are passable he's going to have a woman to help me—that this sort of thing can't go on any longer. He imagines it's merely the monotony of housework that is making my nerves so bad. Yesterday morning I was drying the dishes and Dinky-Dunk was washing. I found the second spoon with egg on it. I don't know why it was, but that trivial streak of yellow along the edge of the spoon suddenly seemed to enrage me. It became monumental, an emblem of vague incapabilities that I should have to face until the end of my days. I flung that spoon back into the dish pan. Then I turned on my husband and called out at him, in a voice that didn't quite seem like my own, "Can't you wash 'em clean? Can't you wash 'em clean?" I even think I ran up and down the room and pretty well made what Percival Benson would call a bally ass of myself. Dinky-Dunk didn't even answer me. But he dried his hands and got his things and went outdoors to the stables, I suppose. His face was as colorless as it could possibly get. I felt sorry, but it was too late. And it startled me, as I sat thinking things over, to realize that I'd lost my sense of humor.

Thursday, the eleventh. Dinky-Dunk thinks I'm mad. I'm quite sure he does. He came in at noon to-day and found me on the floor with the kitten. I'd tied a piece of fur to the end of a string. Oh, how that kitten scrambled after that fur, round and round in a circle until it would tumble over on its ears! I was squeaking and weak with laughing when Dinky-Dunk stood in the door. Poor boy, he takes things so solemnly! But I know he thinks I'm quite mad. Perhaps I am. I cried myself to sleep last night.

Wednesday, the twenty-fourth. Spring is surely coming. It promises to be an early one. I feel better at the thought of it and of getting out again. But the roads are quite impassable. Such mud! Such oceans of glue-pot dirt! They have a saying out here that soil is as rich as it is sticky. If this is true Dinky-Dunk has a second Garden of Eden. This mud sticks to everything—to feet, to clothes, to wagon wheels. But there's getting to be real warmth in the sun that shines through my window.

Saturday, the twenty-fifth. Still another month has gone. A warm Chinook has licked up the last of the snow. Even Dinky-Dunk admits that spring is coming. But to him this only means harder work. He's what they call a rustler out here. He believes in speed. He doesn't even wait until the frost is out of the ground before he starts to seed—just puts a drill over a two-inch batter of thawed-out mud, he's so mad about getting early on the land. He says he wants early wheat or no wheat. But he has to have help and men are almost impossible to get. He had hoped for a gasoline tractor, but the tractor and its accouterments would cost almost five thousand dollars, and it can't be financed this spring he has confessed to me. I know in my secret heart of hearts that the tractor would have been here if it hadn't been for my piano! There are still hundreds and hundreds of acres of prairie sod to break for spring wheat. Dinky-Dunk declares that he's going to risk everything on wheat this year. He says that by working two outfits of horses he himself can sow forty acres a day, but that means keeping the horses on the trot part of the time. He is thinking so much about his crop that I accused him of neglecting me. "Is the varnish starting to wear off?" I inquired with a secret gulp of womanish self-pity. He saved the day by declaring I was just as crazy and just as adorable as I ever was. Then he asked me, rather sadly, if I was bored. "Bored?" I said. "How could I be bored with all these discomforts? No one is ever bored until they are comfortable!" But the moment after I'd said it I was sorry.

Tuesday, the fourth. Spring is here with a warm Chinook creeping in from the Rockies and a sky of robin's-egg blue. The gophers have come out of their winter quarters and are chattering and racing about. We saw a phalanx of wild geese going northward, and Dinky-Dunk says he's seen any number of ducks. The prairie floor is turning to the loveliest of greens and it is a joy just to be alive. I have been out all afternoon. The gophers aren't going to get ahead of me!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Germ-Free Pools

THE latest use of ultra-violet rays—the "invisible light"—is to keep swimming pools hygienic and sanitary. A swimming pool in the new West Side Young Men's Christian Association in New York, is equipped with a battery of ultra-violet-ray lamps for this purpose.

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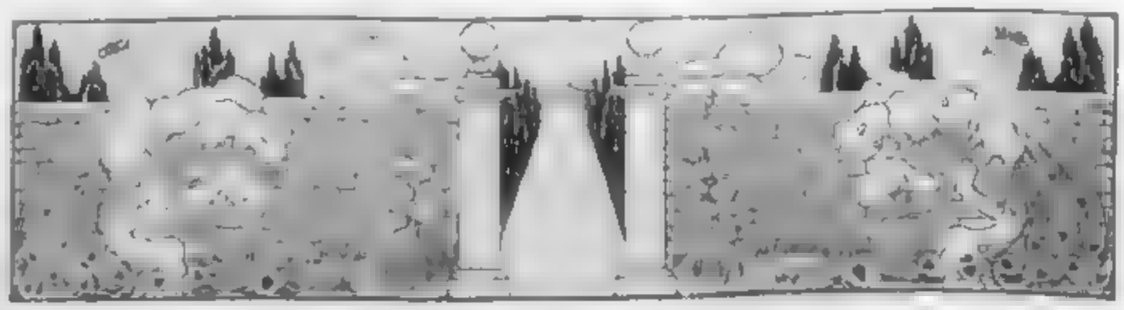

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We want those who know of the waiting lists in their own cities to realize that this same condition is repeated in every community in every state in the Union.

We want you to know that the waiting list continues to be large, not because the shipments are slow, but because the demand is so huge.

And we want those who have felt that they could safely delay ordering their Cadillacs to realize that it is not altogether safe for them to do so.

Even if the delivery date you desire is several months away, you will do well to act at once.

The Eight-Cylinder Cadillacs now in use, and every one leaving the factory, will go far beyond our most ardent claims for them.

The waiting list is growing less in one sense, as we have said, with every car shipped.

But, as we have also said, every car shipped means that the waiting list will grow larger.

We are perfectly sincere, therefore, when we say to you that the most eager demand you have ever known for the Cadillac cannot be accepted as a criterion for this year's demand.

It will go beyond anything that this factory has ever known, and exceed any condition that has ever arisen in the manufacture of high-grade motor cars.

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, $1975. Landaulet Coupé, $2500. Five passenger Sedan, $2800. Seven passenger Limousine, $3450. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.

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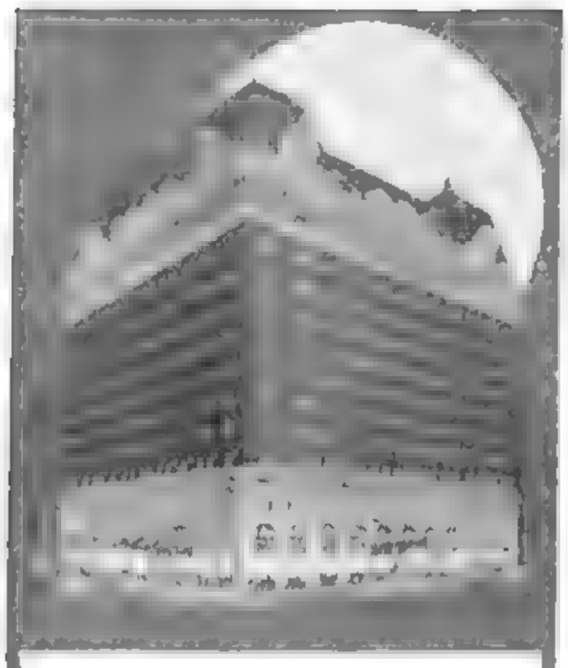

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Home of the famous College Inn
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HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY
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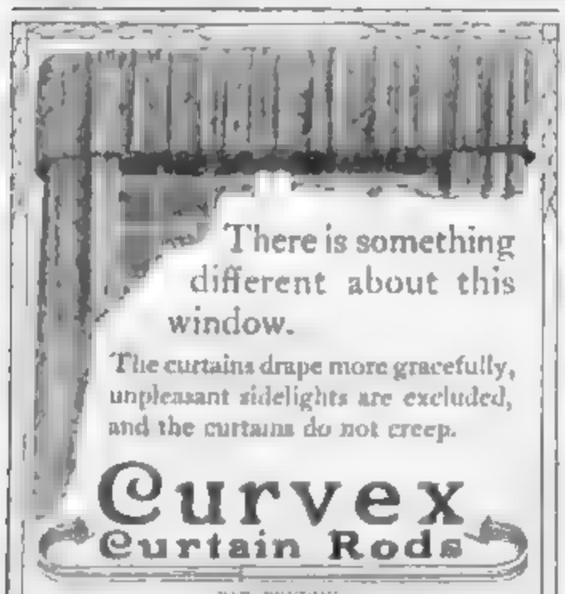

There is something different about this window.

The curtains drape more gracefully, unpleasant sidelights are excluded, and the curtains do not creep.

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are extensible, are stronger than old-fashioned rods and will last much longer. May be had either in brass or white enamel finish.

Ask to see them at your department store or decorator's. Or if you prefer, write us for a descriptive booklet.

TURNER & SEYMOUR MFG CO
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Rider AGENTS Wanted

1915 Model

RANGER

DELIVERED FREE

FACTORY CLEARING SALE

Do not buy

MEAD CYCLE CO Dept B-55 CHICAGO

Print Your Own

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

(Continued from Page 12)

would not think of shipping a sailor until that sailor had spent all his latest pay in Henry's pub and run himself into debt more or less. Blackguard that he was, Henry had some lingering respect for law and order.

Unfortunately for Henry, however, Mr. McFadden had none whatsoever. He was a very low individual. All he had was his art—but that was sufficient. He shook hands with his latest guest as one who greets a favorite son returned safely from a hazardous enterprise, and invited Henry to name it. Henry said he would have beer—and he preferred it bottled.

"Son," said Mr. McFadden, a little reproachfully, "when a gen'leman asks for bottled beer in that tone o' voice we allers take it for granted he's suspicious of our hospitality."

And, smiling his broad, humorous smile, Mr. McFadden passed a pint bottle of local brew across the bar to Henry Rasmussen, who opened it, poured it—after first inspecting the glass—drank it, and retired to an armchair along the wall to indulge in a quiet smoke and reflect on the heartlessness of Danny Dillon.

He did not blame Danny for accepting the blood money, for not to have done so would have been foolish on Danny's part; but to rob him of two months' pay under the guise of friendship was particularly atrocious. He had not anticipated such utter depravity, even in Danny. Ah, well! It only went to prove that, once a man is down and unable to assert himself, every man's hand is against him.

Friendship was, indeed, a delusion and a snare; and as Henry Rasmussen conjured up a vision of the particularly unlovely manner in which he would dispose of Danny Dillon, and then reflected that Danny was quite safe by reason of the fact that the man he had despoiled of two months' wages dared not return to argue the matter with him, the terrible rage that enveloped the soul of the ex-crimp gave way to a feeling of despair at his inability to make reprisal. He likened himself to a tiger he had seen in a cage at the Zoological Gardens in London. It was a particularly ferocious tiger, and Henry had taken keen delight in poking it with a stick to hear it roar in impotent rage.

"The dirty beast!" he muttered, referring, however, to Danny Dillon.

Tears of rage sprang to his eyes; fearful that they would be seen by Mr. McFadden and his patrons, he bowed his face in his hands. He was suffering. He was experiencing now, in the knowledge that he had been sold, the same misery he had so often inflicted on others. When a sailor's manhood has been ravished it hurts; but when a crimp's vanity has been trampled on that is agony.

Henry Rasmussen, outcast and fugitive that he was, had until this morning hugged to himself his one priceless possession—his professional pride. Now in the knowledge that Danny Dillon, eater of the Rasmussen salt, had trampled on his master's art, exploited him as he would have exploited the first Norse country lad who fell into his clutches, Henry Rasmussen felt himself degraded for all time. Nothing but blood could restore his self-respect, and blood was denied him!

Mr. McFadden walked to the end of the bar, leaned over, and held converse with his runner.

"Didja notice that Cockney you brought in off the Glory of the Seas? Thinks he's a fly guy. He wanted his beer from a bottle. 'Fraid o' knock-out drops."

"Yes," said the runner sneeringly, "I did. He's one o' them cheap Liverpool runners, an' proud of it. He bragged to me, Mart, that if he had a sixpence for every one o' my betters he'd shanghaied he'd be rollin' in wealth."

"Well," said the philosophical McFadden, "if I had a sixpence for every fly guy I've handed the sleepin' sickness to in bottled beer I bet I'd have enough for a suit o' clothes an' an overcoat. Look at your fresh Liverpool friend now."

The runner looked. Henry Rasmussen's head had fallen forward on his chest; his hands hung limply at his sides; he was breathing heavily, with his mouth open.

"What!" the runner declared. "An' you handed it to him? So quick!"

"Fresh Cockney," said Mart McFadden. "You didn't suppose I was goin' to let him get away with it, did you? Besides, what's the use o' waitin'? There's the Inneskillen still shy three men—an' the skipper'll pay eighty dollars a head."

Mart McFadden came from behind his bar, grasped Henry Rasmussen by the collar, dragged him into a rear room and stretched him out on the floor. Then he deftly extracted twelve silver dollars from Henry's pockets, closed the door, and took up the burden of life again.

By nightfall two other men slumbered beside Henry Rasmussen. About ten o'clock that night, at which hour the San Francisco water front is dark and deserted, a deep-sea hack pulled into Oregon Street, a short blind alley in the rear of the City of Bergen. Henry Rasmussen and his two companions were carried out to the hack, which deposited them a few minutes later on the boat-landing stage at the foot of Clay Street. Here the three unconscious men were placed in a Whitehall boat and rowed out to the bark Inneskillen, where the mate passed a line down to receive his savages.

Mart McFadden's runner and an assistant climbed up a Jacob's ladder to help the mate hoist away; and, with many a "Ye-ho! And again! Once more, bullies!" the precious freight was finally hauled aboard and stowed in the forecastle.

At six o'clock next morning a tug took hold of the Inneskillen and snaked her to sea. Just before she cast off, the mate unlocked the forecastle and yelled:

"All hands on deck!"

Henry Rasmussen came out and looked round him wonderingly.

"Where are we bound, sir?" he inquired of the mate.

"To Liverpool," said that functionary. "Run forward, you—and you—and you; and stand by to cast off the tug's hawser. Lively now!"

Poor Henry Rasmussen! Shanghaied, sold, and robbed again, like any dirty savage, and bound for the very port from which he had fled for his life! And he called himself a crimp! Small wonder the burden of his woes proved too much for him.

The terrible killing rage enveloped him; with a bellow of despair he whirled on the mate and struck him to the deck; sobbing and cursing, he raced aft, sprang up on the taffrail and leaped overboard, for he wanted to die. He had suffered enough rounding the Horn in the Glory of the Seas; he was not so young as he used to be, and he wanted no more dog's body and sea pie in his. Also, he had a very natural aversion to returning to Liverpool to be hanged. Drowning was easier.

Two Italian fishermen, inbound from the Cordelia Banks in a power-driven dory, heard the cry, "Man overboard!" and saw Henry Rasmussen, with the forlorn hope of the hunted, swimming for the shore three miles distant.

There is something about cold water that cools a suicide's ardor; and no sooner had Henry Rasmussen risen from his plunge than he decided to swim for it. He would hold out as long as he could—he might reach the beach. If he did not he would not feel badly about it; in his predicament anything was worth trying once. But the tide was at the ebb and swept him out to sea with the Inneskillen; so he ceased his struggles and sank.

Too late! The Italian fishermen reached under and gaffed him with a boat hook, and by the time they had hauled him into their dory he was too weak to fight. Unfortunately they did not speak English; when he begged them not to return him to the ship they showed their teeth in amiable grins. The mate of the Inneskillen, smarting under the blow that had felled him, directed the rigging of a tackle from the stunsail boom, and had himself lowered into the fishing dory. He carried leg irons and handcuffs with him; and after tapping Henry Rasmussen with the leg irons to bring him to reason he manacled him, bent a rope round him, and had him hoisted back on board the Inneskillen.

Henry Rasmussen, in irons in the lazaret, where they fed him on bread and water for a week, was an unlovely sight. He raved and cursed a great deal; occasionally he shrieked, and then the mate would come and kick him until he wept. Finally, fearing for Henry's reason, the mate permitted him to shriek without kicking him; also, he improved Henry's diet, and at the end of two weeks Henry Rasmussen promised to be good and do his work. So the irons were removed and the unhappy crimp came out into the sunshine on deck.

It had been a terrible experience; but, though the ex-crimp did not know it, he was merely experiencing the same agony of mind and body he had visited on dozens of other men shipped out by him without their knowledge or consent. Had his mind not been so busily engaged on other and, to him, more important matters, he might have realized this, though it is doubtful whether the knowledge would have caused him to consider the abandonment of crimping as a means of livelihood. Crimps are not usually given to philosophical reflections anent the deliberation with which the mills of the gods pursue their grinding.

He blamed Danny Dillon for his present predicament. The discovery of Danny's duplicity in defrauding him out of that two months' advance had hurt him, filled him with a consuming frenzy of rage which had robbed him of his caution. It had created a fever in his blood, which he had sought to cool by drinking one small bottle of beer—and it had brought him to this. Had it not been for that wound to his professional pride, he would, prior to drinking with Mart McFadden, have talked with the man, explained his peculiar abilities as a runner, his knowledge of the Scandinavian languages, his ability as a shanghaier of the homeless and friendless. To have planned for employment from Mart McFadden and received knock-out drops instead was another terrific jolt to his professional pride. He hated himself—but he hated Danny Dillon more.

Throughout the remainder of the voyage he behaved admirably, for he had, in the darkness and misery of the lazaret, suddenly remembered that he was a changed Henry Rasmussen. He had a full sandy beard, and he was ruddier of face and thirty pounds lighter than the man who murdered Aggie Butterfield; and so he had decided to make the best of a bad bargain and risk Liverpool.

On arrival there he would desert the Inneskillen at night, and under cover of darkness he would attend to Danny Dillon; after which he would again ship to San Francisco. In San Francisco he would attend to Mart McFadden.

■

IN DUE course the Inneskillen towed up the Mersey. A keen nostalgia possessed Henry Rasmussen as the old familiar reek assailed his nostrils, to be succeeded by a fierce exultation when a runner came over the rail and presented him with the business card of D. Dillon. The red coal of hate in the crimp's heart flared up into live flames as he noted the address of D. Dillon's sailor boarding house.

"The filthy swine!" muttered Henry. "'E's runnin' my old pub!"

The vessel was warped into her dock about five o'clock that evening, and, since the men would not be paid off until after the vessel had finished discharging, no objection was made to their going ashore that night. Henry waited until very late before going, for he desired to walk the old familiar trails of his home town at an hour when he knew they would be practically deserted. Though he did not anticipate being recognized, still he was cautious in all things and would take no undue risks.

He waited in the deep gloom of a warehouse across the street from his old place of business until the last patron had left the pub. A few minutes later, when Danny came out to put up the window shutters, Henry drew his sheath knife and started for the man who had despoiled him of two months' pay.

Halfway across he halted. A woman came to the door and spoke to Danny, who chucked her under her fair chin and called her "Old girl." Henry Rasmussen knew that crimps—even crimps as daring as Danny Dillon—do not take such liberties with a ghost; for as the girl stood framed in the light streaming through the doorway the wanderer recognized the comrade of his happier days, the incomparable Aggie! He stared at her for fully a minute; then turned swiftly and disappeared in the gloom of the warehouse.

An hour later he was leaning across the counter in the business office of a morning newspaper, looking over the old files; and presently he found the news he sought.

When he had finished reading everything pertaining to the mysterious disappearance of the well-known innkeeper and ship's comprador, Mr. Henry Rasmussen—for so the young British reporter, in his respect for the Queen's English, chose to designate the gentleman's profession—the illegitimate Enoch Arden, returned quietly to the forecastle of the Inneskillen and slept the sleep of the man whose soul is untroubled by the worries and perplexities of life.

The following night Henry Rasmussen did not go uptown, for that was Saturday night, and he knew from experience that the groggery of D. Dillon would be crowded until a late hour. The following night, however, it would be practically deserted, and on Sunday night Aggie would not be there. Henry remembered that Aggie invariably spent her Sunday nights with a sister in the suburbs and returned to the pub on Monday morning—at least, such had been her custom in the days when Henry claimed her. And, inasmuch as the English are creatures of habit, he saw no reason why she should have discontinued the practice.

At midnight on Sunday, therefore, Henry Rasmussen again took up his vigil in the deep shadow of the warehouse. When Danny Dillon came out and started to put up the shutters for the night he crossed the street, entered the pub and leaned against the bar.

Danny fastened the window shutters before entering to wait on his belated customer; then, coming in, he passed round the end of the bar. He was tired and sleepy, and almost resented this stray belated customer.

A somewhat surly inspection, however, convinced Danny that the fellow was a sailor; so he retired the scowl and brought forth his professional smile. His change of mood was not lost on his guest, who hated him more than ever for his ill-concealed hypocrisy.

"Evenin', matey!" Danny said pleasantly. "Wot'll be yer pleasure?"

"Danny," whimpered Henry Rasmussen, "cawn't yer recognize yer poor ol' marster—'Ennery Rasmussen that was?" He held his hard hand out pleadingly, and added to himself: "Yer rotten dawg! Hi'll show yer some actin'."

Danny Dillon stared for several seconds, while a variety of emotions chased each other across his evil countenance.

"Yer goin' to speak to me, Danny?" Henry pleaded pathetically.

There was the whine of the beaten dog in his voice. Danny noted it and took heart of hope. Evidently Henry did not know. While there is life there is hope; so Danny extended both fat white hands and grasped Henry's.

"Gord, marster!" he whispered. "Wot under heving brings yer back 'ere?"

"Hi couldn't 'elp it, Danny," Henry replied drearily. "Hi didn't want to come back, but Hi was beat up an' shanghaied in Frisco; they shipped me back against my will."

Danny ran round the end of the bar, closed the front door and drew the shades within. Then he lowered the lights.

"We carn't be too bloomin' careful, marster," he whispered as he advanced toward Henry again for another handshake.

"Right-o!" quoth Henry—and swung a horny right fist straight and true to the point of Danny's jaw.

The crimp went down, and like a wolf Henry Rasmussen leaped on him. From his pockets he produced a sailcloth gag and some short strips of signal halyard, and ere Danny's brain had cleared he was lying on the floor, gagged and trussed up like a doomed pig in a butcher's cart. When his baleful eyes gave evidence that he was quite conscious, Henry Rasmussen placed a chair beside him and sat down for a mutual exchange of confidences.

"Yer a bally fine actor, Danny," he said pleasantly; "but yer'll 'ave to hadmit Hi've went yer one better. That was a stavin' neat trick you came on yer old marster, wasn't it?—a-scarin' him out o' his business an' his helpmate. A pretty mark Hi was to listen to yer! Hi've read the pypers, Danny. Hit was slick work. Yer fooled me an' yer fooled Haggie. Yer sold yer old marster like any bloody savage; an', not content with sellin' me, yer draws the two months' hadvance on me! Yer wanted to leave me stranded in a furrin land, didn't yer? Yer forgot Hi was a crimp an' never let no thievin' shipmarster do me out o' my rights. W'en yer got the blood money on yer old marster yer thought 'e was a common savage, eh? Hi'll learn yer a trick or two about crimpin' yer ain't learned yet."

He rose, went behind the bar, and from a drawer brought forth Danny's shipping book, in which he noted an order for a sailor for the American barkentine Aurora, with a note that the man must be delivered Sunday night, as the vessel was to sail at six o'clock the following morning. He brought the book over to Danny and held it open, close to his prisoner's face.

"'Ave yer furnished this 'ere sailor yet?" he demanded.

A look of hope flashed into Danny's eyes. So Henry was not going to kill him after all! He was going to shanghai him instead. Well, he had shanghaied Henry; so he could not well complain. It was all in the game, and Danny felt he was lucky to get out of it that easy. His silence gave Henry a hint of the trend of his thoughts, so he kicked Danny and repeated his query. Danny shook his head negatively.

"Very well," said Henry; "we'll just ship that enterprisin' young crimp, D. Dillon, Hesquire, in 'is place; an' in order to myke sure that D. Dillon, Hesquire, don't come back to plague me an' Haggie again, we'll bloomin' well fix D. Dillon, Hesquire, before ever we ships the beggar. We'll show D. Dillon, Hesquire, how bally little 'e knows habout crimpin'. 'Ennery Rasmussen's a hartist. 'Ennery Rasmussen'll show yer 'ow a 'igh-class crimp works. Don't yer worry, D. Dillon, Hesquire! 'Ennery Rasmussen'll collect is blood money an' 'is two months' hadvance. 'Im an' the mate'll h'ist yer haboard the Haurora danglin' at the end of a rope. 'The blighter's dead drunk, sir,' says 'Ennery to the mate. 'Carry 'im for'd an' chuck 'im in 'is berth in the fo'castle,' says the mate without lookin'; an' 'Ennery Rasmussen, 'e carries D. Dillon, Hesquire, for'd to the fo'castle an' dumps 'im into a vacant berth.

"At six o'clock the tug comes alongside. W'en the tug casts hoff an' all 'ands is hordered on deck to make sail an' count hoff the watches, the mate finds as 'ow 'e's one man shy. Into the fo'castle goes the mate. '"Ere, you,' 'e says to D. Dillon, Hesquire, 'houter this or I'll bust yer bobstay!' An' 'e grabs D. Dillon, Hesquire, by 'is rotten harm to drag the swine outer the berth. But the mate finds as 'ow one A. B. 'as died in 'is cups at night! And the captain says to the mate: 'The next time we're in Liverpool Hi'll give my horder for a crew to some other crimp. Hi don't trust this rotten D. Dillon. 'E 'ad no business to ship a sick man; an' for that 'e loses the shippin' o' my next crew.' But hit's all the same to D. Dillon, Hesquire, an' 'Ennery Rasmussen.

"Now wot d'ye suppose 'Ennery Rasmussen does then? Listen an' 'Ennery'll tell yer 'imself: 'E'll shave an' ship some landsman's rig; an' w'en Haggie comes in tomorrer mornin' 'Ennery'll be behind the bar, lookin' natural, an' as kind an' lovin' as 'e hever was, 'cause 'e knows as 'ow D. Dillon fools Haggie as well as 'Ennery. Then 'Ennery'll tell 'er habout it; an' w'en she asks, 'Where's Danny?' Hi'll tell 'er yer run hout as Hi come in, 'cause yer knew there was dirty weather ahead o' yer. 'Ow does that little program strike yer, D. Dillon, Hesquire?"

Danny's piggy eyes popped with horror at the cold-blooded ferocity of the man. He struggled furiously, but a sailor had tied the knots that held him and Henry Rasmussen merely laughed at his efforts to free himself. When he had surfeited himself with triumph Henry Rasmussen took a small bottle of chloroform from his pocket—he had stolen it from the medicine chest of the Inneskillen while the skipper was ashore—saturated Danny's handkerchief with it, clamped the handkerchief over his victim's nose and held it there. Then he went to the till, counted the day's receipts, and put them in his pocket.

In a rear storeroom off the pub he knew he should find an accumulation of sailors' bags and clothing. Thither he repaired, returning to the bar with a pair of dungarees and a rough, mustard-colored woolen shirt. He unbound Danny and removed the gag, carefully returning both gag and binding ropes to his own pocket again. Then he removed Danny Dillon's Sunday clothes and dressed him instead in the sailor garb, after which he turned out all the lights, stepped out the side door, walked to the corner and whistled in a certain manner. A cabby a little distance down the street was dozing on his seat, but woke and replied to Henry's signal; whereupon

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[illegible] BUTTER-KIST Corn Popper *earns 5 times as much profit as anything else in the store for space occupied.* 1 bag in 48 seconds—*$3.75 per hour.*

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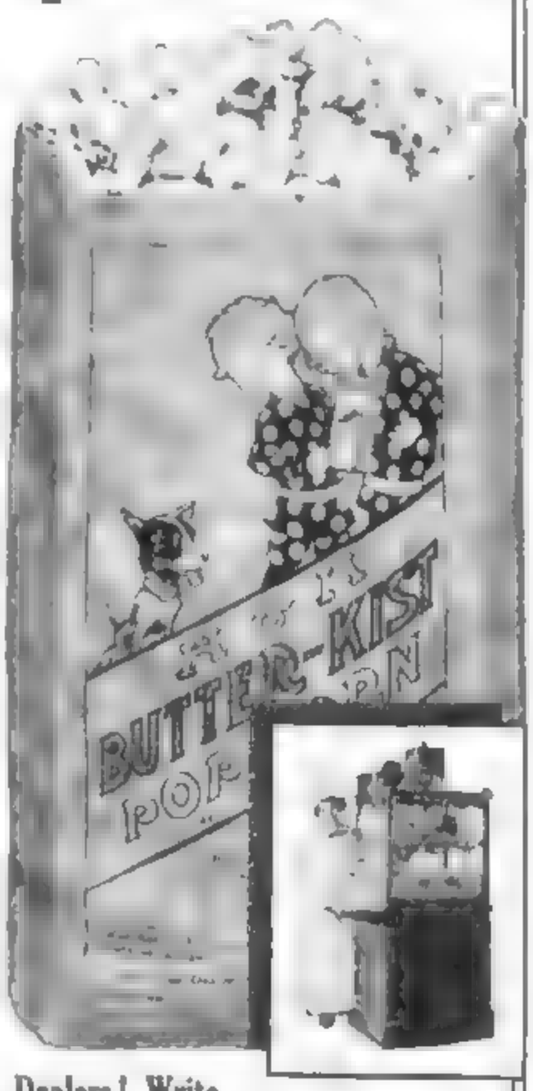
A small payment down puts the BUTTER-KIST Corn Popper in your store [illegible] all privileges included. And it pays for itself quickly.



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Henry returned to the door and waited until the cab drove down the dark alley and pulled up in front of him.

Without uttering a word he carried Danny Dillon out and placed him in the cab. A sailor bag followed, for the sake of appearances.

"The boat landin'," he whispered—in the gloom he knew the cabby could not recognize him, hence he dared not speak loud for fear of being recognized by his voice. He sprang inside and the cab rattled away.

At the boat-landing stage Henry Rasmussen paid the rascally cabman the usual fee exacted in such emergencies—ten shillings—and lifted Danny and the bag out on the dock. The cabman promptly drove off.

VII

A LITTLE past one o'clock a skiff containing Danny Dillon and Henry Rasmussen grated under the towering black quarter of the Aurora.

"Watchman, ahoy!" called Henry; and a man, holding a lantern, looked over the rail and answered his call. "Dillon's man, with an A. B. for yer," Henry explained. "The beast's helpless drunk. Pass a line overside an' Hi'll myke it fast habout 'is body."

"I'll call the mate," the watchman replied; and a few minutes later the mate came out of his cabin in underclothes, apostrophizing Danny Dillon's runner and Danny Dillon in choice marine expletives.

Henry made the painter of his skiff fast to the Jacob's ladder that dangled over the side of the Aurora, and when the line came down from above he sent up the canvas bag. When the line came down again he fastened it securely round Danny's body, then sprang nimbly up the Jacob's ladder and assisted the mate in hoisting the body aboard.

When Danny's clay reached the rail Henry took it by the nape and dragged it unceremoniously along the deck to the forecastle. The watchman preceded him, with the lantern, and pointed out a vacant berth. Henry tossed Danny, face down, into it and retired.

"Is the old man aboard?" he demanded of the mate as he presented, for that functionary's signature, the usual form of receipt showing the delivery of one seaman.

"Down in his cabin," the mate answered. "He's been ashore all evening and only returned a few minutes before you came aboard. If you hurry you can collect your blood money before he goes to bed."

"Thanks!" said Henry, and went below to collect his blood money and the usual two months' advance.

As he climbed down the companionway he was smiling to himself in the darkness, for his professional honor was clean again. The smart business trick Danny had worked on him was quite eclipsed by the smart business trick he had, in turn, worked on Danny; and Henry Rasmussen's soul was at peace.

The moment he was gone, the mate, who had been doing a little thinking, spoke to the watchman.

"I'll have your lantern a minute," he said. "I'm going for'd to paw over that new man. When we left San Francisco this last trip a scoundreily crimp there brought a man aboard after dark. The fellow was dead drunk and I didn't examine him until morning, when we were at sea; and it was too late. The damned crimp had slipped me an old man with a wooden leg—and collected full rates on him at that. That taught me a lesson. I'll never trust another crimp so long as I live; so I guess I'll have a look at this latest arrival. A cripple's a mighty poor man to have out on the end of the to'gallant yard in a blow."

He took the lantern and entered the forecastle. The watchman followed, to point out Danny's berth and stow Danny's bag. The mate turned his A. B. over and held the lantern close to his face.

"Looks uncommon pale," the watchman suggested.

The mate bent over the body and sniffed suspiciously.

"Uncommon funny brand o' liquor," he declared. "Smells like chloroform. Hope they didn't give the savage too much."

He laid his ear against Danny's left breast and listened for several seconds. Next he felt for the man's pulse, and finally he peeled back the eyelids.

"Deader'n Napoleon Bonaparte!" he declared in huge disgust. "Oh, the murdering, thieving crimp! I'll fix the scoundrel. I wonder what these fellows think I am."

Henry Rasmussen, with his blood money and the two months' advance on his latest deal in human flesh and blood snug in his pocket, was just going over the rail when the mate's huge hand closed over his scruff. He was jerked back and dashed violently to the deck; before he could even think to defend himself a pair of handcuffs had been snapped round his wrists, and the watchman was pressing a dirty bandanna handkerchief into his mouth.

In this humiliating state the mate and the watchman escorted Henry Rasmussen below to the old man's cabin, where the mate stated the case with brevity and directness.

The old man commended his mate for his perspicacity.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed amiably. "You can't use a dead man, can you, Mr. Perkins?"

The mate grinned; for he was a seaman, every inch of him, and he knew now in which direction the wind was liable to blow. Also, he was a big, rawboned, black-haired State-of-Maine man—the kind that likes to get value received and actually suffers when he has been swindled in a trade. Like most Down-Easters he possessed a sense of humor.

"No, sir," he answered; "but I could use a live man up aloft very nicely. You paid for a live man, sir; and I, for one, see no reason why you shouldn't have him."

"Neither do I, Mr. Perkins. This crimp's runner is a bad, low, vulgar, worthless character, and for his sins we'll shanghai him! If I were you, Mr. Perkins, I'd quietly cast his skiff adrift and stow him in the hold until we're out at sea. I wouldn't remove the gag; and, to make certain he doesn't escape, I'd manacle him to an iron stanchion. As for this dead man, of course Dillon murdered him—kept the chloroform rag over his nose too long. Still, I don't suppose there's anything to be gained by reporting the matter to the police. They'd only hold us here as witnesses and delay our sailing. I'm afraid to stay here another day. If I do these infernal crimps will steal my crew and then sell the men back to me!"

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr. Perkins respectfully. "But aren't you overlooking something, sir?"

"Mr. Perkins, sir," declared the old man, "you are, without doubt, the finest mate I have ever had in thirty years as master. Remove the blood money and the two months' advance from the gentleman's pocket and keep it. The owners would have to pay it out to somebody, and that somebody might as well be you. You're worth it. Besides, this scoundrel will be trying to kill you all the way to Frisco; and it's only fair to pay you for the extra hazard of the voyage."

Mr. Perkins made due acknowledgment of his gratitude.

"This is my first crimping job, sir," he said, grinning; "and it's such pleasant work I don't wonder the rascals are tempted once in a while. Here, you dog! What's your name?"

"Niels Swanson," replied Henry Rasmussen through the gag. It was a mere mumble.

"You lie; but I have no objection. Come," said the cheerful Mr. Perkins.

When he had secured Henry Rasmussen in the hold he went forward and made further exhaustive but vain tests for life in Danny Dillon. Finding none, he threw Danny Dillon overboard; and when the tug came alongside a few hours later the Aurora and Henry Rasmussen and Danny all went outward with the tide.

As for Aggie Butterfield, the innocent cause of it all—well, poor Aggie had not been born with an imagination, and when she returned to the arena of her activities on Monday morning and found the pub locked she was surprised, but not apprehensive.

When she found Danny Dillon's Sunday suit in a formless heap in the middle of the floor, however, she was scandalized. Later she reflected that Danny must have been very, very drunk indeed, else he would never have gone for a midnight stroll in his undergarments.

However, being a perfect lady, she waited thirty days for Danny to reappear, before she and Danny's runner formally took over the business for their joint account; and then she speedily forgot Danny and the baffling mystery of Disappearance Number Two.

It is not well for anyone to dwell too long on an unfathomable mystery; and besides, thinking always made Aggie's head ache.

Mutt thought all tobaccos bit the tongue till Jeff brought home some "Good Old P. A."

Yours truly
Bud Fisher

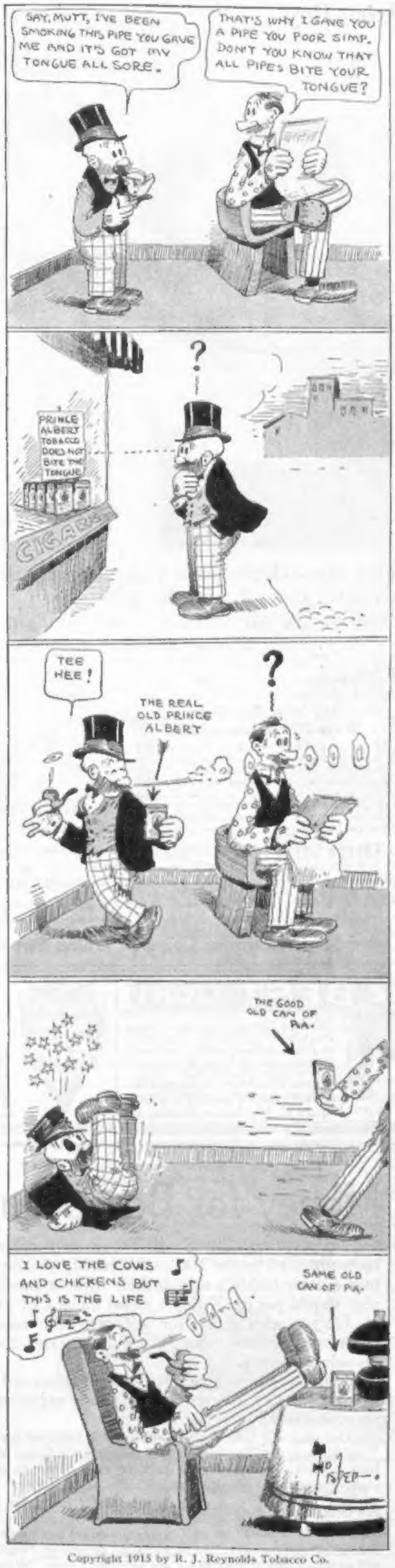
THERE'S just one thing that makes a great cartooner—and that is not humor, but human nature. Bud Fisher must be a "regular feller" because he makes Mutt and Jeff so humanlike. There are lots of men who still think that all tobacco is alike and it's going to bite the lining out of your sound box—and that's all there is to it. But the world's full of Jeffs, too, who have taken our say-so that

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

can be smoked by men with mouths as tender as the toothache and that there's never a bite in a whole pailful of it. These fellows couldn't be pried loose from P. A. with a crowbar. Prince Albert never bit any man's tongue and it won't bite yours, because the bite has been taken out by a patented process controlled exclusively by us. Don't go around tongue sore. Don't put the old jimmy pipe in cold storage. Get next to P. A. and know the joy of smoking real tobacco, all you want of it, as often as you please, one pipe after another or rolled up into home-made cigarettes, and no tongue soreness to pay for pleasure. Be a regular fellow—get wise to P. A.

In the tidy red tin, 10c; in the toppy red bag, 5c; in the famous crystal-glass joy jar and in pound and half-pound tin humidors, at stores where they sell tobacco.


SAY, MUTT, I'VE BEEN SMOKING THIS PIPE YOU GAVE ME AND IT'S GOT MY TONGUE ALL SORE.
THAT'S WHY I GAVE YOU A PIPE YOU POOR SIMP. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ALL PIPES BITE YOUR TONGUE?
?
PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO DOES NOT BITE THE TONGUE
CIGARS
TEE HEE!
THE REAL OLD PRINCE ALBERT
?
THE GOOD OLD CAN OF P.A.
I LOVE THE COWS AND CHICKENS BUT THIS IS THE LIFE
SAME OLD CAN OF P.A.

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The NEW DAISY Pump Gun

—Never Before An Air Rifle Like This

This latest Daisy will win the heart of every boy who sees it. It will win the admiration of every man who examines it, whether he knows guns or not.

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Of course, you know what the answer will be, for it's just as natural for a sturdy, independent American boy to want a gun as it is for him to eat.

The Daisy is the gun that will satisfy him. While it is built for boys and is free from the dangers that attend powder rifles, yet it is thoroughly "gun-like" in appearance, and has all the accuracy of the highest priced magazine hunting rifle.

The Daisy is more than a plaything—it is a means of education. It helps a boy in his growth toward sturdy manhood. Along with the fun, he gets keenness of sight, quickness of hand, and steadiness of nerves. Give your boy these advantages; get him a Daisy and teach him how to use it.

Remember your first gun? Pass along that happy moment to your boy—now—with a Daisy.

Ask your hardware or Sporting Goods dealer to show you the new Daisy Pump Gun, or if you desire a less expensive or smaller Daisy model, you will find a wide range to choose from.

The New Daisy Pump Gun, 50 shot repeater . $3.00
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If your Troop needs funds for any purpose, you can obtain them without importunity, quickly and by a plan of service to your community. Our offer is not open to individual Scouts, and only to *a limited number of Troops*. For full particulars, tell us how many Scouts there are in your Troop. Write a letter of inquiry to

Troop Finance Department

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

THE PORTSMOUTH CONFERENCE

(Concluded from Page 4)

as General in Chief of the Manchurian Army and Linievitch had taken his place. The new commander had a great record as a warrior; he had been first lieutenant to the great Skobeleff and shared in his glory. During the half year that had followed his appointment he had received a hundred thousand fresh troops and had fully reorganized his army. Now he was anxious to flesh his sword and had no sort of doubt of his ability to wipe out his country's disgrace. With his associate officers he telegraphed the Czar in terms almost disrespectful. He said:

"I have the honor to inform Your Majesty that all my comrades and myself, after fully discussing the arguments for peace and the respective positions of the opposing armies, unanimously and resolutely voted for the continuation of the war until such time as the Almighty shall crown the efforts of our brave troops with success. It is no time to talk of peace after the Battles of Mukden and of Tsushima."

The Czar himself, but a few days before, had issued a manifesto declaring that he would consent to no dishonorable peace. Yet there were countervailing influences that must be reckoned with; threatening revolutionary movements were observable in his European domains, and the rank and file of his Manchurian forces were not so enthusiastic for war as were his generals.

It was at this juncture that the German Emperor did his most effective work. Before the peace commissioners had assembled at Portsmouth he had held an advisory conference with the Czar on the Russian royal yacht in the Baltic Sea. Now, with Bussche's telegram before him, he sought once more to calm the troubled waters. There were telegrams flying back and forth between Berlin and St. Petersburg; and, as a result, on this fateful Monday, Witte and Rosen received a forty-word cable from their imperial master which held them in leash until the final purpose of the Japanese should be disclosed.

In New York and Oyster Bay there was a day of impatient waiting. Early in the morning we learned that our failure to get word from Komura by telephone was due to a heavy storm, which put the wires out of commission. Later I learned that the disturbing message which quoted Takahira as repudiating Kaneko was due to the fact that for prudential reasons my own telegram of inquiry had been almost cryptic. I had been so brief and had disclosed so little and asked so much that it was not understood; and a worse than noncommittal reply had resulted.

Those Russian Cigarettes

I made another visit to Roosevelt; and after discussing the situation he and I agreed that I should announce through the Associated Press that evening that the Japanese had determined to waive their claim for indemnity—this with a view to committing them irrevocably to the pledge that Kaneko had given Bussche and myself.

This dispatch was sent out, and of course reached Portsmouth instantly. As it was read to Komura and Takahira, they declined to say anything. Witte and Rosen thought it a ruse and went on with their preparations to quit the place the next day. Their plans were well laid. If, as they expected, there should be any further pressing for indemnity on Tuesday, Witte was to leave the conference room at 11:50 A. M., and in a casual way call to one of his secretaries the following Russian command: "*Pochlite sa moymy rousskymy papyrosamy*"—Send for my Russian cigarettes.

This was a signal; the secretary told off for the task was to step to a private telephone connecting with their headquarters at the Wentworth Hotel, in Portsmouth, repeat the words to a member of the mission standing at the other end, and a single code word, already agreed on, should be instantly cabled to St. Petersburg. On receipt of this word in the Russian capital the signal was to be flashed to General Linievitch, and a battle of the centuries was to begin. A million men were to participate.

Such was the plan and such the expectation on Monday night.

On Tuesday morning the London Times and the London Telegraph led off in their dispatches from Portsmouth with the comments of their respective correspondents. These were George W. Smalley of the Times, and Dr. E. J. Dillon, of the Telegraph.

They spent their wrath in ridicule and denunciation of the Associated Press, which had assumed to know all things and had asserted that the Japanese were about to withdraw their claim for indemnity. Such a thing was inconceivable. There would be further negotiations, said they, and heaven alone knew what would result.

On Tuesday morning Roosevelt received a message from Komura assuring him that Kaneko was a quite responsible gentleman, and that we had made no mistake in receiving and in dealing with him. With this we awaited the result from the naval-stores room at Kittery Point, five miles from Portsmouth, with intense interest.

Up there it was a situation that, in point of dramatic interest, has rarely been equaled. The conference met. The utmost secrecy respecting the proceedings prevailed. Then the fateful hour of eleven-fifty arrived. And Witte came from the room—but not to ask for his Russian cigarettes. Instead, with flushed face and snapping eyes, he uttered, not the expected five Russian words, but two—"*Gospoda, mir!*"—Gentlemen, peace!

When the conference gathered, Satoh, the Japanese secretary, calmly rose and announced that, obedient to instructions from their government, the claim for any indemnity was withdrawn; Japan would not fight for mere money, and peace was possible on the terms already accepted and agreed on by the Russian commissioners.

Ponto's Fatal Mistake

ONE of the few American war correspondents who really saw something of the European war in its first stages was coming home on the Lusitania not many trips ago. He sat at the purser's table, and the purser one evening told a truthful Nature tale of having been on a ship that once passed through a school of whales in mid-ocean.

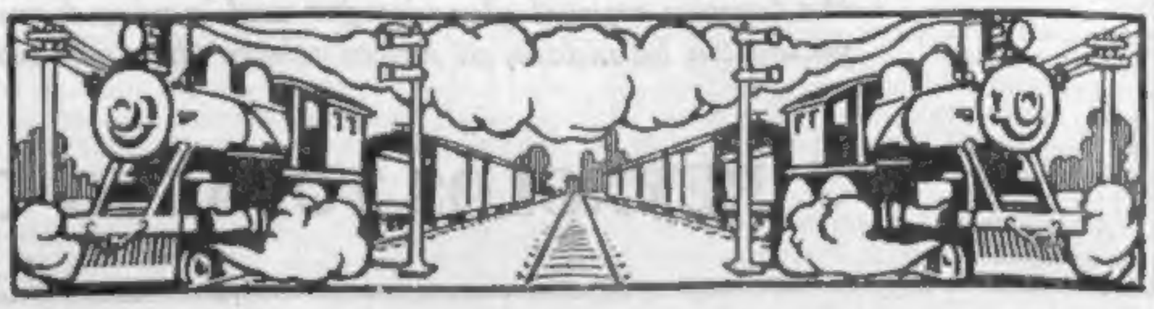
"All of them were sound asleep," said the purser with a wink to an accomplice, "and all of them were snoring. The noise was deafening."

"It must have been," said the correspondent; "but when I was a boy out in Cincinnati, Ohio, there used to be a whistling whale that lived in the ocean just in front of my father's house. His name was Ponto and he would answer to it—answer by whistling. You see, his blowhole was clogged with barnacles and every time he spouted he made a sound like a siren on a fire boat.

"Ponto was a great pet with all the ships that traded in and out of Cincinnati. The pilots got to know him, and when they were entering port and saw Ponto cruising about in the channel they would signal him and he would signal back, always giving the correct number of blasts. But he's dead now—poor old Ponto!

"One day there was a freighter coming in from Covington, Kentucky, and Ponto tried to pass her, headed out. But he got confused and gave the whistle for going to the port side when he meant the starboard, and the freighter ran him down and stove in four of his compartments, and he sank in nine minutes, whistling for help to the very last."

After which a great silence befell at the purser's table.



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In millions of homes Sunkist Oranges are now the standard fruit, served every day the year 'round.

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Sunkist Navel Oranges are seedless. And seedless oranges are most convenient for home uses.

They peel freely. The sections are easily separated. The interior fibrous partitions, being *tissue-thin* and *tender*, quickly give way under fork or spoon. They are never tough. You can slice them wafer-thin, or eat them *whole* like other fruits.

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Use pure Sunkist Lemon juice in every dish that now calls for doubtful vinegar. Employ Sunkist Lemons in 86 different ways. Learn what lemons can do to lessen the labors of housekeeping.

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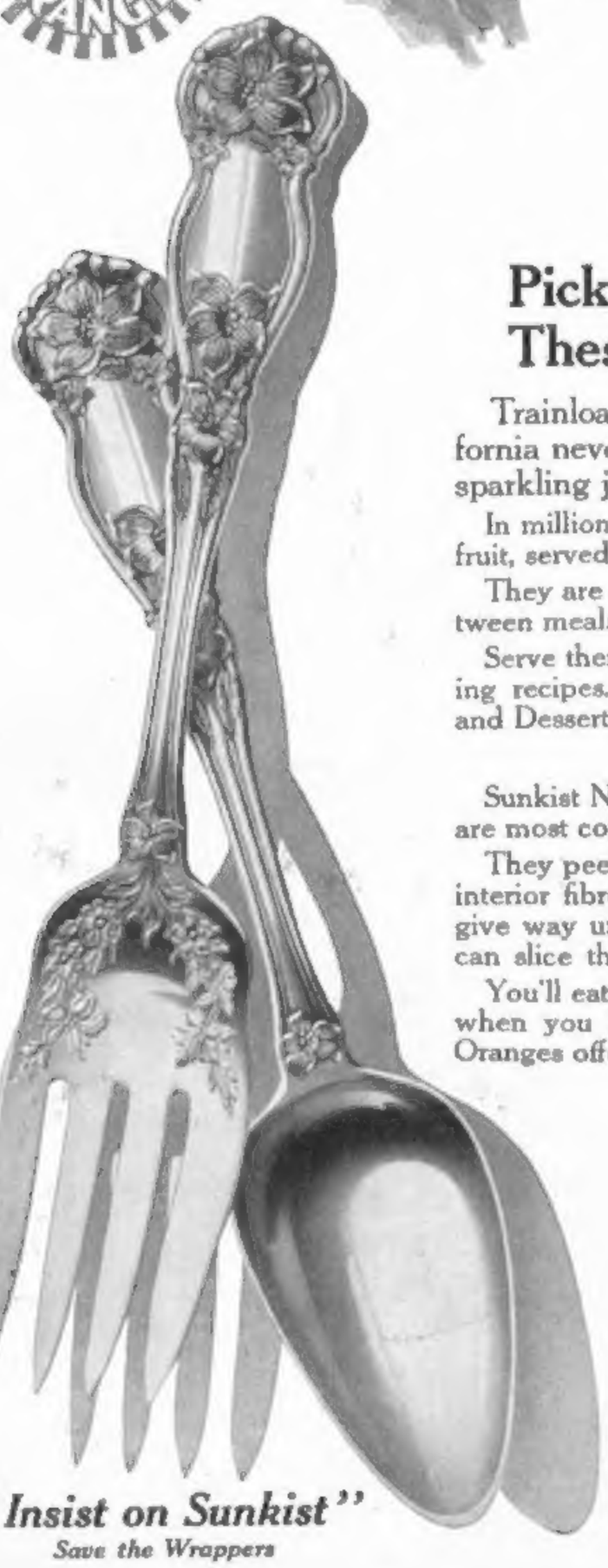

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We offer, therefore, 46 beautiful pieces of table silver in exchange for these wrappers to induce dealers to allow them to remain on the fruit. Ask for the *wrapped* Sunkist—look for the name "SUNKIST," because it marks a standard in fruit that you want to buy.

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